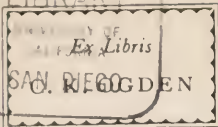




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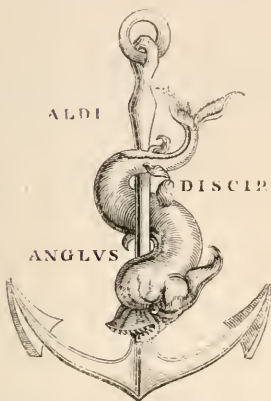
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POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

BY JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE

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VOL. II

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1838

C. Whittingham, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

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# ORLANDO IN RONCESVALLES

A POEM IN FIVE CANTOS

PRECEDED BY SELECT PASSAGES OF THE "MORGANTE

MAGGIORE" OF PULCI



## TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE "MORGANTE MAGGIORE" OF

LUIGI PULCI.

THE following translated specimens formed part of a series of papers, under the title "Remarks on the Morgante Maggiore of Luigi Pulci," which made their appearance in several successive numbers of the Monthly Magazine, during the years 1806 and 1807; those contained in the last number of the series, viz. for June, 1807, being afterwards incorporated in the poem called "Orlando in Roncesvalles." The composition of the materials from which these papers were taken formed the writer's amusement during the long vacation preceding the publication of them, when it was his fortune first to fall in with the work of the Italian Poet; and they are inserted in the present collection, by way of Introduction to the Tale of which they subsequently formed the basis, chiefly as they may assist in the solution of the much-contested question whether the "Morgante Maggiore" ought to be regarded as a burlesque poem, and classed ac-



cordingly—a question which is, perhaps, of little more than verbal importance, and represented as such by the writer in the Preface to his “Orlando in Roncesvalles,” now reprinted. He has also to refer to Mr. Panizzi’s “Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians,” to an article in the twenty-first volume of the “Quarterly Review,” on the same subject, and lastly to Mr. Hallam’s first volume of an “Introduction to the Literature of Europe,” in each of which the topic above adverted to has again been made the ground of discussion; but, in the latter work, more especially, has been perhaps somewhat too arbitrarily disposed of. It seems at least to the present writer rather nearer the truth of the matter to affirm that the author of the “Morgante,” whether the inclination to ridicule be, or be not, considered as the predominant characteristic of his genius, belongs to the same class of poets as Boyardo and Ariosto, and is to be treated accordingly. To represent him as a mere buffoon would be to confound his work with a very different and not less numerous class of compositions, properly designated by the term “mock heroic,” such as the “Secchia Rapita,” and the “Ricciardetto;” the injustice of which will be obvious even to the mere English reader who takes the trouble to compare the ensuing “Specimens” with two cantos of the poem of Fortiguerra, in the dress in which they are presented to him in a succeeding part of

this volume. The writer thinks it material only further to notice that the translation by Lord Byron of the first canto of the "Morgante Maggiore," and that by Lord Glenbervie of the "Ricciardetto," were each of them published subsequently to the first appearance of the respective versions contained in this volume.

---

[The pious and peaceful inhabitants of a monastery situate somewhere on the confines of Pagandom had long been disturbed by unpleasant neighbours. Three brothers (heathen giants) had taken up their abode on a hill which overlooked the sacred edifice, and from that hill's top they pursued the wanton amusement of hurling huge stones on the heads of the defenceless monks, whenever they sallied forth in quest of water or provisions. Their deplorable condition being represented to the Paladin Orlando, he, like a true errant knight, undertook the task of redressing their grievance. He has already rendered two of the three brother giants incapable of continuing their barbarous pastime, and is now on a domiciliary visit to the last survivor.]

Morgante had a rustic palace made

Of sticks, earth, leaves, in his own barbarous way,  
And here at ease his mighty members laid,  
Securely guarded, at the close of day.

Orlando knock'd—the giant, all dismay'd,  
Waked sudden from his slumbers where he lay,  
And, upright starting, like a thing astound,  
Scared by a frightful dream, he gazed around.

Him seem'd some furious serpent had assail'd him,  
And, when to Mahound for relief he pray'd,  
That nought his pagan deities avail'd him ;  
But when Christ's holy name he call'd in aid,  
Straightway the Serpent's wonted fury fail'd him :  
Waked from this dream, towards the door he made ;  
“ Who knocks ? ” with muttering voice the giant  
cried :  
“ Thou soon shalt feel,” the Paladin replied.

“ I come to make thee, as I have before  
Thy brethren, for thy sins do penitence,  
Sent by those monks, so miserably poor,  
And guided by celestial Providence.  
Your impious hands have long oppress'd them sore,  
And now Heaven's justice waits on your offence.  
Know that, already, as mute marble cold,  
Lie Passamont and Alabaster bold.”

“ O Knight ! ” Morgante said, “ O gentle Knight !  
By thine own God, I charge thee, speak me fair :  
Rede me, in courtesy, thy name aright,  
And, if a Christian, oh the truth declare ! ”  
Orlando answer'd, “ By this holy light,  
And by my faith—a solemn oath—I swear,

Christ I adore, my Master just and true ;  
Serve him thyself, and all thy sins eschew !”

---

[Orlando, after his victory over the three brother giants, being about to proceed on his adventures, is conducted by the abbot of the delivered monastery into an armory that he may select a suit of armour for the accoutrement of Morgante, whom he has, by right of conquest, laid under obligation to attend him as squire.] Canto i. stanza 84. ii. 1.

Into a secret cabinet they came,

With antient armour piled upon the ground :

“ All here,” the Abbot said, “ my friend may claim !”

Morgante views the stores, and handles round ;

But nothing seem'd to suit his giant frame,

Save one old coat of mail with rust embrown'd,

Much does he wonder, when the mail he spies,

To find it fit exactly to his size.

This cuirass once a monstrous giant wore,

Within the precincts of the abbey slain

By Milo, great Anglante's lord, of yore ;

(Unless the story I have heard be vain.)

The storied walls the whole adventure bore,

And shew'd him grovelling prostrate on the plain :

The cruel war he waged was eke display'd,

And there was Milo's knightly form portray'd.

This living record when the Count beheld,  
With wonder he survey'd the pictured scene,  
How Milo thither came, and how he quell'd  
That mighty giant fearful and obscene.  
His heart with tender recollection swell'd,  
And, as he read, the tears gush'd forth between ;  
For never till this time he chanced to hear  
This noble action of the reverend peer.

The Abbot, when he saw his sorrows rise,  
And tears that, fast descending, flow'd apace,  
And the sad aspect of his glistening eyes,  
Marking with generous grief his manly face,  
Stay'd till his grief was calm'd, and ceased his sighs,  
Then ask'd the reason of so sad a case ;  
“ Why on these storied rafters dost thou gaze  
With such sad aspect, lost in mute amaze ?

“ I to the tale here told am near allied ;  
My cousin is Rinaldo Palatine ;  
Ansuigi was my sire, and 'tis my pride  
To draw my birth from Chiaramonte's line.  
Ansuigi's brother here is signified,  
The noble Milo, of our race divine.”  
The Count replies, while tears burst forth anew,  
“ O much-loved cousin ! thy Orlando view !”

Inspired by soft affection, they embraced ;  
Both weep aloud for tenderness and love ;  
The sweets of long forgotten friendship taste,

And in their hearts a kindred rapture prove,  
From these refined delights, by memory traced,  
The holy father could not soon remove :  
At length Orlando said, “ What chance, or grace,  
Could join us here, in so obscure a place ?

“ O tell me, dearest father, why has fate  
Thy head within the monkish cowl conceal'd ?  
And why not, rather, in the martial state,  
The lance, like other valiant nobles, wield ?”  
“ Because,” replied that reverend Abbot strait,  
“ The will of Heaven was otherwise reveal'd—  
That will supreme, which points thro' different roads  
The pilgrim's passage to those bright abodes.

“ Some with the crosier, others with the sword,  
Set out, as various minds and tempers cast ;  
But all these different ways, aright explored,  
Meet in one safe and common port at last.  
Full many a lot our chequer'd lives afford,  
Nor is the hindmost by the first surpass'd ;  
All men, Orlando, seek the gate of Rome,  
But many are the paths by which they come.”

---

[Orlando, having received the benediction of his newly found cousin the abbot, sallies forth, attended by his squire Morgante, to seek the camp of Manfredonio, a prince of Pagandom, at that time

engaged in an expedition against the territory of a neighbour potentate, King Caradoro, with the design of gaining by force the affections of his daughter the princess Meridiana, who, like the Scandinavian heroine mentioned in the annals of Olaus Magnus, has declared her resolution to yield to no right but that of conquest. In the course of their journey, they meet with the adventure which follows.] Canto ii. stanza 18.

As chance directs, they through the forest wend—  
On horseback one, the other walks beside ;  
Their venturous steps o'er hill and plain they bend,  
But find no needful shelter, and no guide.  
Night o'er their path was hastening to descend,  
When, on a sudden, to Orlando cried  
His huge ally, exulting with delight,  
“ Joy, joy ! a goodly hostelrie in sight ! ”

A spacious palace there arose to view,  
Which, in the midst of that wide plain they spied ;  
The Earl dismounted as they near it drew,  
For the vast portal stood expanded wide.  
They call'd ; but, all the hollow arches through,  
No answering voices to their call replied ;  
They enter'd ; and beheld a sumptuous treat  
Spread forth to view, but not a guest to eat.

The chambers all were fair, and richly dight  
With storied tapestry, and with pictures gay,



With splendid couches, form'd for soft delight,  
And deck'd with cloth of gold in proud array ;  
The ceilings all with gold and azure bright,  
And gemm'd with glittering stars of rich inlay ;  
The gates with brass, and some with silver shone,  
And rare mosaïc deck'd the pavement stone.

Viands of every sort and taste were there,  
Peacocks and turkies, choicest stew and hash,  
Venison and coneys, leveret, pheasant, hare,  
And wine, with water both to drink and wash.  
Much could Morgante's noble stomach bear,  
Much could his gullet swill, and grinders mash ;  
At length, this scene of luxury to close,  
On beds of eider down they sought repose.

With morning's dawn, each from his slumbers  
started,  
And thought, like pilgrims to pursue their way.  
No host there was to call ere they departed,  
The baneful reckoning for the feast to pay ;  
But, sooth to say, they found their passage thwarted ;  
No outlet can they reach, try all they may.  
“ What ! are the fumes of wine,” Orlando cried,  
“ So potent, we can't walk without a guide ?

“ This—or I've lost my senses—is the hall ;  
The tables and the feast, away are scour'd :  
And, while we slept, some other guests have all  
The cates consumed, and e'en the boards devour'd.

Keenset they must have been, and quick withal  
To drain the floods of wine so largely pour'd."  
Thus, long they prowld about in wanderings vain ;  
Each step they took but brought them back again.

" This is the palace of some damned sprite,"

Morgante said, " by arts of magick raised."

Orlando cross'd himself with all his might,

And stood like one bewilder'd and amazed.

" Is this some strange illusion of the night ?

We surely dream, or else our reason's crazed."

" Dream we, or not," the giant said, " at least,  
Thank Heaven, last night, we had a waking feast.

" Enough for me, 'twas good substantial meat :

Let Satan, if you will, the board have laid ;

At any rate, he gave a royal treat."

Three days within this labyrinth they stay'd,  
And still could find no opening for retreat.

At length as thro' the castle vaults they stray'd,  
They spied a gloomy dungeon, under ground,  
Where from a tomb burst forth a dismal sound.

" Sir Knight, that mid these caves bewilder'd art,

Fate dooms thee here with me, as mortal foe,

To meet in fight, or e'er thou hence may part.

Lift then this stone, thy prowess tried to shew,  
And give ensample of thy valorous heart !"

" What noise," Morgante said, " is that below ?  
Didst thou not hear, Sir Knight, that cavern'd sound,  
And that fierce challenge sent from under ground ?

“The deed I’ll dare, whatever fate betide ;  
The stone I’ll raise, whatever chance ensue :  
Though Hell itself should open at our side,  
And pour forth all the diabolic crew.”  
No more he said, but to the task applied,  
As fain to quit him of a service due ;  
“Pull on, my friend, though all the devils should rise,  
That fell to earth’s hot centre from the skies.”

At length he pull’d the stone from off the cave ;  
When, lo ! a demon, black as blackest hell,  
Wrapt in the mouldering cerements of the grave,  
Leapt bounding from the abyss with hideous yell :  
Dry was its flesh, exposed and naked, save  
Where the worm-eaten grave-clothes tatter’d fell.  
“It is the devil himself—I know his face,”  
Orlando cried, and gave him instant chase.

In close embrace the spectre grasp’d him strait ;  
Orlando struggled ; and, though sore dismay’d,  
While his huge squire, advancing, bellow’d “Wait !”  
Yet, true to knighthood, spurn’d the proffer’d aid :  
Meanwhile the demon press’d with all his weight  
Till well-nigh stretch’d on earth the Count he laid :  
The Count, his strength collecting, from the ground  
Starts up, and dares him to another round.

By this, Morgante, though the Count declined  
His service, sought the unearthly fight to close ;  
Fell with his mace upon the fiend behind,  
And made him stagger with a shower of blows.

Then horribly that hellish demon grinn'd,  
And fiercer far against the giant rose ;  
But by the throat Morgante griped him fast,  
And plunged him headlong in the grave at last.

And there he held him down, transfix'd with pain ;  
But whilst he held him, loud the demon roar'd,  
“ Close not the tomb ! for, if it shuts again,  
Never to freedom can ye be restored.”  
“ What rests to do, our freedom to regain ?  
How can we ever quit this den abhorr'd ?”  
“ BAPTIZE MORGANTE !”—roar'd again the fiend,  
“ And, after, freely on your journey wend.

“ Leave but the tomb unclosed, and set me free ;  
And, wheresoe'er your future fates may lead,  
Ne let, ne hurt, shall ye receive from me.”  
So spake the fiend—The Count was well agreed.  
“ So hence we 'scape, the rest let Heaven decree ;  
And, though thy sins deserve it not, be freed !”  
Then, while the squire still held him fast, the knight  
Fetch'd water to perform the saving rite.

That rite perform'd, the squire his grasp resign'd ;  
Loud laugh'd the fiend ; the knight his war-horse  
spurr'd ;  
But ere the gate was left a mile behind,  
From its high arch a hideous crash they heard ;  
And, looking back the unknown cause to find,  
The castle and its towers had disappear'd :

Not e'en a stone left standing, to declare  
That once a castle and its towers were there.

---

[Orlando, having enlisted himself among the followers of king Manfredonio in his amorous leaguer has the fortune to slay the son and heir of the opposing monarch in single combat ; to avenge whose death the warlike princess Meridiana arms herself after the fashion of Bradamante, and so many other heroines of romance, and challenges the victor to mortal encounter. The Paladin, as usual, remains master of the field, having terminated the conflict by a blow of his Frusberta—the charmed falchion—which makes discovery of the sex, at the same time that it prevents all further attempt of vengeance, on the part of his fair and royal antagonist.] Canto iii. stanza 17.

All fill'd with rage, the Paladin, her foe,  
His heavy sword drove, furious, at her crest :  
Crest, plume, and helm, were shiver'd by the blow,  
And her long hair dropp'd, loosen'd o'er her breast ;  
Bright as the stars, in cloudless night that glow,  
Fair as the locks by Love's own queen possess'd,  
Like Daphne's tresses, floating in the wind,  
Fann'd by Apollo's panting breath behind.

---

[Rinaldo of Montalban, second only in prowess of all the Paladins of the court of Charlemagne, to his cousin Orlando, having been impelled by indignation to chastise the treachery of Gano, or Ganellon, Count of Poitiers, with a blow inflicted in the august presence of the Emperor, is expelled from Paris in disgrace, and accompanied by two other Paladins, Oliver of Burgundy, and Dudon, son of the renowned Oger the Dane, sets out in quest of Orlando throughout the land of Pagandom. After many intervening adventures, they reach the frontiers of a great potentate, named Corbante, whose daughter Florisena is about to be sacrificed (like the Sabra of our English romance of Saint George and the dragon) to a monster of the serpentine species. In the present case, the amorous Oliver is made the instrument of her deliverance; and what follows may be easily supplied by conjecture.] Canto iv. stanza 80.

Love seldom pardons them who slight his sway;  
But whoso loves is soon beloved again;  
And hearts sincere, that humble offerings pay,  
Find in Love's justice the reward of pain—  
A faithful Lord to such as well obey:  
E'en so the princess recompensed her swain.  
She saw the amorous Marquis nigh expire  
For love of her, and caught herself his fire.

Now with the lightnings of her eye she lances,  
In answer to her foe, those fiery darts

That Love is wont to send, in tender glances ;  
And so one flame has caught two gentle hearts.  
And now, whene'er the royal maid advances  
To see the leech well use his healing arts,  
Albeit her tongue be cold, her melting eyes  
Speak the warm language that the voice denies.

Now when the knight beheld his fancy's queen  
Salute him with such bashful, downcast airs,  
The sharpness of the serpent's tooth is clean  
Forgot, and other wounds his soul declares.  
That soul is rack'd with doubts, and hopes between,  
Yet all, well-ponder'd, confirmation bears  
Of Love triumphant o'er the virgin's breast ;  
For blushing silence is Love's surest test.

He marks with joy the bright vermilion hue,  
Whene'er she greets him, o'er her features spread ;  
He hears with joy her voice, how faint it grew,  
As she inquired his health, and how he sped  
From hurts which suffer'd for her sake she knew.  
He notes her downcast eyes and drooping head ;  
He notes—and hope in every fibre glows ;  
Since these the certain signs of love he knows.

“ My hard, unpitying destiny,” she said,  
“ The will of Heaven, or Fortune's wayward doom,  
Had well nigh brought my young and guileless head  
Within the portals of a living tomb.  
Thee, Paladin, my kinder stars have led  
To save from early blight my virgin bloom,



And set me from impending horrors free ;  
And thou—O cruel fate !—hast bled for me.”

These words, inspired by grateful fear and love,  
Pierced to his soul the gentle, amorous knight,  
Who thank'd a thousand times the powers above  
For hopes so full of rapturous soft delight.  
Right gladly now, his constant faith to prove,  
He would have pour'd his soul out in her sight;  
At length, while still she linger'd by his side,  
All burning with desire, he thus replied.

“ I never yet have done a deed, fair maid,  
By which such joy my bosom has possest.  
If thou from death wast rescued by my aid,  
I thus indeed am more supremely blest  
Than ever knight by fortune's power was made.  
And have these wounds thy gentle spirit distrest ?  
Alas ! a sharper, deeper wound I feel,  
And different art require that wound to heal.”

Right well the maiden guess'd his secret thought ;  
Right well she guess'd it, and with truth applied :  
Quickly are Love's delicious lessons taught ;  
The maiden learn'd them, and in silence sigh'd.  
“ And have I too the soft infection caught ?  
Must I too feel the wound, yet seek to hide ?  
O, Oliver ! I'll ne'er ungrateful be, '  
But pay the debt of Love with constancy.”

---

[This love-story ends unhappily. Oliver, having recovered from all his wounds, both of body and spirit, steals away from the court of Corbantes, to resume his quest of Orlando; and Florisena having sacrificed all at the shrine of love and gratitude, resolves, after the example of Dido, not to survive her own dishonour and his abandonment. The three brother Paladins reach the capital of King Caradoro, where they find Orlando arrayed in hostile arms under the banner of Manfredonio, from which they succeed in detaching him, and assist Caradoro by their united force to put to rout the invading army. A desperate single combat between Manfredonio and the fickle Oliver ends in the discomfiture of the unfortunate king, who sees, in his own overthrow, the too certain success of a rival with the princess Meridiana.] Canto vii. stanza 69.

“ I pray thee, Baron, by the powers above,  
That thou wilt let me, like a faithful knight,  
Resign my life together with my love,  
Since such, alas ! is cruel fortune’s spite.

I sought what every lover hopes to prove—

I’ve found repentance when I hoped delight ;  
And, since my death appears the general voice,  
Death, by her hand, is no ignoble choice.

“ I know I never may behold again

My much loved home, my Syria’s natal shore ;  
I know my stars look down with fix’d disdain,

And all my host of followers now no more :  
I know my suit to that fair princess vain,  
And all my dreams of love and joyance o'er.  
I know that passion hurried on my doom,  
Yet feel that passion will survive the tomb."

---

[Meridiana, although a princess and a warrior, is still a woman, and melts at the sight of a valiant and powerful monarch reduced to such an extreme of human misery by love of her, however mistaken he may have proved in the unusual path he had chosen for the attainment of his wishes. She bids him live, persuades him to return to his realm of Syria, and there await some favourable change in the aspect of his fortunes; and she, withal, honours him by the present of a magnificent jewel which he is to wear in remembrance of her.] Can-  
to vii. stanza 79.

The soft and tender accents of the fair

Sank with mild power in Manfredonio's heart.  
They stay'd for ever deep engraven there,

Nor till his latest hour might thence depart.  
He strove to speak, but many a gushing tear

Came mingling with the words he would impart.  
"And dost thou bid me live," at length he cried,  
"And wait the change of stars and fortune's tide?"

“Ah, when will come the day that tide shall turn ?

I must not wish for what can never be !

Yet, at thy word, to Syria I return,

And make but one request—Remember me !

Yes, o’er the memory of my friends to mourn,

With these sad reliques, once so proud and free,

To Syria I return ; but ah ! no more

To hope—for every hope with me is o’er.

“ Yes : for thy love, this jewel I’ll retain,

And wear it to my constant bosom prest,

Thence never to be torn, or part again,

E’en through the tomb’s interminable rest.

For all the ills I’ve done, in hope to gain

Thy love, O blame the power that rules my  
breast.

In peace and mild forgiveness think on me,

And I’ll consent to live, since bid by thee.”

---

[During the absence of the principal Paladins on their several adventures, Ganellon, the treacherous Count of Poitiers, assumes the entire ascendancy over the weak mind of the Emperor, Charlemagne, whom, on the return of Rinaldo, he persuades to resort to acts of despotism, which end in driving the hero to set up the standard of revolt in his Castle of Montalbano, (or Montauban.) Here he is joined by, among other valiant spirits,

the English knight, Astolpho ; and, shortly afterwards, the confederated chiefs having attended, in disguise, at a tournament held at Paris, Astolpho is waylaid on his return, and brought back captive to the Imperial Court, where he is sentenced to lose his life for his act of rebellion. While under this sentence, he thus declaims to the Emperor, on the sin of ingratitude.] Canto xi. stanza 76.

“ It is the sin through which the devils fell,  
And Lucifer exchanged the realms of light  
For everlasting woe in blackest hell.

It is the sin which justice puts to flight,  
Whereby the holy city Salem fell;  
Which plunged Iscariot in eternal night;  
It is the sin that loudest cries to Heaven.  
It is the sin that never was forgiven.”

---

[Orlando, returning to Paris just in time to save Astolpho from the ignominy of a public execution, succeeds, after long endeavours, in restoring peace between his brother Paladins and the offended Emperor ; and the means by which he accomplishes this object with the Lord of Montalban are, the relation of the following wonderful dream.] Canto xi. stanza 123.

“ Methought last night the Emperor met my view :  
Gloomy, and wan, and stern, his countenance  
shew’d ;

Like a dead buried corse his ghastly hue,

His beard and breast were all defiled with blood ;

His hair like rough disorder’d bristles grew ;

With a disdainful action fix’d he stood,

And with a look that pierced like two-edged sword,

He shew’d the sacred symbol of the Lord.”

---

[Peace has not been long re-established, before the promises of mutual forgiveness begin to be forgotten. Ganellon, whose banishment was one of the principal stipulations, is recalled : most of the Paladins retire in disgust to their several castles ; and Orlando sets off in quest of new adventures, with a resolution never to return to the Court of Charlemagne. After a month’s journey, he reaches the frontier of Persia, and the camp of a pagan giant, one Marcovaldo, who is making war on the *Amostante*, (so his Persian Majesty is entitled,) for love of his daughter, Clariella. The resemblance between this case and that of Manfredonio, just before cited, certainly seems to argue a remarkable lack of invention, or just discrimination, in the poet. Nevertheless, it gives occasion to some incidents of a striking description, as, for instance, the following :—Mar-

covaldo, after a fierce combat, falls by the hand of the redoubted Paladin. At the point of death, he renounces the errors of Mahound, and requests to be baptized by his conqueror; and the solemn rite having been duly performed, in the presence of angels, who descend to bear the converted soul to Paradise, the tale thus proceeds.] Canto xii. stanza 67.

One act of grace before his spirit fled,  
One only act, the fainting chief required ;  
If chance Orlando's footsteps ever led  
To her, whose beauty had his bosom fired,  
That he would tell her how her warrior bled,  
And how, by love to his last hour inspired,  
His breath just parting from this mortal frame,  
Constant in death, sigh'd forth the loved one's name.

That he would beg her to confess his merit ;  
Sometimes the solitary grave to see,  
Where his cold bones their native dust inherit,  
And call upon his name, and say, " For thee  
Thy Clariella grieves, unhappy spirit !  
Whose only fault was too well loving me."  
(Haply he deem'd such sad and tender strain  
Might call his spirit back to earth again ;

Even as, the spreading mulberry tree beneath,  
Witness of amorous sighs in times of yore,  
On Thisbe's name the lover call'd in death,



And brought the fleeting ghost to earth once  
more.)

Meanwhile, celestial notes are heard to breathe ;  
Strains more than mortal pass their senses o'er ;  
The sweet, melodious hymning of the spheres,  
And harmony too pure for earthly ears.

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[Notwithstanding his recent signal deliverance, the Amostante, who is a most zealous Pagan, no sooner has revealed to him, through the officiousness of a necromancer, the name and condition of his illustrious guest, than he causes him to be seized, while asleep, and thrown into a horrible dungeon. The news of his captivity are brought by a trusty squire to Rinaldo, then on his travels through Spain ; where Marsilius, king of Saragossa, though himself also a Pagan, rewards some important services he has recently rendered him, by the promise of an army to assist him in the invasion of the Amostante's dominions ; besides which, Luciana, another martial princess, of incomparable beauty, and daughter of King Marsilius, thinks proper to fall in love with him, and presents him a splendid pavilion wrought with her own royal hands, from the description of which, scarcely less elaborate than the work itself, a few detached passages follow.] Canto xiv. stanza 62, &c.

Here, in the midst, resplendent, stately, fair,  
Sate Juno, with her radiant circlet crown'd ;  
Deïopeia by her starry chair  
Was placed, while nymphs unnumber'd throng'd  
around ;  
The mighty sovereign of the winds was there,  
And with vast chains his boisterous brethren  
bound ;  
Fierce Aquilo, with Notus black and strong,  
And dark Orion, bringing storms along.

Here too, were huge immeasurable whales,  
Those vast and dreadful monsters of the deep,  
That seize with furious sway the passing sails,  
And to the bottom of the ocean sweep.  
There, tuneful syrens, to the dying gales  
Soft singing, lull unwary tars to sleep.  
Here, dolphins, gliding swift in wanton sport,  
Guide the glad seaman to his destined port.

There, through the world's remotest regions stray-  
ing,  
Unhappy Ceres, mournful, and alone,  
Seeking her ravish'd Proserpine, and saying,  
“ I've lost my child, ah ! whither is she flown ? ”  
And here appear'd the lovely virgin, playing  
On beds of flowers—herself a rose fresh-blown.  
Behind, the gloomy form of Pluto lay,  
Marking the thoughtless victim for his prey.

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[Rinaldo pays every compliment that so magnificent a boon appeared to demand, and that the occasion suggested, assuring the fair embroideress that Philomela's celebrated web, was not to be compared to this beautiful display of her superior workmanship, and that she can have acquired her proficiency in the accomplishment no where else than in Paradise ;—to all which she prettily answers.] Canto xiv. stanza 89.

“ Not if the treasures of the earth below,  
Or glories of the upper heaven I sought,  
Could I a gift to match thy worth bestow,  
Or pay thy glorious merits as I ought.  
But, if you wish the real truth to know,  
Whose fancy plann'd the work, whose fingers  
wrought,  
To call it mine, a power superior wrongs :  
To Love, and Love alone, the praise belongs.”

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[We are shortly after presented to another female warrior, in beauty and valour surpassing either of the preceding, in the person of Anthea, daughter of the Soldan of Babylon, who, inspired by the fame of Rinaldo's exploits, persuades her father to send her, at the head of a powerful army, to avenge the cause of the Amostante, who has

fallen in combat with that Paladin.] Canto xv.  
stanza 99.

Her hair was bright as Daphne's locks of gold ;  
Her face was fair as Cytherea's breast ;  
Her eyes like stars that Heaven's blue concave hold ;  
Great Juno's form her stately front confess'd ;  
Her ivory teeth in some celestial mould  
Were cast, her mouth with rosy dimples drest ;  
And beauteous Pallas had conspired to deck  
Her snowy shoulders and resplendent neck.

Her smooth, round arms, for action form'd and  
grace ;  
And white, and long, and flexible her hands,  
Fitted to bend the twanging bow in chase  
Amid the noblest of Diana's bands.  
Tempting th' impassion'd lover's warm embrace,  
Her swelling bosom broad and free expands ;  
And Proserpine's enchanting shape is traced  
In the soft yielding of her slender waist.

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[Whether by its superior whiteness or flexibility, the conquering hand of the Babylonish princess obliterates in the breast of Rinaldo all traces of the dexterity displayed in those fingers, which so recently worked his pavilion ; and Orlando, who has been released from his dungeon on the dis-

comfiture and death of the Amostante, thus forcibly (in the language of poetical remonstrance,) expostulates with him on the occasion of his having made so entire a surrender of himself, to the charms of this new and dangerous assailant.] Canto xvi. stanza 49.

“ Ah ! where, Rinaldo, is thy valour gone ?

Ah where, Rinaldo, is thy strength, thy fame ?

Ah where, Rinaldo, is thy wit, o’erthrown ?

Ah where, Rinaldo, thy illustrious name ?

Ah where, Rinaldo, have thy glories flown ?

Ah where, Rinaldo, is thy sense of shame ?

Ah where, Rinaldo, thy once proud command ?

Ah where, Rinaldo ?—In a woman’s hand !

“ Is this a season fit for sport and play ?

Is this a season fit for dreams of love ?

Is this a wanton summer’s holiday ?

Is this the Paphian or Idalian grove ?

Is this a time in mouldering sloth to stay ?

Is this the faith I once had hoped to prove ?

Is this the place to joust with harmless lance ?

Or this the soft and peaceful realm of France ?

“ And is it thus our conquests we can save ?

And is it thus we hope a glorious throne ?

And is it thus Anthea’s boasts we brave ?

And is it thus we rule o’er Babylon ?

And was it thus our plighted faith we gave ?

And is it thus that plighted faith is shewn ?  
And is it thus our hearts and souls we sever ?  
Adventurous hope and joy, farewell for ever !”

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[Awakened to a sense of honour and duty by these remonstrances, Rinaldo starts from the trance which had enthralled his senses, and sallies forth to the field against his fair and valiant enslaver, with the following exclamation, which is natural enough to his peculiar circumstances.]

“ My word is past, and I will keep the ground  
With lance in rest, and this good sword and  
shield :  
But how myself with mine own weapons wound ?  
How make my master bow, my conqueror yield ?”

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[Anthea, herself secretly in love with Rinaldo, is sent by her Father, the Soldan, at the head of a powerful army, to subdue Montalban, as a first step to the conquest of Paris. She joyfully accepts the commission, in hope of making it instrumental no less to her love than her father's ambition.]  
Canto xvii. stanza 25.

Now when Anthea the proud Soldan knew,  
Resolved upon this bold emprise to send her,

She answer'd with the mild submission due

From her, his age's stay, and state's defender.  
In her accustom'd arms encased anew,

She breathes of war ; while, ready to attend her,  
Standards, pavilions, engines, crowd around,  
And the wide hills with martial toils resound.

Not Vulcan with more speed his labours plied

In Mongibel's infernal vaults below,  
Than those executors of Pagan pride.

Some point the lance, some bend the Syrian bow,  
Some fit the rattling quiver to their side,

Others the dart, or stouter javelin throw,  
Or prove the sabre's edge, or arm the horse  
With harness suited for the martial course.

Now fully arm'd were all the warlike throng,

The prince his parting benediction gave ;  
His valiant daughter leads the powers along,  
And proud in air embattled banners wave ;  
But when her eyes survey'd that host so strong,

With knightly leaders, confident and brave,  
“ At length,” she cried, “ 'tis given me to behold  
The wide-stretch'd limits of the Christian fold.

“ Its mighty castles with their goodly towers,

Its woods, and mountains, and fair fertile plains,  
From high Montalban, where Satanic powers

Famed Malagise with magic spells enchains,  
To royal Paris, with her groves and bowers,

Where Charlemain, redoubted sovereign,  
    reigns,  
With all the warriors of his knightly train,  
The brave Astolpho, and the famous Dane.

“ There will I prove the Paladins in arms,  
    And force the Roman Emperor to restore  
(Sore press'd by want, and urged by war's alarms,)  
    My loved Rinaldo to his native shore :  
And there I'll win the prize of glory's charms  
    From noblest knight who e'er her favours wore.”  
Such mighty thoughts Anthea's soul possess'd—  
For glory's charms had fired her virgin breast.

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[The Lady rescued by Morgante from a cavern,  
the entrance to which is guarded by a lion, relates  
her history to her deliverer.] Canto xix. stanza 9.

“ My sire a princely castle once possess'd—  
    Belflor its name—by Nile's majestic stream :  
This, of his wide domains, he loved the best ;  
    And here I woke to life's distracted dream.  
'Twas when in new-born flowers the meads are  
    drest,  
When spring exalts the amorous poet's theme,  
I wander'd, tempted by the gentle air,  
Alone, to frame a garland for my hair.



“ Already Phœbus warm’d the coasts of Spain,  
And evening veil’d our groves in grateful shade :  
Unthinking, young, and gay, I sought to gain  
Some idle wish my childish fancy made.  
A nightingale, with sweet enchanting strain,  
So soothed my ear, that I, enraptured, stray’d  
In fond pursuit, deep through the tangled wood,  
And by the glittering margent of the flood.

“ At length this wild and tuneful nightingale,  
Flitting from bough to bough, and tree to tree,  
To the thick covert of a shadowy vale  
I traced, and, following onward, glad and free,  
(My long hair floating to the western gale,)  
I sate beneath a verdant canopy,  
Embower’d in wood, to hear the bird repeat  
That thrilling song, so musically sweet.

“ Whilst thus I listen’d to that gentle bird,  
Like Proserpine among the flowers of May,  
And young as she—I on the sudden heard  
To strains of woe the sweet notes melt away ;  
When, mid the close and tangled shade appear’d  
A form that fill’d my bosom with dismay ;  
Fell. fierce, and dark : and in the thicket stood :  
I rose, and darted swiftly through the wood.

“ And well I might have conquer’d in the race ;  
But that fair hair, my maiden joy and pride,  
Free as myself, and loosen’d from its trace,

An oak's rude branches caught, and captive tied.  
My fierce pursuer triumph'd in the chase.

(No father heard me, when for help I cried,)   
Then in this cave, impervious to the sky,  
He bound me fast, to languish and to die.

“ In fancy's ear, the forests still resound  
(Through which he dragg'd me) with my piercing  
cry.

And if some Satyr chance to haunt the ground,  
The Wood-god, melted, heaves a pitying sigh.

My hair dishevell'd, and my robe unbound,  
Torn by sharp thorns, in scatter'd fragments lie;  
Rude brambles all my tender limbs o'erspread,  
And fountains rise from every tear I shed.

“ Is this the land where first I saw the light?  
Ah whither have my friends, my playmates,  
flown?

Is this the scene of childhood's sweet delight?

Where are the pleasures then so largely sown?  
Is this the Hall with festive radiance bright?

Where is the wealth I learn'd to call my own?  
The friends from whom I promised ne'er to sever?  
Where are they all? vain fancies, lost for ever!

“ Still in the precincts of my father's court,  
Are royal ladies deck'd with jewels rare,  
The merry feast, gay dance, and rapturous sport,  
And valiant knights break lances for the fair.

And thither once would amorous youths resort,  
Whosaid they deem'd my charms beyond compare,  
They said those charms outshone the brightest maid,  
And once the brightest robes those charms array'd.

“ Alas ! how changed the miserable scene !

Now lone, and friendless, desolate and drear,  
Around this dark and tomb-like cave are seen  
No forms but those of fancy and of fear.

Now by the flickering moonlight's feeble sheen  
I dream away night's troubled moments here :  
Where roses bloom'd, rude thorns alone remain,  
And, nursed in pleasures once, I droop in pain.”

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It would be easy to select many other passages of at least equal merit with those which furnished the above translated specimens. But these are enough to establish the point that the “ *Morgante*,” notwithstanding the apparent authority even of Milton himself to the contrary, is not to be regarded as a mere “ sportful poem ;” and, as it is not intended in this place to present anything like an Analysis of its very various contents—for which the works of Ginguené and Panizzi may be referred to—the tale engrafted on the concluding cantos may now be proceeded with.



# ORLANDO IN RONCESVALLES,

A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1814.

EGINHART relates, in his *Annals*,\* that, when Charlemagne had achieved the conquest of those provinces which, lying between the frontier of France and the Ebro, were anciently distinguished by the appellation of the Marches of Spain (*Marca Hispanica*), the Basques or Gascons who inhabited the Pyrenees, a race of wild mountaineers, nominally subject to the French empire, but in reality unused to any species of subordination, being irritated by the disorders which his soldiers had committed on their passage, lay in wait for his return, and, after suffering the Emperor himself and the main body of his army to repass the frontier unmolested, suddenly fell on his rear-guard, and, by the advantage of situation, overwhelmed it with fragments of rocks and missile

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\* Anno 778. Duchesne, tom. ii. p. 97.

weapons, so that not a man escaped. Among the officers of distinction who perished on this occasion, the same historian has recorded the names of Eghart, an officer of the imperial household called *Regiæ Mensæ præpositus*, Anselm, Count of the Palace, and Roland (Rutlandus), Governor of the Marches or Frontier of Brittany. It is remarkable that this is the only occasion on which the last name, so celebrated in romance, is found to occur in anything like a genuine historical document.

On the same authority we are informed that, in the year 824, the Emperor Louis le Debonnaire sent a considerable force under the command of the Counts or Dukes of Gascony, Ebles and Aznar, to repress the incursions of the Moorish King of Cordova on the imperial frontier. These generals executed their commission with promptitude and firmness; but, on their return through the passes of the Pyrenees, were led, by the perfidious mountaineers whom they had taken for their conductors, into an ambuscade prepared for them by the Saracens, routed, and cut to pieces, and their two chiefs sent captive to Cordova.

It seems probable that these two historical relations, in themselves distinct, but confounded together by tradition, formed the basis of all the succeeding fictions respecting the battle of Roncesvalles.

Of these fictions, the famous Chronicle attributed

to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, the supposed contemporary and friend of Charlemagne, has usually been considered as the foundation ; but it seems more probable that other ancient legends, no longer extant, might share with it at least the honours of parentage. If the Spanish origin, which some antiquaries have assigned to that singular monument of invention, rests on no better foundation than that of a copy alleged to have passed from Spain into the possession of Geoffroy prior of Limoges, A. D 1200, it is very little to be depended upon ; since the existence of Turpin's History at a much earlier period has been demonstrated by Warton, (*Hist. of English Poetry*, dissert. 1.) from a Bull of Pope Calixtus II. dated 1122, decreeing its authenticity. Neither is the circumstance of its being so favourable to the Spanish nation to be regarded as of much weight, seeing that the victory which it ascribes to the Spaniards is treated merely as the result of fraud and treachery ; whereas the class of romances which have adopted the fabulous Bernardo del Carpio for their hero, and which are evidently of Spanish parentage, is of a cast altogether different, and calculated at once to feed the common prejudice against France, and exalt the sentiments of national honour and patriotism.

But, whether of French or Spanish origin, and whether composed in Latin, or translated into that language from any and what vernacular idiom (for this also is matter of speculation), it seems to

be now pretty generally agreed that the celebrated Chronicle, bearing the title of "*Joannis Turpini Historia de Vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi*," and purporting to be the work of the Archbishop of Rheims already mentioned, was in fact a literary forgery of no older date than the commencement of the twelfth century. The History of Eginhart, which, for want of more full and satisfactory information, must for this purpose be assumed as containing the only authentic narrative of the event in question, is so far adhered to that it is still the rear-guard only of Charlemagne's army which is surprised and slaughtered in its passage through the defile of Roncesvalles. But the cause of the expedition itself, the quality and numbers of the enemy by whom the assault was made, the miracles by which it was attended, the treason of Ganellon, the return of Charlemagne and utter discomfiture by him of the whole Moorish army, and, above all, the dying exploits and chivalrous character of the hero Roland, are solely attributable to the fertile invention of the author; and it is in these fictitious details that all the interest of this celebrated occurrence consists,—an occurrence which, notwithstanding the barrenness of the dry historical record, will ever remain associated with all grand and pathetic images;—for

“ Sad and fearful is the story  
Of the Roncesvalles fight”—



and as an eminent French critic\* has lately observed, “ Il y a, même dans les récits grossiers attribués à Turpin, un fond d'intérêt que rien ne peut détruire.”

In this persuasion, I shall need no further apology for having overlooked the manifest advantage, especially under the late circumstances of the French and Spanish nations, which must accrue to a poet who, in treating the battle of Roncesvalles, adopts the Spanish legends for the outline of his fable. But the truth is, that the plan of my poem was formed, and a considerable part of it composed, long ago, from a perusal of the “ Morgante Maggiore” of Luigi Pulci, of which the four last cantos are framed on the model of Turpin's Chronicle.

It remains then that I should say a few words on the subject of this last-mentioned poem, the earliest of those Italian romances which are esteemed classical, but not the first of those which treat the history of Charlemagne and his Peers, or even of those which quote the fabulous Archbishop of Rheims as their authority.

Pulci is well known to have composed this curious work at the instigation and for the amusement of Lorenzo de' Medici, his friend and patron; and the poet himself takes occasion to acknowledge the

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\* Ginguéné, Hist. Littéraire d'Italie, part. 2. chap. iv. (tom. iv. p. 192.)

assistance he derived in its composition from the famous Politian, who at one time was very currently reported to be its real author. The share in it ascribed by tradition to Marsilius Ficinus, may perhaps rest on a more authentic foundation.

The poet gives us to understand that the task assigned him was that of composing a poem in honour of the great restorer of his native Florence; and that his friend Politian had for that purpose referred him to the Provençal Arnald, and to Alcuin the contemporary annalist of the reign of Charlemagne. Nevertheless, Turpin is the single authority to which he refers throughout the whole of his poem; and in this he has set the example to his followers Boyardo and Ariosto, who in like manner swear by the much injured Archbishop, whenever the humour takes them, or when anything occurs too monstrous even for the strong digestion of an experienced romance reader.

Notwithstanding these frequent appeals, the only passages in the poem which are really founded on Turpin are the battle of Roncesvalles, and the vengeance of Charlemagne which ensues. All the preceding four-and-twenty cantos are totally foreign; and even with regard to the narrative of the battle itself, many of its most important circumstances, and the history of the causes which led to it, are either of the author's own invention, or derived

from some other romantic sources which it is useless at present to trace.

It is a question which may fairly be asked, What can be thought of a poem, so strange in its design and tendency, that, to the present moment, it remains undecided whether it was intended as a burlesque or as a serious composition? Milton, who was well read in romance, and most conversant with Italian literature, classes it, without doubt or hesitation, among fictions the most generally acknowledged as ludicrous.\* M. Ginguené, adopting the sentiments of some of the latest critics, is of the same opinion; for which, on the contrary, Crescimbeni (somewhat hazardously) asserts that there is no manner of foundation. But it is, in

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\* "And perhaps it was from that same politic drift that the devil whipt St. Jerom in a lenten dream, for reading Cicero; or else it was a fantasm bred by the feaver which had then seised him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastized the reading and not the vanity, it had been plainly partial; first to correct him for grave Cicero and not for scurrile Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading not long before; next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition; insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of *Margites*, a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of *Morgante*, an Italian romance much to the same purpose?"—Milton's *Areopagitica*, a Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing. Prose Works, folio, 1697, p. 378.

fact, a dispute not much more sensible than that concerning the colour of the chameleon. Even the critics most positive in favour of the ludicrous side of the question admit the grand tragic effect of much of the latter cantos; nor can they fairly do so much without also admitting a considerable portion of the earlier part of the poem to be equally serious. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that, in the most serious passages, the reader is often offended by the sudden interposition of low buffoonery or of the grossest profaneness; and the same debasing strain is often continued through several successive cantos.

It is very true that neither the state of society and manners of the age in which the poem was written, nor the peculiar circumstances under which it was probably composed (canto by canto, without regular plan or foresight, to be read or recited by the author himself at the table of his patron for the amusement of a mixed company), nor the author's ignorance, nor his contempt, of moral or of literary discipline, can be adduced as a satisfactory reason or apology for this gross inconsistency. The society and manners were those of Lorenzo de' Medici and his learned companions! and there is sufficient proof, both in this extraordinary composition and in other works of the same poet, that Pulci himself was, in respect of his literary and philosophical attainments, no unworthy member of a fellowship in many respects so refined and en-

lightened. Let it then remain among the unexplained and perhaps inexplicable phænomena of the human mind ; but let us at the same time remember that the vice, so glaring in this poet, exists in a less offensive degree in both his more polished successors ; and that Boyardo and Ariosto, and above all Berni, the restorer of Boyardo, though they have never been condemned to the rank of burlesque-writers, are nevertheless apt to smile, if not laugh outright, frequently to the dismay of their incautious readers, even in the midst of their most apparently grave and sober narratives.

## GENERAL ARGUMENT.

MARSILIUS, the Moorish King of Saragossa, (whose empire is represented to have extended over the whole or the greater part of Spain, and as entitling him to the first rank in the confederation of "Paynim" powers against the "Roman Empire" of Charlemagne), having sustained a signal defeat under the walls of Paris, has recourse to negotiation, pending which, Ganellon (or Gano) of Maganza, (or Mayence,) Count of Poitiers, is sent, on the part of the Christian Emperor, to demand from him the cession of the "Marca Hispanica," the country extending from the Pyrenees to the Ebro.

Ganellon, actuated by his hatred to Orlando and the other Paladins of France, enters into a conspiracy with Marsilius, of which the principal object is the destruction of these celebrated champions of the Christian cause. Under professions of peace and amity, Charlemagne is invited to send his nephew and the chief warriors of his court to the Pass of Roncesvalles, there to receive from Marsilius the promised cession, and at the same time to repair in person to Fontarabia, to await the accomplishment of the transaction.

The elder Councillors of his Court, suspecting the treason of the ambassador, dissuade their sovereign from accepting these terms; and Malagigi (or Maugis) the cousin of Rinaldo, and Governor during the absence of that renowned Paladin of his Castle of Montalban, predicts, from his well-known skill in magic, the disasters to ensue. But the "Roman Emperor," swayed by his blind partiality for Ganellon, accepts the proposal in spite of all their remonstrances; and Orlando is forbidden by his sense of loyalty and honour, to hesitate in yielding obedience to his sovereign's mandate.

Under these circumstances, the Poem opens with the departure of Orlando for Roncesvalles from his Castle of Clermont—the Chiaramonte of the Italian poets.

## ORLANDO IN RONCESVALLES.

### CANTO I.

THE banner waved on Clermont's highest tower ;  
Forth rode the Count in glittering armour clad :  
But Aldabelle bewail'd the luckless hour,  
Alone, amidst the pomp of triumph, sad :  
From her fair eyes fast fell the pearly shower,—  
Ah tears ill timed, when all things else were glad !  
The soul-born pride of female courage slept ;  
Anglante's spouse, the Rose of Clermont, wept.

And wherefore falls the pearly shower so fast ?  
And wherefore heaves with frequent sighs her breast ?  
Not so, when War had blown his deadliest blast,  
The mailed hero to her heart she prest ;  
Then fearless waited, till the storm o'erpast  
Should give him back to her who loved him best,  
Safe in the prowess of her conquering lord,  
And the resistless magic of his sword.

“ Orlando, stay ! last night the sheeted fire  
Blazed from yon western heaven, in crimson dyed—

Orlando, stay ! with screeches loud and dire  
The deadly raven at my casement cried ;  
And, when I woke, the spectre of thy sire,  
Of Milo, Clermont's lord, was at my side. (1)  
Orlando, stay ! I'm sick and faint at heart,  
Nor can my soul endure the thought,—to part.

“ Thou too, my Oliver, my brother, stay ! (2)  
Thou gentlest knight that ever bore a shield !  
'Tis come, alas ! that heaven appointed day—  
Orlando breathless lies on Honour's field.  
O let thine Aldabelle, thy sister, pray !  
To female tears 'tis no disgrace to yield :  
Think on the duties of thy knightly vow,  
Behold the widow and the orphan now !

“ Can ye remember Gano's treacherous tongue, (3)  
His smooth deceits, his unextinguish'd hate ?  
Can ye forget how Malagigi sung  
The dark presages of approaching fate ?  
The warning words, on Namo's lips that hung, (4)  
Big with the ruin of the Christian state ?  
What Salamon's sagacious mind foretold ?  
What Britain's valiant King, the wise and old ? (5)

“ In Poictiers' race was friendship ever known ?  
Then trust the tale by base Maganza wrought.  
Was ever truth on Saragossa's throne ? (6)  
Then throw aside the guard that prudence taught.  
But, oh Orlando ! 'tis to thee alone,



The generous soul, and unsuspecting thought :  
Against thee, in the unequal fight, engage  
Unfathom'd Fraud, insatiable Rage."

Vain are thy prayers and sighs, fair Aldabelle,  
Sweet lady, vain ;—thy warning who can hear ?  
Bright Hope and Joy thy brother's bosom swell,  
And plumed Pride, the deadly foe to Fear.  
But Clermont's lord pronounced one faint farewell,  
From his dark brow he dash'd one manly tear,  
Omen of ill !—then cried, " On, soldiers, on !—  
Long is our journey, and the day far gone."

Their pleasant road through glades and forests lay  
Of shadowy plane rows, and the stately beech,  
Beneath whose foliage winds her rapid way  
Glad Oise, in haste his regal bride to reach. (7)  
Sweet birds from every thicket caroll'd gay,  
In melody surpassing human speech ;  
Soft breezes fann'd the air, and curl'd the stream,  
Melting the soul in love's enchanted dream.

I cannot say what amorous thoughts possess  
The younger Paladin, as on he rode ;  
But, ever and anon, his steed he prest  
With idle spur ; then carelessly bestrode,  
The reins let loose, and every limb at rest,  
Just as his active spirits ebb'd and flow'd :  
Had he in love been constant as in fight,  
Not all the world could boast a worthier knight.

Orlando's heart the soft attemper'd air  
To different thoughts of graver hue inclined ;  
No vain delusive fires enkindled there,  
But breathed a solemn stillness o'er his mind,  
(That mood the gifted sage is said to share  
When inspiration leaves the sense behind,)  
Recalling every sigh, and sad farewell,  
And boding tear of his loved Aldabelle.

From the deep trance, that until eventide  
Still held the knights so diversely enthrall'd,  
First Oliver awoke, and sportive cried,  
“ How fares my brother ? has his mind recall'd  
Some fearful scene by Merlin prophesied ?  
Or, by Montalban's raven voice appall'd, (8)  
Thinks he the dreams of female terror true,  
And half regrets the glory we pursue ?

“ My temper suits not with the gloomy mood  
Gender'd by woman's tear and beadsman's groan :  
It ever whispers, Seize the present good,  
And live in hope, till hope and life are flown.  
E'en now, to say thee sooth, I inly brood  
On fancied pleasures near the Moorish throne ;—  
Proud lordships and embattled towers for thee,  
For me, high dames, and sports and minstrelsy.

“ Then, with the earliest breeze of balmy morn,  
The silent Pyrenees shall start to hear  
The mountain music of my echoing horn ;

And by my side, dispell'd each maiden fear,  
The Moorish nymph, to gentler pastimes born,  
Shall curb the steed and dart the slender spear,  
While her dark lover, following far behind,  
May sigh his jealous sorrows to the wind.

“ She heeds not his rebuke ; but, when the hour  
Of feast and revelry begins its reign,  
My huntress fair shall sparkling nectar pour  
For me, for me awake the amorous strain.  
The banquet's past ; and o'er the myrtle bower  
Night spreads her veil, the fairest bower in  
Spain ;  
I know not,—but a Christian knight, 'tis said,  
May haply win the love of Moorish maid.”

Thus as he spake, he smiled in merry guise,  
And Clermont's lord with temperate smile return'd :  
“ Fair cousin, while you speak, our elders wise  
May wish, full fain, their gravest lore unlearn'd,  
And ladies, chaste as ice, whose fixed eyes  
Ne'er stray'd from fancy, nor with passion burn'd,  
By heaving bosom and warm cheek confess  
Some hidden sense of undream'd blessedness.

“ Me would it ill beseem to knit my brow  
When amorous knights discourse of ladies gay,  
Or, like a churchman, mutter penance vow  
When laughing minstrels chaunt the merry lay ;  
The gibling Paladins would ask, Where now

Is he who loved the Princess of Cathay,  
Orlando,—whom Angelica the vain  
Robb'd of his wits beside the banks of Seine ? (9)

“ And, trust me, Oliver, no dismal tale  
Of dark foreboding, portent dire and strange,  
Of shrieking night bird, or of phantom pale,  
Can the high purpose of my soul derange :  
Though o'er my mind be cast a transient veil,  
As passing clouds the summer skies may change,  
No fears the champion of the Cross can move,  
Whose confidence is firm in heavenly love.”

“ Well I believe,” return'd that younger knight,  
The unshaken firmness of Orlando's soul :  
For when nor prospect of unequal fight,  
Nor tempest rattling fierce from pole to pole  
Had ever power to make thee blench with fright,  
Oh how should peace array'd in gorgeous stole,  
The tributary realm and proffer'd throne,  
But fill thy breast with joy and pride alone ? ”

Thus in free converse pass'd the sultry hours,  
Till eve descending over hill and vale  
With dewy fingers closed the drooping flowers :  
Now fresher perfumes load each passing gale,  
And sweet birds nestle in their summer bowers,  
And tunes her throat the wakeful nightingale.  
The wandering knights some friendly shelter claim  
With needful sleep to soothe the o'erwearied frame.

Anselm, the generous chief of Arli's race (10)  
It chanced some knightly purpose thither led,  
At the same hour their frugal board to grace,  
And share the lord of Clermont's proffer'd bed.  
So fared the knights of old ;—no lack of space  
To noble spirits in the narrowest shed,  
While the wide world was all too small to hold  
The guardian and the plunderer of the fold.

In mutual faith, both ask'd, and both declared  
Their different journey's end : how Charles had  
sent

To king Marsilius messengers prepared  
To treat, with words of fair arbitrement,  
That both by Moor and Christian might be shared  
Once more the joys of peaceable content ;  
How Poictiers' lord the gracious olive bore,  
And spread the joyful news from shore to shore,

Orlando told : nor fail'd he to declare  
That Saragossa's prince had fix'd the day  
Whereon to Roncesvaux he would repair  
In pomp of peace, with suitable array,  
To meet Anglante's valiant lord, and there  
Into his hands with honour reconvey  
The realms erst won by conquering Charlemain  
From wild Sobrarbe to Ebro's fertile plain. (11)

“ Thither, at Charles's high behest, I go ;  
And little reck I whether false or sooth

Montalban's death-denouncing voice of woe,  
That bade beware the subtile mask of truth,  
And hold no reverence for his head of snow  
Who stain'd with treason the fair page of youth.  
Fear must not couple with Orlando's name :  
Whate'er betide, his course is still the same."

Short time the generous Anselm mused, and then—  
" Now by the faith of former years," he cried,  
" The mutual faith we pledged in fair Ardenne,  
And since in dangerous battle oft have tried,  
Orlando, if thou dare the lion's den,  
Thy brother knight shall enter by thy side.  
Till both return from Roncesvalles free,  
Loved Arles, adieu ! I'll ne'er revisit thee."

Meanwhile, upon his rushy couch reclined,  
Slept Oliver as on the softest bed ;  
While fancy left the present scenes behind,  
And dreams delusive throng'd about his head :  
Now round his brows are rosy chaplets twined,  
Now gorgeous tapestry for his feet is spread ;  
The storied walls, carved roofs, and inlaid floor,  
The same that deck'd the courts of Caradore. (12)

The banquet rich in royal state is spread,  
Mid the full blaze of artificial day :  
The air with music trembles : high o'er head  
Harmonious minstrels chaunt the jocund lay :  
Piment and claret, hypocras and mead, (13)

And sparkling cyprus, and the deep tokay,  
By courteous knights are pledged to blushing maids,  
While peals of laughter shake the proud arcades.

Sudden the feast is vanish'd, hush'd the sound  
Of minstrelsy, and quench'd the torches' blaze  
One solitary taper sheds around  
The couch of love its soft mysterious rays ;  
And on that couch reclines in sleep profound  
The bright enchantress of his later days,  
In bloom of virgin freshness, as she lay  
Lost in his arms, and sigh'd her soul away.

“ My fondest love, awake ! ” he seem'd to say,  
“ Meridiana ! let those melting eyes  
Beam on my soul, once more, celestial day,  
And light me on the road to Paradise ! ”  
They ope, those stars of love ; the kindling ray  
O'er all her frame in swift emotion flies :  
“ My Oliver ! ”—enraptured, tranced, possess'd  
She cries,—he sinks upon her panting breast—

Upon her panting breast he sinks—but oh !  
How does she meet his eager fierce desire ?  
That breast has ceased to pant, that cheek to glow,  
Those eyes to sparkle with voluptuous fire :  
The form he clasps is cold as frozen snow ;  
The couch he presses is the funeral pyre ;  
The sounds, faint struggling those pale lips between,  
“ Take thy first bride, thy murder'd Florisene ! ” (14)

With horror wild he bursts the icy chain  
Of slumber; and, ere yet the cheerful light  
Purpled the billows of the eastern main,  
Hath summon'd to the field each brother knight:  
His alter'd cheer they note, but seek in vain  
To rouse the extinguish'd genius of delight,  
Or clear the brow with shades of death o'ercast:—  
So heavy sits remembrance of the past.

Five days they journey on, from morning's break  
To night, and on the sixth fair evening view  
The sun-clad Pyrenean's spiry peak,  
Like some proud banner tinged with golden hue.  
“Behold,” Orlando cries, “the mark we seek,—  
How awful, yet how goodly, to the view!  
Hail we the passing glory, as a sign,  
Vouchsafed from Heaven, of countenance divine.

“But who are they that, from yon forest glade  
Emerging, hither urge their steeds aright?  
Full gallant lords they seem, and well array'd,  
As on their arms faint glows the expiring light.”  
“If well mine eyes distinguish,” Anselm said,  
“The foremost is, indeed, a gallant knight:  
Charles cannot boast a worthier in his train.—  
What! know ye not the far famed British thane?”

“Now shame upon mine eyes untimely blind!  
It is, it is Astolpho's self I see; (15)  
And now the chief who follows close behind



I note,—the flower of Asia's chivalry,  
The heir to Mecca's throne,—whose virtuous mind  
From Paynim bonds of prejudice set free,  
I press'd him to my heart, and hail'd with pride.  
In friendship once, and now in faith allied. (16)

“ A third still follows after, who, in show  
Of outward pomp, outdazzles both his peers :  
And where's the champion in whose veins doth flow  
A current of such noble blood as theirs ?  
Yet else, methinks, that graceful form I know ;  
It should be own'd by Baldwin of Poictiers,  
A generous youth, and, though of Gano's race,  
Heir to his fortunes, not to his disgrace.” (17)

By this, the knights advancing wave on high  
Their plumed casques, in gratulation fair,  
Mid shouts of joy ; and as they press more nigh,  
With answering shouts resounds the vocal air :  
And now, in phrase of untaught courtesy,  
(Embraces past,) old Otho's valiant heir  
Begins their cause of coming to explain,—  
“ Orlando, hail ! imperial Charlemain

“ Sends thee this greeting ;—(for myself and these  
Brethren in arms all reverence and love !—)  
At Fontarabia on the Gascon seas  
Our sovereign holds his court ; nor thence will  
move,  
Till, as the tenor of the peace decrees,

In the tremendous sight of God above,  
Whom Moor and Christian equally adore,  
Marsilius shall have seal'd the faith he swore.

“ But when into thy hands at Roncesvaux  
The solemn cession shall be made complete,  
The powers of France and Spain, no longer foes,  
In Pampeluna's royal courts shall meet ;  
And there, instead of rude uncivil blows,  
Shall merriment resound through every street ;  
For shrieks of desolate wives from husbands rent,  
The festive dance and knightly tournament.

“ On Roncesvalles' field already wait  
Thy coming many chiefs of worth declared ;  
There Turpin, reverend sire, to consecrate  
The solemn act with holiest rites prepared,  
Saint Michel's lords, the Prince of Neustria's state,  
Montleon's Gualtier, good Duke Egibard,  
Avino, either Anjolin, are there,  
Avolio, and the gentle Berlinghier. (18)

“ As marshals, we before the joyous host  
Are sent to meet and guide your course aright,  
Myself, with Sansonetto, Asia's boast,  
And gentle Baldwin, yet untried in fight,  
Who, though a little month is gone at most,  
Since Charles array'd, and sent him forth, a knight,  
Will soon, perchance, eclipse our paler fire,  
As he already shames our mean attire.”

So spake he, jesting : but the ingenuous youth,  
Who, erst, Orlando's best loved page had been,  
And served with matchless constancy and truth,  
Advanced with modest blush yet manly mien—  
“ Think not, my honour'd patron, that in sooth  
I would in aught but simplest garb be seen,  
Such as befits a knight of worth untried :—  
This is not Baldwin's, but a father's pride.

“ He bade me wear this rich embroider'd vest,  
Which, at your bidding, gladly I restore :”  
Orlando strain'd the warrior to his breast—  
“ No, wear it still—there's none can grace it more :  
And, be it freely, noble friend, confest,  
I never felt so true a joy before,  
As now, that in thy welcome sight I see  
The surest pledge of Gano's loyalty.

“ For ever be ungenerous doubt,” he cried,  
“ Offspring of idle fancy, cast away !  
Now, Aldabelle, resume thy wonted pride :  
Suspicion is a guest that shuns the day.”  
A deeper blush the cheek of Baldwin dyed—  
“ Suspicion !—did my noble patron say ?  
Now, so sit honour on my virgin sword,  
As spotless is the faith of Poictiers' lord.”

So spake the son, unknowing yet the cause  
That stain'd with doubt Maganza's perjured name :  
And who so strange to nature's holiest laws

But loves the champion of a parent's fame ?  
Orlando mark'd his warmth with just applause.  
" My valiant Baldwin ! on my head the blame,  
Whose heedless words have hurt a soul like thine :  
Henceforth, thy father's honour shall be mine."

Now must we leave the Paladins awhile.  
And ye, who kindly listen to my lay,  
Think they have reach'd the destined vale, where  
    smile  
Soft meadows in perennial verdure gay,  
And, every side surrounding, pile o'er pile  
Rise the gigantic hills, and seem to say,  
Here are we fix'd by Heaven's creating hand  
The everlasting guardians of the land.

## CANTO II.

Now to Montalban's raven haunted tower,  
Genius of old romance ! direct my way ;  
Where, erst, against the leagued imperial power  
The sons of Aymon held rebellious sway. (1)  
Then, proud Montalban, was thy courtly bower  
Throng'd with the pomp of chivalrous array :  
But now, since peace has seal'd the fatal strife  
That arm'd a vassal 'gainst his sovereign's life,

For many a slow revolving year, no more  
Thy walls have echoed any earthly sound ;  
While, far from thee, to Asia's distant shore  
Thy chiefs are gone, on wild adventure bound :  
Now waves the rank grass from thy turrets hoar,  
Erewhile with Aymon's feudal banner crown'd ;  
The sun, whose setting beams reflected shone  
From buckler, casque and spear, now warms the  
mouldering stone.

Yet not untenanted,—so fame reports  
Among the credulous peasants of the plain,—  
Though Silence in thy halls and spacious courts  
Upholds her ancient solitary reign :  
But thither oft at midnight hour resorts  
From central caves of earth a viewless train,  
At Malagigi's potent spell, to wait  
His bidding, and lay bare the womb of fate.

'Tis said,—and, courteous hearers, if I seem  
On fancy's wing to take too bold a flight,  
The reverend Turpin vouches for my theme ; (2)  
And who can doubt what reverend churchmen  
write?—

Oft from the banks of Seine's imperial stream,  
Borne on the rapid coursers of the night,  
The wise enchanter, in one little hour,  
Would cleave the sky to gray Montalban's tower ;

And there, with cabalistic lore profound,  
Summon the princes of the infernal coasts,

Or break with potent words the hallow'd ground,  
Waking from death's long sleep unbodied ghosts ;  
Then deep mysterious converse hold, till sound  
Of earliest cock dispersed the shadowy hosts :—  
So Turpin writes,—and, if you doubt the tale  
By me affirm'd, let Turpin's words prevail.

When false Maganza to the imperial throne (3)  
The peaceful answer of Marsilius bore,  
Many a brave peer, for faith and courage known,  
Doubted a fraud in every smile he wore ;  
But chiefly Malagigi, whether prone  
By cautious nature to suspect, or more  
Than others knew by art superior taught,  
Freely proclaim'd the peace with treason fraught.

And then, since Charles, unheeding all he told,  
And fondly trusting a false favorite's tale,  
His mandate sent to Clermont's lord, to hold  
That solemn meeting in the appointed vale,  
With stern despatch that would not be controll'd,  
The enchanter sought, beneath the moonlight pale,  
Montalban's towers, and there deep ponder'd o'er,  
Night following night, his strange mysterious lore.

Down in the infernal cavern's deepest place  
His mansion holds a spirit wise and strong  
And terrible ; of his abandon'd race  
Moves none more black those dismal courts  
among ;

Yet over him, by Heaven's eternal grace,  
The more to humble that rebellious throng,  
Have magic charms permitted power to quell  
His savage force with adamantine spell.

Him Malagigi summon'd : by his voice  
Compell'd the dæmon rose ; but fiercer far  
Than subject spirit suits ; as if the choice  
He had to serve, or wage vindictive war.  
He smiled, as devils smile when they rejoice,—  
Such smile as murderers in their vengeance wear.  
That smile the enchanter mark'd, and felt the hour  
Draw nigh when he must render back his power.

Shuddering he mark'd, but soon collected spoke :  
“ Not yet, oh Astaroth ! not yet the day  
That frees immortals from my earthly yoke :  
Still art thou bound, and still thou must obey.  
Hear then my last command ! Henceforth be broke  
The mighty spell and melt in air away,  
So now my potent bidding thou fulfil :  
Hear, then, submissive ! hear, and do my will !

“ First teach me, for thou canst, since Charles hath  
gone,  
Reckless of danger, to the coast of Spain,  
And he, the great defender of his throne,  
Abides the Moor on Roncesvalles' plain,  
What doom is in the rolls of fate foreshown ?  
What is the doom of France and Charlemain ?

Say, doth the dæmon of destruction lower,  
With treason leagued, o'er all the Christian power ?”

“ Master!—so still thou art !”—the fiend replied,  
(For that determined voice recall'd the day  
When magic bound for his rebellious pride  
Seven years within the rifted rock he lay,)  
“ Things are there in the womb of fate denied  
To spiritual ken as sense of mortal clay :  
The past and present are our own ; but eye  
Of creature never pierced futurity.

“ Darkly indeed and doubtfully we trace  
Shadows that flit behind the eternal veil.  
Sometimes we view them imaged in the face  
Of outer heaven in colours dim and pale,  
But nothing certain. Had Almighty Grace (4)  
Thrown such a weight of knowledge in our scale,  
How should the boaster, Man, elude our powers ?  
No,—God hath clipp'd our wings, or the wide world  
were ours.

“ Think'st thou, if Lucifer himself, the first,  
As once in heaven, so now in lowest hell,  
Could pierce that sacred veil, that he had durst  
Claim power supreme, and, claiming it, rebel ?—  
Or we those easier chains of wrath had burst  
To make our second fall more damnable ?  
No, no ; all knowledge is to angels known,—  
All but the future : that is God's alone.



“ Yet what I can my master may command.  
Know then that all the circling air is dense (5)  
With spirits, each his astrolabe in hand,  
Searching the hidden ways of Providence.  
For from his throne in Scorpio o’er the land  
Now gloomy Mars sheds baleful influence,  
Portending chances terrible and strange,  
Treason and blood to man, to empires change.

“ Yes,—in that heavenly sign I see portray’d  
The massacre of nations, and the fall  
Of mighty states, and man by man betray’d,  
And many a prince’s bloody funeral.  
Hast thou not mark’d yon comet, that array’d  
In sanguine lustre rules this nightly ball?  
All this and worse that sanguine beam foreshows;  
A long interminable train of woes.

“ Thus far into the future can I see,  
And only thus; for, what conclusion thence  
The mind may draw, it open lies to thee  
As much as to the keenest spiritual sense.  
But, for the things that were and those that be,  
Somewhat to me my searching sight presents,  
To thee unknown, that may, if rightly told,  
More of hereafter to thy mind unfold.

“ Know then, when Poictiers’ traitorous lord was  
sent,(6)  
With courteous phrase the Moorish chief to greet,  
Veiling in honest show his base intent,

As if by Charles deliver'd, at his feet  
He dared pronounce so rude a compliment,  
So full of threats for sovereign's ear unmeet,  
That proud Marsilius, swelling with disdain,  
Hurl'd back defiance stern to Charlemain.

“ And when thus apt for vengeance, hot for blood,  
The prince he found, this wily traitor knew  
By weaving phrases of more courtly mood,  
Unto his damned purpose to subdue  
And mould that tiger soul. It were not good,  
He said, such insolent mockery to pursue  
With open vengeance, which might miss its blow :  
No,—make the example terrible though slow.

“ From hour to hour his favour stronger grows  
With Saragossa's monarch, till it seems  
Marsilius through his knowledge all things knows,  
Thinks with his thoughts and with his reason deems :  
One day it chanced, beneath the verdant rows  
Of poplar fringing rapid Ebro's streams,  
Tired with the chase, that from the noontide heat  
They sought together a secure retreat ;

“ And there, to end my tale, between them  
plann'd

A work so full of monstrous villany,  
That, heard in hell, the whole infernal band  
Raised one loud shout, reechoing to the sky.  
The mine is now prepared, the work in hand ;

Nor can I in the signs of Heaven descry,  
If godlike virtue may not guard the event,  
Aught to divert its full accomplishment.

“ It matters not, their bloody league complete,  
As from the bank arose that son of hell,  
That the wild carob shook, and at his feet (7)  
The accursed fruit, sign of Heaven’s anger, fell;  
Though, since Iscariot’s death, the judgment seat  
Had never witness’d deed so damnable.  
A moment’s space the traitor stood aghast,  
The next, laugh’d at his fears and onward pass’d.

“ ‘ How, if Orlando fears?’ ‘ He shall not fear,’  
The traitor answer’d :—‘ to confirm him ours,  
Give me the surcoat thou art used to bear (8)  
In purple wrought and stiff with golden flowers :  
That vest my son, my only son, shall wear,  
A safe protection when the battle lowers,  
And thus begirt, as with Jove’s ægis, be  
Himself the guide of Clermont’s chivalry,

“ ‘ Their ignorant guide to havoc and despair :  
Do thou but pledge thy solemn faith to mine,  
To bid thy soldiers watch with special care,  
And when they mark, amidst the Christian line,  
The embroider’d vest their sovereign used to wear  
Upon a young and gallant warrior shine,  
That warrior see ye spare, and spare alone !—  
That warrior is the son of Ganellon.’ ”

The dæmon paused; and thus the enchanter said:  
“Too well, oh Astaroth! too well I see  
A sight to fill the stoutest heart with dread,  
The fearful hour of Gallia's chivalry.  
Already are the mountains wide o'erspread,  
Wave following wave, by one devouring sea,  
While in the vale our Paladins await,  
Thoughtless of ill, the o'erwhelming rush of fate.

“But say, is there no hope of safety yet?  
No buckler yet the impending blow to stay?”  
“None—Roncesvalles is the fowler's net,  
Already cast around the unconscious prey.  
They know it not; but ere the sun hath set  
That dawns upon the third portentous day,  
For every lance in that devoted band,  
Unnumber'd Paynim swords will sweep across the  
land.”

Silent and sad awhile the enchanter sate;  
Then cried, “Oh yet—Orlando's powerful sword  
May yet carve out for France a nobler fate.”  
“Yes, so it please high heaven's imperial Lord  
That for the weal of that neglectful state  
The days of Amalek shall be restored.”  
The irreverent taunt the enchanter heeded not,  
But inly musing—“Whatsoe'er their lot,

“Would,” he exclaim'd, “they had Rinaldo there!  
That wondrous arm might turn the opposing scale.”

Then thus to Astaroth,—“ Say, dæmon, where  
Lingers my cousin in this mortal vale ? ”  
Eastward he turn'd those eyes that through mid air  
Ten thousand leagues can swift as lightning sail—  
“ I see him now beneath the sultry skies  
Where Pharaoh's everlasting temples rise.”

Then Malagigi gave his last command,  
That in three days the dæmon should convey  
Montalban's knight from Egypt's burning sand  
To Roncesvalles, through the aërial way.  
“ Henceforth be free from spell of mortal band,  
As thou shalt this my last behest obey ! ”  
Grimly the dæmon smiled his last farewell—  
“ Thou art obey'd,” he cried ; then plunged to hell.

Montalban's towers and silent streams and glades  
Sleep in the quiet moonshine, when from far  
Borne through mid heaven attend the courser  
shades

Self-harness'd to their visionary car.  
“ To Charlemain, ere yet the moonbeam fades,  
Lost in the brightness of Aurora's star,  
Bear me, my steeds, in silence through the sky :  
Yet may we change Orlando's destiny ! ”

He who from dull repose short hours can steal,  
Alone to wander mid the calm serene  
Of a fair summer's midnight, and can feel  
His soul accordant to that solemn scene,

May think how joyful, swift as thought, to wheel  
From fleecy cloud to cloud, while all between  
Is one pure flood of light, and dim and slow  
Rolls the wide world of vapour far below.

And now o'er Roncesvalles' fatal plain  
Hovering, the wise enchanter bids descend  
His coursers, and awhile their speed restrain :  
Now far o'er hill and vale his eyes extend,  
Beyond ungifted vision's furthest strain ;  
And, miles and miles around, space without end.  
Where'er the moonbeams fell, their sparkling light  
Glanced back from groves of steel, and scared the  
peaceful night.

Yet not a breath disturbs the air ; nor sound  
Of clashing arms, nor shout of revelry,  
Nor squadrons trampling o'er the hollow ground  
Give signal of the Moorish chivalry.  
Twice more the sun must walk his daily round,  
And bathe his forehead in the Gascon sea,  
Ere yet the tallest Pagan spear shall show  
Its glittering point to the devoted foe.

Who wakes in Roncesvalles ? Is there one  
That slumbers not, secure from thought of ill ?  
All slumber,—all save Oliver alone—  
All but unhappy Oliver, whom still  
That icy grasp of death, that stifled groan,  
Those words of more than mortal warning thrill

With memory's pangs, and force him wide to stray,  
A sad, self-brooding man, till dawn of day.

Him when the enchanter saw, as on the brow  
Of a projecting precipice he stood,  
Fixing his eyes on empty space below,  
But inly rapt in his own gloomy mood ;  
Through a disguise so strange he could not know ;  
And who had known, in that wild solitude,  
With eyes so fixt and looks so wan and drear,  
The flower of knighthood, gallant Olivier ?

Like one unknown upon his path he came,  
And thus in few and hasty words address :  
“ Go, wake yon eagle ! for the aspiring flame  
Already mounts, and fires his royal nest :  
Treason hath writ in blood Orlando's name,  
And Hell is busy with the coming feast.  
Go, wake yon eagle ! for the toils are spread,  
And the proud fowler marks him for the dead.”

Thus said, he sprang into his car, and high  
Soar'd in an instant out of mortal sight,  
Steering his voyage through the dusky sky  
To reach the imperial camp ere morning light.  
Roused from his trance, long time with eager eye  
The Paladin in vain pursues his flight,  
Straining the almost bursting orbs, till day  
Stole unperceived the shadowy hours away.

“ Arm, arm ! Orlando, arm ! Above, around,  
On every side, his toils hath Treason traced.”  
Scared from his slumbers at the startling sound,  
Soon has the valiant knight his armour braced,  
And climb’d with toilsome speed the highest ground ;  
And thither Anselm, Sansonetto, haste ;  
Gualtier and youthful Baldwin too are there,  
Astolpho, and the gentle Berlinghier.

Above, below, around, on every side,  
They cast their eager and inquiring eyes ;  
But void and waste extend the mountains wide,  
And void and waste the silent valley lies,  
As at the hour when the Creator cried,  
“ Be spread, ye valleys ! and, ye mountains, rise ! ”—  
“ Oh Oliver ! what vision, wild and vain,  
My friend, my brother ! hath disturb’d thy brain ? ”

Another day, another night are o’er,  
And Oliver his watch tower mounts again ;  
The hills are void and silent as before,  
And void and silent as before, the plain.  
He warns Orlando of his fate once more,  
And once again he finds his warning vain ;  
Then solitary and dejected strays  
Till the third day star o’er the mountain plays.

Above, below, around, on every side,  
He turns his eyes ; and sees reflected shine  
The beaming light from war’s advancing tide ;



Sees o'er the hills the interminable line  
Of steel-clad squadrons wind in martial pride,  
Seeming in one bright girdle to confine  
All that devoted vale, the closing stage,  
To many a knight, of earth's loved pilgrimage.

Too late Orlando owns the truth,—too late  
For wise retreat, or provident defence :  
Yet not a signal of his coming fate  
But swells his bosom with a nobler sense ;  
And not a partner of his perilous state  
But feels a martyr's holy confidence,  
While, warm and strengthening like celestial food,  
Flows from his lips the stream of Christian fortitude.

“ Could I have thought that in the human heart (9)  
Such hellish treason might a lodging find,  
I would have play'd a soldier's better part,  
Not thus untimely to my fate resign'd,  
But force opposed to force and art to art.  
Hither I came, to peace and love inclined,  
And thought the love that in my bosom burn'd  
For all mankind, with equal love return'd.

“ Yet the deceiver shall himself deceive,  
On his own head the dreadful thunders call ;  
While ye, who in eternal truth believe,  
Sure of approving heaven, will nobly fall :  
Soon shall ye all rejoice, though now ye grieve,  
And change for food divine your bitter gall ;

Though now your bread be mix'd with tears and  
sighs,  
Your souls this night shall feast in Paradise.

“ So to his Greeks the generous Spartan said,  
Whose promises were far less sure than mine :  
Them only hope exalted when they bled ;  
Your hope is faith, your promises divine.  
See on the grate the martyr'd Laurence spread ;  
Even in the flames his eyes with transport shine,  
And show how easy and how sweet to die,  
When the freed soul is rapt and fixt on high.

“ And now, while little life is yet your own,  
All fearless mingle in the bloody fray !  
Now, Paladins, be all your prowess shown ;  
So shall your bodies only die this day.  
Now let the fathers by their sons be known,  
And cast delusive fruitless hope away !  
Fight not for life ! Caught in this fatal snare,  
Our hope is death ; our confidence, despair.

“ And yet it grieves me, noble Charles, for thee,—  
That, after such high fame, thy royal head  
Is doom'd so sad, so dark a change to see,  
Thine honours blasted and thy glory fled !  
But ah ! no human state from change is free,  
Whole empires hang upon the slenderest thread ;  
And often Fate, at Heaven's appointed hour,  
Exalts the meek, and blasts the proud man's power.

“ Thee too !—this faithful bosom bleeds for thee,  
My cousin, my Rinaldo ! Once again  
Might I that much loved form in battle see,  
Proud in the field, and dreadful o’er the slain !—  
Even while I speak, strange visions welcome me,  
Hope’s cheering phantoms crowd upon my brain.  
I feel,—I know,—that with this mortal eye  
I yet shall view Rinaldo ere I die.

“ I fear not death ; but hope my worth to show,  
And nobly on the bloody field to lie ;  
To deal the wrath of Heaven and tenfold woe  
On baneful fraud and curst impiety :  
Death is not to be fear’d, but when we know  
The soul shall also with the body die ;  
The loss of life is gain, if spirits flee  
From this cold clay to immortality.

“ Think how the self-devoted Decii died,  
And other noble patriot souls of yore,  
Who fell, to satisfy a glorious pride,  
And leave their memories when they were no more.  
Death is to you the pilot who will guide  
Your parted spirits to a happier shore :  
O how much greater than all earthly love  
Is that which hopes and pants for things above !

“ And now, my friends and brethren, O receive  
The last fond blessing that your chief can give !  
Your parting souls shall holy Turpin shrieve,

Assured in heaven eternally to live.  
Even now, in faith's bright mirror, I perceive  
The undoubted sign of your prerogative ;  
The gates of Heaven are open'd wide around,  
And radiant angels guard the fatal ground."

Thus said, he once more vaulted on his steed,  
And loud exclaim'd, " Now for our treacherous  
foes !"

But, when he saw his comrades doom'd to bleed,  
Some tender tears of human pity rose.—  
" Ah vale accurst !" he cried, " ah vale decreed  
For orphans' sufferings and the widow's woes !  
The latest ages shall thy name deplore,  
And mark with blood, till time itself is o'er."

On every front the holy Turpin traced  
A sacred cross, and benediction gave,  
And pardon'd them through him in whom are placed  
Our hope and trust, who died mankind to save.  
Then all the valiant band in tears embraced,  
And drew their swords, and stood, resolved and  
brave :

Almonte's banner waved their lines before,  
The banner won in Aspramount of yore.

## CANTO III.

WHOE'ER had heard the brazen trumpet's blast (1)  
In Roncesvalles on that fatal morn,  
Might look to see the world's vain pageant past,  
The eternal veil of heaven asunder torn,  
And its appointed angel come at last  
To bid the grave yield up her dead new-born :  
So terrible was that portentous sound  
Borne by the mountain echos wide around—

Wide, wide around the mountain echos bore  
That soul-dissolving clangor ; cold dismay  
A moment all the Pagan host came o'er,  
And check'd the advancing battle's proud array ;  
A moment only,—and with answering roar,  
Loud as the ocean surges, when the spray  
Is tempest-driven against impending skies,  
Through all the lengthening line the shouts of  
slaughter rise.

Strange shouts, and yells, and dissonant turbulence  
Of nations, brought from earth's remotest bound,  
Mix'd with the din of martial instruments,  
The clash of arms, the neigh of steeds, the sound  
(Like shock of wildly jarring elements)  
Of squadrons trampling o'er the hollow ground :

The Christians felt the gathering storm draw near,  
But not a hero's cheek was blanch'd with fear.

Up the steep heights the Christian warriors strain,  
Firm and unbroken o'er the rugged ground,  
Nor heed the Moorish darts, that fall like rain  
On their broad shields and heads with iron bound :  
Foremost to climb, and first the ascent to gain,  
(As England's sons in war are ever found,)  
The English knight his banner plants on high :  
“ Forward ! Behold the Pagan dastards fly !”

Awhile on every side, as panic-driven,  
The outnumbering hosts recoil ; for at a blow  
Astolpho's lance had shield and hauberk riven,  
And stretch'd their first and stoutest champion  
low :

But soon, as clouds, by the rude blasts of heaven  
Dispell'd, unite and burst in floods below,  
Back to the charge the astonish'd squadrons pour  
With hotter fury, and the fight restore.

Here on the right unhappy Olivier,  
Desperate of life, deals shame and slaughter round ;  
Gualtier and gentle Berlinghier are here,  
And keep unmoved the hard-won vantage ground :  
But in the front of danger, death, and fear,  
The English lance is ever foremost found,  
And ever there the English crest elate  
Moves, the terrific harbinger of fate.

Nor less upon the left, in arms allied,  
Each gallant Anjolin his prowess tries,  
And Baldwin, with a youthful soldier's pride,  
And eye firm fixt on Fame's immortal prize,  
Courts Danger, like a new and blushing bride,  
And wonders why his eager suit she flies ;  
Ah brave unhappy boy ! his guileless breast  
Knew not the charm of Poictiers' treacherous  
vest ! (2)

But who shall speak the terrors of that hour,  
When, as o'er Libya's hot and thirsty land  
Moves, bursts, and falls, the self-erected tower,  
And whelms whole armies in a waste of sand,  
So dark and dreadful, o'er the Moorish power,  
Hung great Orlando's desolating hand,  
And, with unerring aim, where'er it fell,  
Laid bare some new and fearful path to hell !

“ From morn till noon, from noon till dewy night,”  
With unabated rage the contest glow'd ;  
And not a Christian in that bloody fight  
Gave up to Heaven the sacrifice he owed,<sup>1</sup>  
But first, in glorious witness of the right,  
From Pagan breasts a plenteous current flow'd,  
And ghastly heaps on heaps of slaughter'd foes  
A monument of Heaven's stern justice rose.

The God of battles, that tremendous day,  
Look'd from his throne of vengeance o'er the field,

And scatter'd wild confusion and dismay  
From the red terrors of his blazing shield :  
'Tis said,—(the crowd believes what zealots say,)  
The archangel's self, to human eyes reveal'd,  
In radiant armour, on a snow white horse,  
Thrice rallied to the charge the Christian force.

And still let those believe who cannot feel  
What sovereign force almighty virtue hath :  
More hard than adamant, more strong than steel,  
Scorning the weak assaults of human wrath,  
Virtue thro' life and death, thro' woe and weal,  
Keeps irresistible her onward path,  
Nor can be turn'd by terror or surprise,  
Till Heaven's own towers before her sight arise.

Brave flower of widow'd England ! (3) in thy sight  
Already do those towers unveil'd appear,  
Thou best and earliest victim of the fight,  
Cut glorious off in manhood's proud career !  
Already beams the fresh created light  
On Anjolin and gentle Berlinghier,  
Light from a purer heaven, a brighter sun,  
Than sparkles on their own beloved Garonne.

Amidst the Paynim host a stranger knight  
It chanced that day his maiden faulchion drew,  
The son of that old mountain Ismaelite  
Whom in a better hour Orlando knew,—  
Whom high Montalban's lord in single fight



(Sent by the Persian princess) first o'erthrew,  
'Then bound in friendship's holiest knot, till He  
Who breaks all earthly bondage set him free.

'Twere long to tell what changeful stars had led  
That youthful wanderer to the coast of Spain,  
What phrensy urged, his heart's best blood to shed  
In treason's cause on Roncesvalles' plain :  
E'en now the sword of Clermont, on his head  
Descending swift, had stretch'd him with the slain,  
Had he not mark'd its threatening course, and low  
Cowering to earth, escaped the deadly blow ;—

Yet so escaped not, but that flaming brand,  
Which never thirsted yet in vain for blood,  
In glittering fragments scatter'd o'er the sand  
His gilded casque, and drank the vital flood.  
Tottering he sank ; the conqueror's ruthless hand,  
'Twined in his locks, its murderous aim renew'd—  
When “ Spare, O spare,” with feeble voice he cried,  
“ A miserable youth by birth allied !”

When good Orlando heard that voice in prayer,(4)  
Before his eyes the father's image stood ;  
By pity moved, he loosed his twisted hair,  
Embraced the youth, and with his tears bedew'd :  
“ Thy form, thy face,” he cried, “ the truth declare ;  
Mine ancient friend I here behold renew'd :  
Yet 'twas ill done, young soldier, to oppose  
Thy father's friends, and arm to serve his foes !”

“ O chief revered ! O master ! ” he replied,  
“ To thee my sword, myself, my faith I yield,  
So I may hope to perish at thy side,  
Devoted warrior, on this bloody field :  
For fall thou must ! Though war’s impetuous tide  
This day roll harmless round thy heaven-girt shield,  
Though triumph crown the wonders of thy hand,  
Yet fall thou must, with all thy generous band !

“ Think’st thou, this countless host disperstand fled,  
Treason hath laid her cunning toils in vain ?  
No—Ere to-morrow’s sun shall rear his head,  
This countless host, thrice number’d crowds the  
plain ;

A brave and stately victim thou art led  
To feed the altars of insatiate Spain,  
And they who drive thee to the stake are those  
Whom thy free bosom for its inmates chose ! ”

As he who, wandering through some vernal wood,  
Or tangled copse, no latent danger fears,  
But keeps unmoved his calm or cheerful mood—  
If ’chance some ambush’d adder’s hiss he hears,  
Back to his heart recoils the healthful blood,  
And death’s pale livery on his cheek appears ;—  
So, like the serpent’s hiss, that hateful sound  
To Clermont’s inmost soul its freezing passage found.

“ What ! treason in my camp ! among my friends—  
My noble generous friends ! ” he shuddering cried.  
“ Yes ! look where now his onward course he bends,

That friend, to Poictiers' bloody race allied !  
Hast thou not mark'd his gorgeous vest, where blends  
The sun-bright gold with empire's purple pride ?  
That to the traitor sire Marsilius gave,  
Alone, of all thy host, the traitor son to save !"

O Saragossa ! though with blood imbrued,  
How fair, when aftertimes thy story tell,  
Will show thy guilt by black ingratitude !  
It is the sin by which the devil fell (5)  
From the bright mansions of beatitude  
To unremitting pain, unfathom'd hell ;  
It is the sin that loudest cries to heaven ;  
It is the sin that never was forgiven.

Now had Orlando left that old man's son, (6)  
And, fired with rage, sought Baldwin o'er the course ;  
Who call'd for death, which seem'd his path to shun,  
And spend on less adventurous heads its force.  
When he beheld swift Brigliadoro run  
Hot o'er the field, (Orlando's well-known horse,)  
He rush'd to meet his friend beloved, and cried,  
" What woes, unfortunate !—this head betide !

" I seek to-day among the brave to die,  
And many a warrior by my lance lies slain ;  
But none against this arm their force will try :  
I call, I threaten, to the fight in vain !"  
" False boy !" return'd the chief, " no more they'll fly,  
Lay but that gaudy garment on the plain,

Which to thy traitor sire Marsilius gave,  
For which that traitor sold his son a slave !”

“ If on this day,” the unhappy youth replied,  
“ Thee and thy friends my father has betray’d,  
And I am curst to live, this hand shall guide  
Keen to his heart the parricidal blade !  
But I, Orlando !”—thus in tears he cried,  
“ Was never, never, for a traitor made,  
Unless I’ve earn’d the name in following thee  
With true, with perfect love, o’er land and sea.

“ Now to the conflict I return once more ;  
The traitor’s name I shall not carry long.”  
That fraudulent, fatal vest away he tore,  
And said, “ My love to thee was firm and strong !  
This heart no guile, this breast no treason bore ;  
Indeed, Orlando, thou hast done me wrong !”—  
Then burst away—The hero mark’d his air  
With altering heart, that droop’d at his despair.

Already to the main’s remotest bound  
Rolls in his rapid car the glorious sun,  
And evening’s grateful shadows gather round  
On either host, with murderous toil fordone :  
How changed, since on the steel-embattled ground  
From the bright east his early splendours shone,  
When glittering arms pour’d back a brighter flood !  
Now half their fires are quench’d in dust and blood.

Still victory suspends in middle air  
Her doubtful scale ; and for a moment’s breath,

As if by sudden concert, both forbear  
(Christian and Moor) the fearful work of death.  
In that dread pause the generous Olivier  
Bends, sadly pensive, o'er the ensanguined heath,  
Where cold and stiff the Briton's corse is found ;  
And with a soldier's tears embalms the sacred wound.

O blest in saint-like slumber ! O redeem'd  
From all the miseries of this vale below !  
Was it for thee the warrior's sorrows stream'd ?  
Can human tears for happy angels flow ?  
Ah ! how much rather, if but rightly deem'd,  
Those tears should fall for human vice and woe,  
The retchlessness of life, the fear to die,  
Hopeless desire, heart-sinking infamy !

But short the pause to sorrowing friendship lent—  
Rise, warriors, would ye call your lives your own !  
Lo ! from the distant hills in swift descent,  
Like some swoln mountain torrent, thunder down  
Squadrons unthinn'd by war, by toil unspent,  
Led to the charge by Persian Falseron :  
Already with the foremost bands in fight  
They mix ; already bleeds the foremost Christian  
knight.

Orlando, roused by war's reechoing cries, (7)  
Hastes to the charge ; back fall the squadrons  
round :  
And see where hapless Baldwin' gasping lies,

Pierced to the heart by no dishonest wound !  
“ I am no traitor now !” he faintly cries,  
Then sinks a stiffen’d corse upon the ground—  
With bleeding soul Orlando saw him die.  
“ Thy fate is seal’d ; the unhappy cause am I !”

There is a time for woe,—a peaceful hour,  
When the sore-wounded heart may seek relief  
For ills, past cure of every earthly power,  
In the dissolving luxury of grief :  
But when the blast of war uproots the bower,  
And strews the vale with many a wither’d leaf,  
Joy to the mourner !—He no longer hears  
In that rude storm his sighs, nor feels his starting  
tears.

This truth confess’d Anglanté’s Paladine,  
When vengeance every softer thought subdued  
That else, for Baldwin lost, perchance might twine  
About his heart, and chill the vital flood :  
But when that eastern satrap mark’d the sign  
Of Fate, fore-doom’d in Clermont’s mantling blood,  
As from the bolt of heaven, with headlong speed  
Aghast he fled, and urged his purple-harness’d steed.

O how unlike the chief, whose boasts were heard  
From far Euphrates to the Ebro wave,  
That he would tear Anglanté’s honour’d beard,  
And set his foot upon the Christian slave,  
And wreak such vengeance as the world ne’er heard

For bold Ferrau, whom to a bloody grave  
The knight had sent, what time the powers of Spain  
First homage paid to conquering Charlemain !

“Turn, traitor !” (the rude gales such sounds convey’d  
To his unwilling ears)—“ For Baldwin slain,  
Turn, traitor ! Be that Judas kiss repaid,  
Which erst was pledged upon the banks of Seine !”—  
Stung by the taunt, the flying soldan staid  
His full career ; while impotent Disdain  
And smarting Pride contended with his fear,  
And half resolved him to abide the tempest hurry-  
ing near.

But half resolved he staid, and still for flight  
Uncertain, or for deed of manly daring,  
Till, terrible as thunder, swift as light,  
The Christian lance drove on, through buckler tear-  
ing,  
Hauberk, and plated mail ;—the shades of night  
Cloud round his swimming eyeballs, and, down bear-  
ing  
Horseman and horse to earth with thundering force,  
Fate irresistible pursues its iron course.

Low sweeps the dust the boaster’s humbled head,  
And loud and wide his clanging arms resound :  
But (so in ancient chronicles ’tis read)  
Were never more beheld above the ground  
The cold and bloody reliques of the dead :

There where he fell was his rent buckler found,  
His empty cuirass, greaves, and morrion there,  
But where the naked corse could none declare. (8)

The God of justice (in that elder time  
Men fondly deem'd) would sometimes from the  
course,

By which he guides the wheels of Fate sublime,  
Deviate awhile, and with miraculous force  
Stamp on the forehead of unblushing Crime,  
Dead to the probing search of kind Remorse,  
Some direful impress of his wrath, to stand  
The warning wonder of a guilty land.

Not now by prophet's tongue, or angel's flight,  
Or ghost, or spell, God lets his power be known :  
Yet not the less display'd to mortal sight  
(Would thankless man his father's empire own)  
The blazing beacon stands of wrong and right :  
Not he who fills the world's ill gotten throne,—  
That self-appointed arbiter of fate,—  
Sits so secure in his tremendous state,

But in the solemn hour of secret thought,  
In that dark hour, when Pride and Grandeur sleep,  
When poison drugs the soul's unhallow'd draught,  
Through Sin's voluptuous bowers when scorpions  
creep,  
Then Conscience comes, with nameless terrors  
fraught,



And with her flaming signet, broad and deep,  
Brands the pale tyrant's brow, and fires his brain  
With quenchless torments of delirious pain.

For ever shall that fiery torment last,  
For ever shall that awful impress stand,  
Plain as the old miraculous legend traced  
Upon the wall by Heaven's conspicuous hand,  
Defaceless as the holy symbol cast  
(So sages erst believed) by just command  
On Israel's wretched exile, doom'd to stray  
A wanderer over earth until the judgement day.

Forgive, kind hearers, my wide wandering strain,  
Uncheck'd by rules of sterner minstrelsy,  
If, from the baseless fabric of the brain,  
I sometimes turn to sad reality.  
The genius of romance with loosen'd rein  
Still gives his Hippogryff to wander free,  
Now o'er the ærial heights that gave him birth,  
Now through the calm and lowly vales of earth.

So he, "of dames and knights, of arms and love,  
Of courtesies and high attempts," who sung,  
Oft with the web of fancy interwove  
Alphonso's praises, or with bolder tongue  
Call'd down the vengeful lightning from above  
On Cæsar's head, whom mad Ambition stung  
O'er blind Ausonia's weeping fields to pour  
His harpy legions from Iberia's shore.

Yet rest, my wandering steed, ere long to soar  
Mid higher regions of excursive song,  
The secrets of the eternal veil explore,  
And realms that to the shadowy hosts belong!  
The cries of slaughter and the battle's roar  
Die on my listening ear, while, borne along  
Through midway air, with all too sudden speed  
I rise;—then rest awhile my wandering steed!

#### CANTO IV.

IMAGINATION, whose unbounded sight  
Can at one glance embrace all sea and land,  
Now swift pursues the dæmon's destined flight,  
Prompt to obey his master's last command,  
From high Montalban to those realms of night  
Where Pharaoh's old sepulchral temples stand,  
Where Guiscard and his greater brother bore  
Duke Aymon's banner on that Pagan shore.

Turbid and deep the mighty river flow'd,  
Curtain'd in shades of evening; by whose side  
Montalban's lords pursued their mazy road,  
Listening the murmurs of that sullen tide :  
When from the tomb, Sesostris' last abode,  
Silent a darkling form was seen to glide,  
The giant shadow of a knight and horse,  
That onward seem'd to bear its threatening course.

“ Be mine the adventure ! ” cried the younger peer,  
 And spurr’d, that vision new and strange to meet :  
 The gallant courser stopp’d in mid career,  
 And toss’d his mane, and, plunging, from his seat  
 Strove to shake off the rider ; while the spear  
 Of that unearthly warrior, following fleet  
 The impulse lent, without a blow or wound,  
 Like some rude tempest hurl’d him to the ground.

Uncheck’d, as through the yielding air he pass’d,  
 That wondrous spectre,—and o’er all things near  
 Breathed a damp chillness which the soul o’ercast  
 Of brave Rinaldo, long unused to fear :  
 It seem’d as hell had sent some poisonous blast,  
 Embodied in that image dark and drear,  
 To freeze the courage of the noblest knight  
 That e’er curb’d gallant steed or harness’d armour  
     bright.

All powerless stood the Paladin, the while  
 A laugh insulting from the vision broke,  
 Laugh, that reechoed from the banks of Nile  
 Even to his lunar source,—then fiercely spoke :  
 “ My name is Astaroth : from that famed pile  
 That erst obey’d Duke Aymon’s lordly yoke,  
 Hither I steer my flight to make thee know  
 His will, whose art compels the powers below.

“ Thus then thy wizard kinsman bids me say :  
 In Roncesvalles, at this fatal hour,

All marshall'd sits in terrible array,  
By great Marsilius led, the Moorish power ;  
Unconscious yet the heaven-devoted prey  
Waits while Destruction's dæmons round him lower,  
The chief who wields Anglanté's powerful lance ;  
And with him every prince and paladin of France."

He ceased : but when Montalban's loyal peer  
That mortal danger of his friends had known,  
Each baser taint of wonder, doubt, and fear,  
Like shadows fled before high reason's throne ;  
While every impulse form'd and seated there  
Gave place, and strong affection ruled alone :  
It seem'd a thousand years in every day  
That kept him from his valiant friends away. (1)

" And thou, mysterious agent ! whether sprung  
From shades below, or light above, O say,—  
Shall I not mingle in the battle's throng  
My blood with theirs upon that fatal day ?"  
The fiend replied not ; but, as if among  
Attendant crowds,—“ Speed, messenger, away !  
And bring that Æthiopian plant, whose flower  
To mock the feeble sight of man hath power !”

Thus as he spoke, he look'd towards empty space,  
And sound, as if of rustling wings, replied :  
Seized with strange awe, Montalban's knightly  
    grace  
Look'd wild and wide around, but nothing spied.

“Thy wonder cease, weak child of Adam’s race!” (2)  
Thus with a scornful smile the dæmon cried,  
“ Know that ten thousand spirits around me stray  
To do my bidding, be it night or day.

“ As here on earth, so boast the realms below,  
Thrones and dominions, pryncedoms, virtues,  
                  powers ;  
And, as mankind their several stations know,  
And keep their destined course, so we do ours.  
'Tis mine to bear thee to that field of woe  
Where Christian blood distills in purple showers,  
A kindred stream,—and, if the will divine  
Have so ordain’d, haply to mix with thine !

“ Nor fear a dæmon’s faith, nor doubt to trust  
Thy frail existence to the power of fate ;  
What though ye be, weak children of the dust,  
Sport of our malice, our revenge, and hate,  
E’en were I not compell’d, as now I must,  
To yield obedience, for a certain date,  
To mortal spells and man’s accurst control,  
This is a fiend-like part and suits my soul.

“ I know the deeds of death thine arm will do  
In Roncevalles ; therefore freely bear,  
With such glad scenes of slaughter in my view,  
Thee and thy Christian brother through the air :  
What sanguine streams shall rush that valley  
                  through !

How shall we feast on anguish and despair !  
It is the festival of Hell to see  
Man equal to the damn'd in misery."

By this return'd the attendant sprite and stood  
Confest to view, bearing that charmed plant  
From where it sprung by Niger's eastward flood,  
On Samen's mount, the satyrs' fabled haunt, (3)  
Or in Zendero's old inaugural wood,  
Or where the hunted pards of Sennaar pant.  
From its prest leaves a potent dew is shed,  
Veiling in sightless mist the anointed head.

The dæmon's form dispersing seem'd to glide  
Into thin smoke, and curl'd along the ground  
To where Boyardo stood with nostrils wide  
Snuffing the balmy gales that breathed around :  
Now by the subtle spirit possest, supplied  
With sense unknown, with powers before unfound,  
His eyes flash fire and, tossing wild and high  
His eager neck, he burns to mount into the sky.

Nor less the steed that good Guiscardo bore  
Confess'd some kindred power; each brother knight,  
With that strange robe of darkness cover'd o'er,  
Leaps on his ready courser swift as light ;  
And in an instant's space as high they soar  
As soars the eagle in his loftiest flight.  
The virtues of the charmed herb, or Heaven  
Itself, had calm'd their souls and made their cou-  
rage even.

'Twas now the hour when fond Desire renews (4)  
To those who wander o'er the pathless main,  
Raising unbidden tears, the last adieus  
Of tender friends whom Fancy shapes again ;  
When the late parted pilgrim who pursues  
His lonely walk o'er some unbounded plain,  
If sound of distant bells fall on his ear,  
Seems the sad knell of his departed joys to hear.

Lights, numberless as by some fountain's side (5)  
The silly swain reposing (at the hour  
When beams the day star with diminish'd pride,  
When the sunn'd bee deserts each rifled flower,  
And yields to humming gnats the populous void,)  
Beholds in grassy lawn, or leafy bower,  
Or orchard plot, of glow-worms emerald bright,  
Flamed in the front of that ambrosial night.

Vain fears, the impious progeny of crime,  
Hold no alliance with a scene so fair ;  
Remembrance claims the consecrated time,  
And Love refined from every selfish care.  
Thus, as they wheel their rapid course sublime  
Through the mid realms of circumambient air,  
In spirit they have reach'd the fatal place,  
And strain their brethren in a last embrace.

Fain would I tell, as Arno's bard hath told, (6)  
What hill and valley, sea and running flood,  
What peopled cities, and what forests old,

Rich champain, idle desert, waving wood,  
Lay underneath like some vast map unroll'd,  
As swift their airy voyage they pursued,  
Scanning, 'twixt sun and sun, the regions wide  
From Meroe's lake to Gades' western tide ;—

Fain would repeat, in this my careless rhyme,  
The converse held by proud Montalban's knight  
With the fall'n angel,—converse, strange, sublime,  
Of things beyond the ken of feeble sight :  
For spirits, still unharm'd by age or time,  
Retain the spark divine of earliest light,  
(Angelic nature !) nor, though lost, forget  
Their happier state, but hope and tremble yet.

Hope lives through fear : who saith that hope is vain ?  
Worm of the earth ! canst thou presume to trace  
The eternal limits of God's holy reign,  
Infinite justice and unfailing grace ?  
Will Heaven destroy its own fair work again ?  
Or, after some dark, doubtful, lingering space, (7)  
All with one voice eternal truth adore,  
And humbly sue for peace and gain what they implore ?

Beyond the pillars of this world of old,  
Far o'er yon western flood's unmeasured plain,  
Of other worlds the spirit darkly told,  
For ages lost, for ages to remain  
Unvisited by light divine, and cold  
As Zembla's rocks which endless frosts enchain :



Yet hath the sun of Grace, to them unknown,  
E'en for those cheerless realms and untaught nations  
shone.

Such the high themes that held in wonder bound  
The sons of Aymon, while their mystic guide  
Still onward bore them through the vast profound.  
As to some wretch who, after wanderings wide,  
Returns to view his once loved native ground,  
Forgotten dreams of youth's gay morning tide  
Crowd on each gale, and with a transient light  
Delusive gild the lonely gloom of night ;

E'en so, as in the dæmon's upward flight  
He almost reach'd the heaven from whence he fell,  
The purer airs of that celestial height  
Might for a space the noxious fumes of hell  
Haply disperse, and new-created light  
Beam on the darkness of the soul's deep cell,  
Renewing traces of the angelic frame,  
Long forfeited by sin to death and shame.

But when (descending o'er that fatal plain  
At latest eve) before them seem'd to rise  
From the low vale the blood of thousands slain  
Staining with crimson blush the conscious skies ;  
When, in wild dissonance, the groans of pain  
Came mingled with the battle's fiercer cries ;  
Then every softer shade at once was flown,  
And all the dæmon reassumed his throne.

The barbarous legends of an elder age,  
Nursed in the darkness of some cloister'd cell,  
Now scorn'd or pitied by the gay or sage,  
The chasten'd muse must shun ;—else would she tell  
How, on the top of yon lone hermitage (8)  
Descending swift, the winged sons of hell  
Fix'd their damn'd seat, to arrest the upward flight  
Of spirits battle-freed, and thrust them back to night.

Aided by grace divine and heavenly love,  
The Christian souls elastic spurn'd their hold,  
Sprang fearless to their glorious seats above,  
And sit amid the angelic choir enroll'd :  
But Mahound's impure votaries vainly strove,  
Fluttering and struggling, till, in many a fold  
Of serpent strength comprest, forworn and spent,  
Down, down they sink, a steep, dark, bottomless  
descent.

Leave we these baseless phantoms and pursue  
Montalban's banner through the ranks of war ;—  
But distant yet ;—for, where the standard flew  
O'er Saragossa's proud pavilion, far  
From the throng'd battle field, confest to view  
Alight the brother chiefs, like that twin star  
In arms refulgent, whose mild radiance guides  
The prosperous vessel o'er obedient tides.

“ Do armed angels mingle in the fight ? ”—  
Thus bursts from rank to rank the general cry ;

And panic Terror, and disgraceful Flight,  
And crimson Slaughter's horrid form were nigh :  
E'en He, whose iron heart each sound and sight  
Of woe and dread did till that hour defy,  
In that appalling vision seem'd to own  
A higher power and tremble on his throne.

Perhaps some prescience of approaching fate,  
Obscurely shadow'd, flash'd across his brain,  
When Aymon's banner in victorious state  
Shall wave o'er Saragossa's loftiest fane,  
And life prolong'd to misery's utmost date  
In dreadful vengeance for Orlando slain,  
At length expire, not glorious in the fight,  
But midst the groans of scorn and fierce despight.

But not Marsilius, nor the tented field  
Those brother warriors sought : where Clermont's  
lance  
Still ruled the opposing war, and Clermont's shield  
Protected still the Paladins of France,  
Thither while crowds on crowds retiring yield,  
Like vapours scatter'd by the sun's advance,  
They flew on coursers swifter than the wind,  
And left their panic-stricken foes behind.

Orlando, as the furious chief drew near,  
Like lightning borne across the battle field,  
Or friend or foe uncertain, held his spear,  
Prepared to meet the thundering shock, or yield :

But when through clouds of dust he saw appear  
Montalban's lion on the blazing shield,—(9)  
Ye, who the thrilling transport e'er have known  
To meet some long-lost friend when every hope  
                  was flown,

Judge ye if rapture's full impetuous tide  
Swell'd his bold heart, and triumph'd in his face ;  
If ardent love the strength of wings supplied,  
As swift he rush'd to meet his friend's embrace—  
No : bloodless was his cheek ; his bosom's pride  
Was cold ; his limbs dropp'd nerveless ; and the space  
That parts the living from the realm of night  
Was closing fast before his dizzy sight.

And Oliver, who ever foremost stood  
Where Clermont's banner stemm'd the battle's rage,  
Still flow'd the current of his gentler blood ?  
Still kept his pulse its wonted vassalage ?  
Oh ! loosen'd oft by Joy's too sudden flood,  
Asunder bursts the heart's strong anchorage ;  
And, all the vital spirits at once set free,  
The soul springs upward to eternity.

But when the dissipated powers return'd  
To fill the seat of thought and life again,  
And Nature's fire, rekindling, brighter burn'd  
In either breast, and ran through every vein,  
Who can conceive the rapture ? Who hath learn'd  
So well the excess of pleasure sow'd in pain,

The joy that bursts in tears, or seeks relief  
In deep-drawn sighs, the natural voice of grief!

And now the panic far and wide hath spread,  
And on their camp the routed Paynims pour ;  
But night's dark curtain screen'd them as they fled,  
And the tired Paladins the chase give o'er :  
With painful steps their backward course they tread,  
Fired with the ardour of pursuit no more ;  
They mourn the dead, yet wish their happier doom,  
Nor bless their own short respite from the tomb.

But when, conspicuous through the gathering gloom,  
The lion banner burst upon their sight ;  
When by the well-known crest and raven plume  
Of Aymon's house, the fair proportion'd height,  
The lordly port which Aymon's sons assume  
And none can doubt, they mark Montalban's knight ;  
All fear and grief, all languor and all pain,  
All sense of woes endured, all thought of what  
remain,

At once have fled ; and through the knightly train  
Late so desponding, solemn, and so slow,  
Fresh pours the flood of life, as if again,  
Creating Nature bade the current flow  
From the cold heart through every stagnant vein,  
And the glazed eyeballs with new lustre glow,  
Of some unburied corse, for many an hour  
Left vacant by the vivifying power.

Dark falls the night, no stars her course attending,  
And lurid clouds portend a gloomier day :  
Oh who that sees it rise shall mark its ending ?  
Oh who shall live, in after years to say  
What tides of precious blood their channels blending  
With streams accurst and vile, have roll'd their way,  
Dyeing that verdant field with crimson stain  
That thousand circling springs shall ne'er make  
green again ?

Yet at the last a prouder day shall dawn,  
O Roncesvalles ! on thy blighted name ;  
When Treason to her secret haunts withdrawn,  
Shall mourn her conquests past in present shame :  
Fresh laurels shall o'ercanopy the lawn  
With grateful shade, and fairest flowers of fame  
Start from each barren cleft and sun-burnt cave,  
To wreath immortal chaplets for the brave.

But not for France shall swell the solemn strain  
Of triumph ;—not, degenerate France, for thee !  
Thy fame is past ; and treason's foulest stain  
Blots out thy light of ancient chivalry.  
Lo ! Britain leads the glorious chase, and Spain  
From all her mountain summits follows free,  
Leagued in just vengeance for a blacker crime  
Than e'er defiled the rolls of elder Time.

Sleeps Arthur in his isle of Avalon ?  
High favour'd Erin sends him forth once more

To realize the dream of days far gone,  
The wizard strains of old *Caer-merddhyn's* lore.  
Another Rowland brings his legions on,  
The happier Rowland of an English shore ;  
And thunders in the van with foot of flame  
Scotland's romantic champion gallant Græme.

What mournful train, descending through the glade ,  
“ Breaks the long glories of my dazzled sight ? ”  
Rest, Paladin of England ! Lowly laid  
Beneath the o'erarching pine-tree's towery height,  
Rest yet awhile ! Erelong thy generous shade  
Shall witness with a soldier's proud delight,  
High deeds of kindred valour, and inspire  
In kindred bosoms old heroic fire !

Or, haply, shall thy spirit, hovering near,  
With glorious breathings for immortal fame  
Fill the departing warrior's breast, and cheer  
With hope's bright dream his weak and suffering  
frame—

Fair dream !—that o'er Cadogan's early bier  
Shed mildest influence, when with faint acclaim  
He hail'd his conquering friends, and closed his eye,  
Rejoicing, 'mid the shouts of victory !

## CANTO V.

THE funeral rites have ceased ; and, lowly laid  
Where not a sound shall break his slumbers more,  
Astolpho sleeps beneath the pine-tree's shade ;  
All his proud hopes extinct, his sorrows o'er.  
Yet the wild winds that mountain music made  
Amid the waving woods with ceaseless roar,—  
Though o'er the quiet dead they pass in vain,  
One solitary mourner hears the strain.

Breaking the stillness of the unconscious sky,  
Is that the bridal voice that calls thee home ?  
Ah ! how unlike the festive minstrelsy  
That peal'd through Caradore's illumined dome !  
Ah ! how unlike the softer melody  
Of love, faint murmuring through the grateful  
                  gloom !  
To thee, oh Oliver ! the gentlest breath  
That stirs the pine's tall branches, whispers Death.

That fatal morning's dawn how shall I sing ?  
How paint the impending battle's horrid face ?  
Have I not said that death is on the wing,  
And shall I not o'erleap the middle space ?  
The bolt hath sped, and oped the sacred spring



Whence flows the purest blood of Gallia's race ;  
But never yet Orlando's fixed mood  
Had alter'd, or roll'd back the vital flood ;—

Not when Bellande her blooming honour lost,  
And headless on the ground lay Neustria's pride ;  
Not e'en when he, who loved his master most,  
And served him best, since hapless Baldwin died,  
Of all his youthful followers in the host,  
Good Sansonetto, perish'd at his side ;  
It seem'd nor human fear, nor human woe  
Could move his soul again or make his sorrows flow.

Yet once again that inmost soul must bleed (1)  
For Oliver, his friend and better part ;  
Oh ! then he knew the doom of all decreed,  
And cursed the Paynim traitor from his heart :  
While thus the dying chief,—“ In thought or deed  
If e'er our souls bore undivided part,  
O lead me where in death I may be known,  
Nor leave me, unrevenged, to die alone !”

“ I have no heart, without thee,” he replied,  
“ In this perplex and dreary life to stay ;  
I've bid adieu to daring joy and pride,  
And human Hope deserts my darkening day :  
Love only can the fall of life abide ;  
Thy love, my Oliver, yet lights my way :  
O follow, Oliver, that guiding love,  
With me one faith, one hope, one will, to prove.”

Thus said, they mingled in the thickest fight ;  
Once more the dying warrior raised his blade,  
And, though the approach of death had dimm'd his  
sight,

Through the mid ranks a bloody passage made :  
Close on the confines of eternal night,  
Still his sad friend with wondering eye survey'd  
Such deeds as might have graced life's vigorous  
day,—

For the soul's fire survived the frame's decay.

Thus through the storm of swords and spears  
they go,

Still dealing vengeance and despair around :  
But Oliver, who now more faint and slow  
The heavy hand of Death oppressive found,  
Press'd towards his tent : the end of all his woe  
He felt approaching from that mortal wound.

“ Oh yet a little wait ! ” Orlando cries ;

“ I'll sound my horn—assistance near us lies.”

“ My brother,” he replied, “ there's now no need :

My soul is hastening from its bonds to flee ;

It soars, expectant of the promised meed ;

It beats, it pants, it must, it will, be free—”

More would his faltering tongue,—but Heaven  
decreed

An instant change for immortality :

Yet the last wish Orlando knew full well,—

“ Live thou ! and guard my sister Aldabelle.”

Now, when he saw the noble spirit fled,  
He seem'd on earth's wild coast alone to stray ;  
And, sick at heart and sorrowful, he sped  
To gain a hillock that adjoining lay :  
And there he blew a blast so loud and dread, (2)  
The Paynim host all trembled with dismay.  
Another, and another yet, he blew :  
With the third blast, that horn was burst in two.

Then back he hasten'd to the battle field,  
As the sad widow'd sire suspends his grief,  
Returning from the funeral rite, to yield  
His little weeping family relief.  
E'en in that moment's space had Fate unseal'd  
New springs of sorrow to the afflicted chief :  
The desolating Fury had not spared  
Avino, Avolio, Gualtier, Egibard.

Still Anselm rear'd his ponderous mace on high ;  
Still Aymon's banner rode the battle wave ;  
And Turpin, mid the Christian chivalry,  
Still held the sword to strike, the cross to save :  
But Clermont's horn, that shook the startled sky,  
New hope inspired to rouse the fainting brave,  
While to the Paynim host it seem'd to bear,  
In each successive blast, defeat, dismay, despair.

At the first blast of that miraculous horn,  
That, league o'er league, round hill and vale re-  
sounded,

By Fontarabian echos westward borne, (3)  
And by the Atlantic billows back rebounded,  
Like some tired traveller, on the sudden torn  
From slumbers that have all his sense confounded,  
The Roman Emperor started from his throne,  
And sternly eyed the traitor Ganellon. (4)

“ Fair speed the chase in Roncesvalles’ glade !”  
The traitor cried ;—“ beneath the greenwood bough  
How many antlers, brave and tall, are laid  
Lowly on earth by Clermont’s arrows now ?”  
Gladly deceived, the momentary shade  
Of doubt and fear pass’d o’er the imperial brow ;  
But Salamon still grasp’d his half-drawn sword,  
And Britain’s king, and wise Bavaria’s lord.

But when the second blast that pierced the sky  
Had far and wide its scatter’d echos sent,  
From all the circle burst one general cry,  
And loud indignant clamour fill’d the tent :  
A hundred falchions from the scabbard fly,  
And all against the conscious traitor bent :  
The conscious traitor, yet unshaken, said  
“ How well this day Anglante’s shafts have sped !”

Again it sounds—but Ganellon no more  
Affects the glozing speech and bold disguise :  
A shuddering tremor steals his senses o’er,  
And heavy clouds of guilt oppress his eyes ;  
His straining eyeballs seek the expanded door

Through which, unseen, a grisly phantom flies;  
Unseen by all beside,—for Conscience shows  
Such mockeries only to delude Heaven's foes.

And well that fearful vision might appal  
And freeze the life-stream in a father's vein,  
Speaking of Baldwin's bloody funeral.  
It bore upon its front the battle stain,  
That marr'd his youthful graces, and, withal,  
Grasp'd in its hand the vest of purple grain,—  
That fatal vest which well the traitor knew,—  
Then, on him sternly frowning, slow withdrew.

How pale he stands! how fixt his look, how strange!  
How self-condemn'd, who late so brave appear'd!  
In silent dread, all view'd that sudden change,  
Mysterious omen of the worst they fear'd:  
But not in all thine empire's widest range  
Breathed there a peasant, so by hope uncheer'd,  
As at that moment, noble Charles, to be  
Compared, in bitterness of soul, with thee.

Who breaks the portals of the grave again,  
And glares so fiercely on the imperial throne?  
Not that the guest of a bewilder'd brain,  
Invisible to all but guilt alone:  
To all alike it stands confest and plain;  
And yet, among the living ne'er was known,  
Like meteors flashing from the northern sky,  
The withering flame that fired that sunken eye,—

The sounds that, labouring in that hollow chest,  
As in some sepulchre the imprison'd wind,  
Thus the dark oracle of Fate express'd :—

“ It is too late, O man perverse and blind !

Yes—thou mayst rend thy garment, beat thy breast,  
And round thy loins repentant sackcloth bind ;  
Yes—thou mayst gird thy potent sword, display  
Thy banner, and lead forth thy proud array !

“ Vengeance may wake ; and, wrapt in smoulder-  
E'en Saragossa's lofty towers may fall ; [ing fire,  
Marsilius, and his line accurst, expire  
Amid the ruins of his tottering hall ;  
All this, and more, by Heaven's eternal Sire  
May stand decreed : but Heaven can ne'er recall  
Thy fatal hour, O widow'd France ! nor save  
Thy glories from disgrace, thy children from the  
grave.

“ It is too late to avert Astolpho's doom,  
Or heal thy wounds, thou gentlest Berlinghier !  
It is too late to close the greedy tomb  
That opens now its gates for Olivier.  
E'en thee, Orlando !—would that earthly fume  
That clouds my dying senses disappear,  
And leave my sight from doubt and error free,—  
My last sad funeral knell might sound for thee !

“ One vision yet—it soothes my parting soul—  
O sons of Aymon ! brethren of my love !”—

No more—those flaming orbs have ceased to roll,  
That breast to labour, and those lips to move ;  
Through all the tent a solemn murmur stole,  
As fear with rage, with grief amazement strove :  
That lifeless corse, the eye's unnatural light  
Extinct, to memory gave Montalban's wizard knight.

'Tis said—but who the fearful truth can tell ?—  
That in his hovering flight, 'twixt earth and sky,  
A startling peal, the well-known voice of Hell,  
Announced his league dissolved, his hour gone by :  
Then from his air-built car the enchanter fell,  
And, where he fell, in mortal trance did lie ;  
Till Clermont's horn, with its awakening blast,  
Roused his prophetic rage to speak and breathe its  
last.

Back to the field of blood, my wandering song,  
And wait the ending of that dismal fight !  
The wonders of the charmed horn too long  
Have staid thy pinions from their onward flight.  
Behold, where Aymon's sons the routed throng  
Still urge, impetuous, down the mountain's height,  
And Anselm follows in that glorious chase—  
But where is he, the leader of the race ?

Opprest with wounds and toil, the valiant knight (5)  
Can now support his helmet's weight no more ;  
Tired with the labours of so long a fight,  
Parcht by a burning thirst unfelt before :

He now remember'd where, the former night,  
From a clear fount the crystal stream he bore ;  
Thither he urged his steed, there sought repose,  
And wash'd his wounds, and rested from his woes.

His faithful steed, that long had served him well  
In peace and war, now closed his languid eye,  
Kneel'd at his feet, and seem'd to say " Farewell !  
I've brought thee to the destined port, and die."  
Orlando felt anew his sorrows swell  
When he beheld the gallant courser lie  
Stretch'd on the field, that crystal fount beside,  
Stiffen'd his limbs, and cold his warlike pride.

And " O my much-loved steed, my generous friend,  
Companion of my better years !" he said ;  
" And have I lived to see so sad an end  
Of all thy toils, and thy brave spirit fled ?  
O pardon me, if e'er I did offend  
With hasty wrong that mild and faithful head !" —  
Just then, his eyes a momentary light  
Flash'd quick ;—and closed again in endless night.

Now when Orlando found himself alone,  
Upon the field he cast his swimming eyes,  
But there no kindred form, no friend well known,  
Of all his host, to glad his sight, arise :  
With undistinguish'd dead the mountains groan ;  
A heap of slaughter, Roncesvalles lies :  
Oh, what a pang of grief oppress'd his brain,  
As his strain'd eyeballs rested on the slain !



“Farewell,” he cried, “ye gallant souls thrice blest,  
Whose woes lie buried in that bloody tomb!  
For me, I know my fate, but cannot rest;  
Feel Death approaching, and he will not come.  
How peaceful now is thy distracted breast,  
My Oliver! how sweet Astolpho’s doom!  
Oh yet some human pity feel for me,  
And aid my soul, just struggling to be free!”

’Twas then, as ancient chronicles have told, (6)  
Orlando gazed upon his faithful blade,  
And thus address’d, as if of human mould—  
“When in the silent grave thy lord is laid,  
And ages o’er his sad remains have roll’d,  
O Durindana! let it ne’er be said,  
Thy noble steel, aye sacred to the right,  
Hath lent to Pagan hands its prostituted might.”

He said, and, far his red right arm extending,  
Collected stood for one last dreadful shock:  
The sword, high whirl’d in air, and swift descending,  
Nor bent nor shiver’d on the marble rock,  
But cleaved its solid mass, asunder rending  
Even from the summit to the central block.  
The rudest peasant, in that valley born,  
Still shows the cloven crag and wondrous horn.

In Roncesvalles’ melancholy glade  
The cries of war were now no longer heard;  
And, ere the lingering star of day decay’d

No Moorish banner o'er the waste appear'd :  
One tribute more, to Gano's treason paid,  
The dæmons at their hellish banquet cheer'd ;  
Spent with fatigue and blood, at evening's close,  
Good Anselm's spirit fled to seek its long repose.

The sons of Aymon and the martial priest  
Were now the last sad reliques of the brave :  
Together from the vain pursuit they ceased,  
Together sought Orlando's bloody grave.  
At length they found him, where, not yet released (7)  
From mortal anguish, by that fountain wave,  
His toil-worn limbs reclined. In silent grief  
They stood collected round the expiring chief.

But when Orlando raised his clouded sight,  
And saw Heaven's consecrated warrior near,  
A sacred joy diffused its kindling light,  
And bathed his face with many a grateful tear :  
Then, cleansed from blood, Heaven's own anointed  
knight  
Laid his pure hands on Clermont's humble peer,  
And blest him, in His holy name who gave  
Himself to death our ransom from the grave.

This ended, to Rinaldo kneeling by  
A parting look of tenderness he sent,  
Who grasp'd his hand, but made no more reply—  
'Twas the last look that on this earth he bent :  
Thenceforth, on Heaven alone he fix'd his eye,

Fix'd, as the lights that gem the firmament ;  
Yet, while his soul sprang upward, Love had share  
In every wish, and framed his latest prayer.

Scarce had he offer'd up that silent prayer  
With sighs and tears, and breathed his last desire,  
When on the dying knight, with sudden glare,  
Flash'd from the sun three beams of heavenly fire.(8)  
His friends kneel round him with dejected air,  
Like children at the death-bed of their sire ;  
No sounds the dread and solemn silence broke,  
Save when deep sighs the heart's sad language spoke.

Soft music, mingling with that heavenly light, (9)  
In sweet low murmurs stole upon their ears ;  
And, like some dying gale of balmy night,  
A spirit seem'd descending from the spheres.  
Orlando raised his intellectual sight,  
When to his ravish'd sense confest appears  
He, who from heaven to our benighted earth  
Bore the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth.

And thus that vision said, or seem'd to say,  
"Thine offering is received, thy soul forgiven !  
Wait but a little space—the appointed day  
Restores thee to thy mourning friends in heaven.  
To those beloved on earth, for whom you pray,  
Shall special messengers of peace be given,  
To guard your king in his declining years,  
And these your fellow-soldiers and your peers.

“ Bright with eternal youth and fadeless bloom, (10)  
Thine Aldabelle thou shalt behold once more,  
Partaker of a bliss beyond the tomb  
With her whom Sinai’s holy hills adore ;  
Crown’d with fresh flowers, whose colour and per-  
fume  
Surpass what Spring’s rich bosom ever bore—  
Thy mourning widow here she will remain,  
And be in Heaven thy joyful spouse again.”

With look seraphic, raised and fix’d on high, (11)  
He seem’d transfigured from this earthly vest,  
And holding sweet communion with the sky :  
O happy end ! O soul supremely blest !  
At last he hung his languid head to die,  
And the freed spirit left his holy breast ;  
But first the pommel of his sword he laid  
Fix’d to his heart, his arms across the blade.

The sound of distant thunder shook the skies,  
Play’d round the hills, and in the valley died ;  
From snowy clouds bright starry meteors rise,  
And through mid air celestial lustres glide,  
And liquid flames, too fierce for mortal eyes ;  
To sweetest harps harmonious notes replied ;  
Such notes as to the Heaven of Heavens aspire,  
The holy hymnings of the angelic choir.

The knights, who silent saw their champion die,  
Stood rapt in fervent trance upon the plain ;

Lost to themselves, in Contemplation's eye  
They rise at once their radiant thrones to gain ;  
Till ceased the strains of dulcet psalmody,  
And long and loud Hosannas closed the strain.  
So stood the sage of old, and so adored,  
When up to Heaven Elijah's chariot soar'd. (12)

When Charles beheld that field of blood, he cast (13)  
His eyes towards Roncesvalles, and exclaim'd,  
“ Because in thee the fame of France is past,  
Through every age be thou with curses named !  
So long as this vile world and Time shall last,  
Be desolating barrenness proclaim'd  
Thy lofty hills and spreading vales around,  
And Heaven's own lightnings blast the accurséd  
ground ! ”

But when he reach'd the fatal mountain's base,  
Where, at the fount, Rinaldo watch'd the dead,  
More lamentable tears bedew'd his face :  
The stiffen'd corse he kiss'd, embraced, and said,  
“ O blessed soul ! look from the realms of grace  
Upon this old and miserable head ;  
And, if all wrongs be not forgotten there,  
For peace and gracious pardon hear my prayer !

“ Where is the faith, my son, I bade thee prove ?  
The pledge, in happier days received and given ?  
O shade adored ! if aught of human love  
Or human pity may survive in Heaven,

Restore me, from thy glorious seat above,  
As the dear token of offence forgiven,  
That sword with which I made thee knight and count,  
Even as thou erst didst swear at Aspramount !”

’Twas so ordain’d, that, at his sovereign’s word,  
Orlando’s body rose from earth once more,  
And kneel’d before his ancient king and lord  
With solemn reverence as in days of yore ;  
Stretch’d forth his hand and yielded back the sword,  
The same he held at Aspramount before :  
Then, with a smile, to Heaven the spirit fled ;  
The corse fell back, and lay for ever dead.

O’er Charles’s limbs a sudden tremor ran,  
Something betwixt a thrilling awe and love :  
By the cold hand he grasp’d the sainted man,  
And felt assured of happier life above.  
A holy horror every breast began  
To seize, and even Rinaldo’s soul to prove  
The power of Fear, while, humbly kneeling round,  
They kiss’d with bended face the sacred ground.

But who shall say how wretched Alda mourn’d (14)  
Her lord and brother on their timeless bier ?  
“ Ye, blessed souls, to kindred light return’d,  
Have left me all alone and darkling here,  
Me, once the happiest wife on earth, adorn’d  
With all that Heaven approves or man holds dear,  
Crown’d with the love of the most noble knight  
That ever mounted steed or dared the fight.

“ O my loved husband, father, friend, farewell !  
Ne'er shall the world behold thy peer again ;  
So form'd in camps and cities to excel,  
So mild in peace, so dreadful on the plain !  
Faithful in life and death, thine Aldabelle  
Swears, by thy bones inhumed at Aquisgrane,  
This constant heart, that only breathed for thee,  
Shall live devoted to thy memory.”

## NOTES.

### CANTO I.

(1) The genealogy of romance makes Charlemagne and Milo of Anglante both descendants in the eighth degree from the Emperor Constantine, and even assigns to the latter the honours of the elder branch. Notwithstanding his high birth and consanguinity, this Milo was so reduced in fortune as to be judged a suitor unworthy the hand of Bertha, Charles's favorite sister; to whom being married in secret, they fled together to avoid the anger of their sovereign; and Bertha, falling in labour in a cavern at Sutri near Rome, gave birth in this situation to an infant, respecting whom Milo is thus made to speak to his unfortunate consort as soon as she has recovered from the trance which followed her delivery: "La prima volta che io lo vidi, sì lo vidi io che il rotolava, et in Franzoso è a dire rotolare roolare...Io voglio per rimemoranza che l'habbia nome Roorlando." That is to say, "The first moment I beheld him, I saw him roll himself round of his own accord: and in the French language *rotolare* (to roll) is called *roolare* (rouler): therefore, in remembrance thereof I will that he shall be named *Roorlando* (Roland or Orlando)." Whoever wishes to hear more concerning the loves of Milo and Bertha, and the acts of this rolling phenomenon in his infancy, must read the very ancient Italian romance of "I Reali di Francia," unless he had rather content himself with the analysis of that singular production in M. Ginguené's *Hist. Litt. d'Italie*, part 2. chap. 4.



(2) Oliver (Ulivieri) the brother of Alda la bella (the beautiful Alda) is called, in the old romances, Marquis of Burgundy. Pulci describes him throughout as a young and daring warrior, of an extremely amorous complexion; but Boyardo and Ariosto have altogether changed his romantic character, giving him a beard and two full-grown men for his sons,

“ Gryphon the white and Aquilant the black.”

(3) Gano or Ganellon, Count of Poitiers, chief of the Maganzese, or family of Mayence, a noble house, also connected in blood to the numerous progeny of Constantine, but of which every member (with the single exception of Baldwin) appears to have been born a traitor. The history of their ancient hatred to the Paladins, particularly to those of the same imperial lineage, “ were long to tell.”

(4) Namo, or Naymes, king of Bavaria, and Salamon, Duke of Bretagne, two of Charlemagne’s most powerful vassals and faithful counsellors.

(5) Reverting to the fabulous genealogy already cited, we find that Buovo or Beuves d’Antona (whose actions form the subject of another Italian romance which bears his name) was the common progenitor of Milo, lord of Anglante, already mentioned, and of three brothers of at least equal repute; Beuves of Aigremont, Aymon of Dordogne, and Otho, king of Britain. The latter of these is the personage here alluded to; and he was the father of Astolpho, another of the Paladins. Of the two former, Beuves was father of the famous Christian enchanter Maugis (called by the Italians Malagigi), and Aymon was rendered illustrious by the splendid achievements of his four sons (les quatre filz Aymon),—Renaud (or Rinaldo), Guichard (Guiscardo), Alard, and Richard (or Ricciardetto). Of these more hereafter.

(6) Marsilius, King of Saragossa, has been already mentioned in the Argument. He was the son of Galafrò, and

brother of two "bloody Pagans," Balugand and Falseron. I am here speaking on the authority of the ancient romances; Boyardo and Ariosto have strangely confounded the pure historical records of Archbishop Turpin, &c.

(7) In the first edition it stood thus:

"Isère, in haste her wedded Rhone to reach."

But it is probable that the place from which the nephew of Charlemagne derived his title, was neither Clermont in Dauphiné, nor Clermont in Auvergne, but Clermont sur Oise; and I have altered the line accordingly. The "regal bride" is, of course, the River Seine. On the other hand, M. Panizzi supposes the seat of Orlando's seignory to be the Chateau de Clairmont, near Ancenis, a supposition which is sanctioned by his known office of Warden of the marches of Brittany; and, in conformity with this hypothesis, Anglante, another name of distinction, inherited from his father Milo, is believed to be a corruption of Angers, situated on the same frontier.

(8) The enchanter Maugis or Malagigi, already mentioned; who held the strong castle of Montalban for his cousin Rinaldo during his absence in the East.

(9) The existence of this celebrated princess, who is called the daughter of Galafron, King of Cathay (or China), is owing to the creative fancy of Boyardo alone. Her name is not mentioned in any of the older romances: but the reader will immediately perceive that my allusion is to the "*Orlando Furioso*."

(10) I am unable to say any thing of this worthy, further than that he was Count of Arles (Arli in Italian), and one of the bravest and most devoted champions at Roncesvalles.

(11) The marches of Spain, (*Marca Hispanica*), which formed a part of Charlemagne's empire. *Sobrarbé* is the name of a mountainous region at the foot of the Pyrenees,

bordering on Spanish Navarre. The early princes of the house of Inigo are sometimes called kings of Sobrarbe.

(12) See the preceding specimens.

(13) These are the names given to certain compositions of wine, honey, spices, and other delectable ingredients, fit *nourriture des Héros*, which were much in vogue among the ancient worthies, and the various recipes for which may be found in more than one modern treatise on chivalry and romance.

(14) See again the preceding specimens.

“ Non si diparte amor si leggiermente  
Che per conformità nasce di stella.  
Dovunque andremo in Levante o in Ponente,  
Amerò sempre Florisena bella.”

So says the knight at parting ; notwithstanding which he shortly after enters into the service of Meridiana ; and the deserted fair, in a transport of grief and jealousy, throws herself out of a window of her father's palace.

(15) Astolpho, the son of Otho, King of Britain, already mentioned, and first cousin of Orlando, Rinaldo, and Malagigi. His character is preserved with tolerable consistency in most of the romances founded on Turpin's Chronicle : enthusiastically brave, and honest ; but blunt in manner, somewhat pertinacious in opinion, and mightily given to the art of making practical bulls.

(16) Sansonetto, son of the Soldan of Mecca, had been converted to Christianity by Orlando in one of his Asiatic adventures, and thenceforward attached himself to the fortunes of the hero with undeviating constancy.

(17) Baldwin, only son of Ganellon, the most zealous of Orlando's friends and followers, who had just before been knighted by Charlemagne on account of the valour he displayed in the battle of Paris. His unfortunate history will be fully explained in the sequel.

(18) “Avino, Avolio, e ’l gentil Berlinghieri;”—

a verse that occurs in Pulci, Boyardo and Ariosto, as often as the rhyme or the metre requires it, like Virgil’s

——fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

The other Paladins here noticed are Matthew and Mark the brother lords of St. Michel, Richard of Normandy, Walter (Gualtieri) of Montleon, one Egibard (of whom I know nothing more than that he is constantly honoured with the appellation of “Il buon Duca Egibardo”), and the two Anjolins, of Bourdeaux and Bellande. I need not repeat that Turpin, the warlike archbishop, is the same with the pseudo-chronicler of Charlemagne and Roland.

## CANTO II.

(1) The names of the four sons of Duke Aymon are given in a preceding note. The famous rebellion alluded to in this stanza is detailed, together with a variety of romantic incident, in the 10th and 11th cantos of Pulci, who borrowed it, not from the Chronicle of Turpin, but from a different source of chivalrous fiction, the old French Romance of “Les quatre filz Aymon.”

(2) The fabulous Chronicle, so often mentioned already, being the avowed authority for the fictions of the early Italian romance writers, it became a prevailing fashion among them (in which they are followed by Boyardo and Ariosto) to employ the same fanciful cover for all the extravagances of their own imaginations: and thus the poor archbishop, who has lies enough to answer for of his own begetting, became the reputed father of so many others, in the proportion of at least a hundred to one, that he never dreamed of.

(3) *Morgante Maggiore*, c. xxv. st. 115. et seq. where follows one of the most extraordinary passages to be found in the poem. It is the conversation of the enchanter and dæmon, turning almost entirely on points of abstruse theology, and those discussed with a degree of sceptical freedom which one would imagine to be altogether remote from the spirit of the fifteenth century. The poet informs us that his authority, in this instance, is no longer the orthodox archbishop, but the Provençal poet, Arnould. Whether there is any more reality in this, than in so many other assertions of the same nature, it may be difficult to determine; but tradition (probably founded on the nature of the doctrines which are hazarded in this curious dialogue) assigns the invention of it to Marsilius Ficinus, the philosophical friend of Lorenzo de' Medici.

(4) Speaking of the power of spirits to penetrate futurity, Dante makes Farinata degli Uberti declare,

Noi veggiam, come quei che a mala luce  
Le cose, disse, che ne son lontane. *Inferno*, c. 10.

(5) Sappi che tutto quest' aere è denso  
Di spirti, ogn' un con l' astrolabio in mano,  
E 'l calcul tutto, e 'l taccuin remenso,  
Minaccia 'l ciel di qualche caso strano,  
E sangue, e tradimento, e guerra, e storpio,  
Però che Marte angulare è in Scorpio. St. 134.

(6) The history of Ganellon's treasonable conspiracy with Marsilius, is detailed at great length in the *Morgante*, in a former part of the canto. Among other particulars which I have thought it necessary to suppress, from the fear of extending a mere digression beyond reasonable bounds, Pulci introduces a singular fable, which (I scarcely understand with what object) he puts into the mouth of the Moorish king. It is in answer to the demand, which Ganellon pretends to have been made by Charlemagne, of a change of religion.

“ I was once informed that in a wood near Saragossa there is a cave, narrow of entrance, but very spacious in the midst, where six pillars are erected, each of which is guarded by a particular spirit. These pillars are typical of *the six religions*. That of gold is the first and purest. The others are of silver, brass, iron, tin, and lead. All souls, before they enter their corporeal habitations, must here make choice of their creed, and, in making the important selection, are beset by the guardian spirits who throng around them, each with a desire of making them embrace his own peculiar pillar. The souls, yet simple and ignorant, but endowed by nature with liberty of action, are generally determined by the degree of force which accompanies each several solicitation; and, whichever pillar each embraces, it is typical of the religion that it will follow through life. Happy are those which embrace the golden column!” (Morg. Magg. c. xxv. st. 42, &c.)

(7) This is only one of many remarkable prodigies which are, in the *Morgante*, made to signalize the conclusion of this accursed league; and it may be necessary to explain that the tree from which Judas Iscariot suspended himself was traditionally believed to be of the species called the wild carob, which is common in the Levant, and, if I am not mistaken, on all the shores of the Mediterranean.

(8) *Morgante Maggiore*, c. xxv. st. 192, et seq.

(9) *Ibid.* c. xxvi. st. 24—42.

## CANTO III.

- (1) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxvi. st. 17.  
 (2) Ibid. st. 132.  
 (3) Astolpho; of whom see before, notes to Canto I.  
 (4) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxvi. st. 143. et seq.  
 (5) Ibid. c. xi. st. 75.  
 (6) ———Quel veglio antico maladetto  
 Che sta nelle Montagne d'Aspracorte.

For the history of this singular personage,—and how Rinaldo, journeying eastward after the unsuccessful termination of his rebellion against Charlemagne, fell in love with Anthea the Amazon Princess of Babylon,—and how he was dispatched by that proud princess on an apparently hopeless errand, to subdue and bring to her in chains this “ancient, cursed old man,”—and how he succeeded in the enterprise,—and how he and Orlando afterwards made a friend of him, and availed themselves of his powerful assistance in the war which they subsequently made on the soldan of Babylon,—together with much other delectable and right profitable matter arising out of the same source,—the reader is referred to the sixteenth and following cantos of the Morgante. The description given by Pulci of this fictitious personage, seems to me clearly to point at the celebrated “Old Man of the Mountains” so familiar to the readers of the History of the Crusades; and under this impression I have ventured to give him the title of “Ismaelite,” alluding to the supposed origin of that curious historical personage. See Falconet’s Dissertation on the Assassins, at the end of the “Memoirs of the Lord de Joinville.”

- (7) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxvii. st. 47.  
 (8) Ibid. c. xxvi. st. 71.

## CANTO IV.

(1) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxv. st. 199, 200.

(2) Ibid. st. 201—205.

(3) Pulci makes his dæmon lacquey bring the plant from the Antipodes; but, as he calls it an Ethiopian herb, there seems no adequate reason for his going quite so far to fetch it. The geographical reader will remember that Herodotus asserts, what has recently been ascertained to be true, the *eastward* course of the Niger. The mountain Samen is in Abyssinia. “Among the rest, the vast and high mountains of Ambara and Samen are, as it were, the embossment of Habessinia.” (Ludolph’s Hist. of Ethiopia, c. vi.) I cannot produce any specific authority for making this mountain the peculiar haunt of the satyrs; but it is notorious that they in general frequent all the mountainous regions of the interior of Africa. Ludolphus furnishes me with a better reason for the epithet “inaugural” as applied to the forest of Zendero.

(4) Era già l’ hora che volge ’l disio  
A i naviganti, e ’ntenerisce il core  
Lo dì, c’ han detto a i dolci amici, A Dio :  
E che lo novo peregrin d’ amore  
Punge ; se ode squilla di lontano,  
Che paia ’l giorno pianger, che si more.

Dante Purg. c. 8.

(5) Quante il villan, ch’ al poggio si riposa, &c.

Dante Inf. c. 26.

(6) Here, in the Morgante, begins another of those singular passages which have given rise to the opinion that the poet Pulci was assisted by the philosopher Ficinus in the composition of his work. The journey through the air is described



with geographical minuteness. They rest on the banks of the river Bagrada in Africa, where they find a banquet ready prepared for them, and, on inquiring of their conductor, are informed that it has been transferred to them by attendant spirits from the royal pavilion of Marsilius, who, it may be supposed, was not a party to the conveyance. The next day they arrive at the straits of Gibraltar, where Astaroth entertains them with a philosophical discourse, which is rendered remarkable by a consideration of the period at which it was composed. In answer to a question of Rinaldo's relating to the supposed termination of the world at the pillars of Hercules, the dæmon answers that this expression is the result of an antiquated error. "The water," he says, "is level throughout its whole extent, although, like the earth, it has the form of a globe. Mankind, in those ages, were much more ignorant than now. Hercules would blush, at this day, for having fixed his columns. Vessels will soon pass far beyond them. They may even reach another hemisphere, because every thing tends towards its centre, in like manner as, by a divine mystery, the earth is suspended in the midst of the stars: here below are cities and castles and empires which were unknown to the ancients...the inhabitants of those regions are called our Antipodes; they worship Jupiter and Mars; they have plants and animals as well as you, and wage wars as well as you." (C. xxv. st. 229—231.) It must be remembered that Pulci died many years before the discovery of America by Columbus, and this passage will become a very interesting document for the philosophical historian.

- (7) Forse che il Vero, dopo lungo errore,  
Adorerete tutti di concordia,  
E troverete ogn' un misericordia.

\* \* \* \*

E perdonasti a tutta la Natura  
Quando tu perdonasti al primo Padre!

C. xxvii. st. 127.

- (8) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxvii. st. 88, 89.

## CANTO V.

(1) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxvii. st. 61—70.

(2) E sonò tanto forte che lo intese (*Carlo*),  
 E 'l sangue uscì per la bocca e pel naso,  
 Dice Turpino, e che il corno si fesse,  
 La terza volta ch' à bocca se 'l inesse. St. 69.

The refusal of Orlando to blow his wonderful horn, till the very last extremity when it is too late to do him any service or save his friends from destruction, is surely a pretty considerable stretch of chivalrous extravagance; but so Turpin relates the fact.

So again, the circumstance of the blood gushing out at Orlando's eyes and nostrils, is faithfully copied by Pulci from Turpin's Chronicle.

"Roland . . . sonna encore son cor adonc qu'il ne vid personne venir, par si grant vertu et efforcement de soufflet, que son dict cor fust perce et fendu de la force du vent et aspiration de sa bouche: et furent ses veines et nerfz du col rompuz et cassez, ainsi que l'on raconte." Paris ed. 1527. feuell. xxxvii.

In the 13th century, a long romantic poem, on the life and achievements of Alexander the Great, was written, or rather imitated from the Greek of Simeon Seth, by Aretinus Quilichinus. "If I recollect right," says Warton (*Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 132), "one of the miracles of this romance is our hero's horn. It is said that Alexander gave the signal to his whole army by a wonderful horn of immense magnitude, which might be heard at the distance of sixty miles, and that it was blown or sounded by sixty men at once. This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jatmund, and which, as Turpin and the Islandic bards report, was

endued with magical power, and might be heard at the distance of twenty miles." And in a note on the same passage he adds, " Olaus Magnus relates that this horn, which was called Olivant, was won by Orlando, together with the famous sword Durindana, from this giant (Jatmund), who was the son of Aglandus, king of Africa," the Ayygoland of Turpin's Chronicle, and the Agolante of Pulci and the Italian romance-writers.

This famous instrument, which, as Cervantes assures us, was " as big as a great beam," became the parent of many similar fictions. Of the same family is that which Loges-tylla presents to Astolpho in the Orlando Furioso,—

A horn, in which if he do once but blowe,  
The noise thereof shall trouble men so sore,  
That all, both stout and faint, shall flee therefro'.

Harrington's Trans. c. xv. s. 10.

And that with which Spenser furnishes Prince Arthur's squire :

—————wide wonders over all,  
Of that same horne's great vertues weren told,  
Which had approven been in uses manifold

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,  
But trembling feare did feele in every veine ;  
Three miles it might be easie heard around,  
And echoes three answered itselfe againe.  
No false enchauntment nor deceitful traine  
Might once abide the terror of that blast, &c.

Book i. canto viii. st. 3, 4.

Oberon, the dwarfish king of Fayery, gave a horn of very extraordinary power to his favourite Huon of Bordeaux. Whenever it sounded, Oberon, from whatever distance, instantly appeared to succour the knight in danger, with an army of 100,000 men. On the first occasion that its effects were tried, " Huon," says the old French romance, " meist

le cor en sa bouche, si le fist si tres fort retentir et sonner que le sang luy en seillit de la bouche :”—thus given by Lord Berners, so well known by his translation of Froissart —“ And so he blewe it so sore that the blood came out of his mouth.” *Iluon of Bordeaux*, ed. 1601. 4to. lib. i. c. 30.

Neither should we forget the sublime passage in which Dante compares the sound of the horn, at the entrance into the ninth circle of his *Inferno*, to that which forms the subject of this note.

Ma io senti sonare un' alto corno,  
Tanto ch' avrebbe ogni tuon fatto fioco,  
Che contra se la sua via seguitando  
Dirizzò gl' occhi miei tutti ad un loco.  
Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
Carlo magno perde la santa gesta,  
Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando. *Inf. c. 31.*

- (3) O for a blast of that dread horn,  
By Fontarabian echos borne,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and Olivier  
And every Paladin and peer, &c.  
Marmion, canto vi.

- (4) *Morgante Maggiore*, c. xxvii. st. 161.

- (5) *Ibid.* st. 100—105.

(6) Compare the *Morgante*, c. xxvii. st. 108, which is borrowed from Turpin, as to the fact ; but the parting address is much more diffuse and particular in the original chronicle.

“ Il avoit encore son espée, qui moult estoit belle, tres bien aiguisée en la pointe, et si tres forte qu'elle estoit inflexible sans nullement pouvoir estre ployée, reluisant clere merveilleusement et resplendissant ; et estoit nomme Durendal pourcequ'elle frappoit durement ; ainsi la peut on interpreter : plustost luy eust failly le bras que sa dicte espée, qui tant avoit faict beaulx explectz d'armes sur les

ennemis de Jesuchrist et contrarians à la sainte foy catholique. Luy estant ainsi dolent et couche soulz l'arbre dessus dict tyra celle clere espée de son fourreau ; et ainsi quil la tenoit entre ses mains et la regardoit en grand pitie et compassion il dist à haulte voix plorant et larmoyant, ‘ O tres beau couteau resplendissant : qui tant as dure et qui as ete si large si ferme et si fort emmanche de clere yvoire, duquel la croix est faicte dor et la surface doree decoree et embelly du pommeau faict de pierres et de beril, escript et engrave du grant nom de Dieu singulier Alpha et oo’ ( $\omega$ . omega) ‘ si bien tranchant en la pointe et environné de la vertu de Dieu. Qui est celuy qui plus et oustre moy usera de ta sainte force ? Mais qui sera desoremais ton possesseur ? Certes celluy qui te possedera ne sera vaincu ny estonne ; ne ne redoubtera toute la force des ennemys. Il naura jamais paour daucunes illusions et fantaisies : car layde de Dieu et la grace seront en sa protection et sauvegarde. O que tu es heureuse, espee digne de memoire ! car par toy sont sarrazins destruietz et occis, et les gens infideles mis a mort : dont la loy des chrestiens est exaltee et la louenge de Dieu et gloire par tout le monde universel acquise.

“ O, o, combien de fois ay je venge le sang de nostre seigneur Jesuchrist par ton puissant moyen ! &c. . . . combien ay je tranche de sarrazins ? combien de juifz et aultres mescreants infideles batus et destruietz, pour exaltation et gloire de la sainte foy chrestienne ! Par toy, noble cousteau, tranchant Durendal de longue duree, la chevalerie de Dieu est accomplye, &c. . . . O, o, espee tres heureuse, de laquelle nest la semblable, ne este, ne ne sera ! Certes celluy qui ta forgee jamais semblable ne fit devant toy ny apres ; &c. . . . Si deventure aucun chevalier non hardy ou paresseux te possede apres ma mort jen seray grandement dolent. Et si aucun sarrazin mescreant ou infidele te touche aucunement, jen suis en grant dueil et anguisse ! ” (Paris edit. fo. xxxv. xxxvi.)

The romantic circumstances attending the death of Arthur, especially the casting into the water of his sword Excalibar,

are familiar to us through the spirited ballad preserved in Percy's collection. The *Morte Arthur*, however, in adopting the principal features of the description, has omitted some of the lesser traits to be found in the original romance of "*Lancelot du Lac*," which bear a near resemblance to the foregoing relation. It is thus, in particular, that the dying monarch addresses his faithful sword :

" *Ilaa Excalibor, bonne espee, la meilleure que lon sceust au monde fors celle aux estranges renges ! Or ne trouveras tu jamais homme ou tu sois si bien employee comme tu estoyes en moy, se tu ne viens aux mains de Lancelot ! Hee Lancelot ! le plus preudhomme du monde ! et le meilleur chevalier que je vis oncques ! Pleust or a Jesuchrist que vous la teinssiez et je le sceusse ! Si, mayst Dieu, mon ame en seroit plus aise a toujours mais.*" Lors appela Girflet et luy dist, "*Girflet, mon amy, allez en ce tertre lassus la ou vous trouverez ung lac et gectez mon espee dedans : car je ne veuil pas quelle demeure en ce royaume que les mauvais ostz en soient saisis.*" &c. (*Folio edit. Paris, 1533. 5me partie. feuell. clviii.*)

(7) Ilor qui incomincian le pietose note.

C. xxvii. st. 116.

(8) Morgante Maggiore, c. xxvii. st. 131.

(9) Ibid. st. 132.

(10) Ibid. st. 145.

(11) Ibid. ss. 152—157.

(12) Many other particulars are introduced by Pulci, which it would have been impossible to preserve. There is one beautiful thought, however, which I am not satisfied with myself for having neglected. The voices of the singers, he says, were known to be those of angels, from the trembling of their wings.

Cantar

Sentito fu degli angeli solenne,  
Che si conobbe al tremolar le penne.

(13) The arrival of Charles in Roncesvalles, and the stupendous miracle which follows, are related in the same canto of the *Morgante*, from st. 201 to 203. I have borrowed from Pulci enough of prodigies, or I might have related the concluding wonder of this romantic scene. When they enter on the melancholy task of burying the Christian dead, they find the difficulty of distinguishing them among the heaps of slain from the bodies of their Pagan enemies vanquished by a peculiar interposition of Heaven; for the latter all lay flat on their faces, the former with their eyes turned upwards to Heaven. St. 201—203.

(14) Compare the *Morgante*, c. xxvii. st. 218, 219. Aquis-grane is the old romantic name for the imperial city of Aix la Chapelle, whither tradition relates that Orlando's body was taken to be interred after the fatal conflict of Roncesvalles.

If any of my readers wish to learn the end of Rinaldo's history, let him know that, after taking the ample vengeance already noticed for the slaughter of the Paladins, that hero espoused Luciana, the daughter of Marsilius, and ascended the throne of Saragossa; but that, unused to a life of inactivity, he quitted at an advanced age his courtly residence, and set out in quest of new adventures. He was never afterwards heard of; but there is reason to believe that he sailed westward in search of the new hemisphere which had formerly been described to him by Astaroth. (See the *Morgante*, c. xxviii.)

The character of Orlando, or Roland, given by Turpin, deserves to be cited in this place, not only by way of parallel to Pulci, but as a faithful mirror of true chivalry.

“ Il convient donc selon droict et raison de plorer maintenant la noble mort du preux Roland duquel lame tient et possede le royaulme du souverain createur. Roland estoit yssu dancienne noblesse comme trouvons par le tiltre de ses parens, et combien quil fust noble quant a la vertu des siens parens encore estoit il plus ennobly par ses gestes et faictz par lesquelz il demeure maintenant sur les estoilles. Austre nestoit pluz noble que luy par generosite temporelle valeur

et excellence. Il estoit toujours le premier par la haultesse de ses bonnes mœurs et conditions et frequentoit les saintz temples divins, car il estoit bon et vray chrestien. Il recreoit souvent par ses chantz et modulations cytoyens et bourgeois, et estoit la vraye medicine pour guerir les playes de son pays en le gardant des ennemys. Cestoit lesperance du clergie, tuteur et sauvegarde des veufves, et le pain et nourrissement des pauvres souffreteux. Large estoit en donnant ses ausmones, abundant et prodigue a ses hostelliers. Tant donna pour lamour de Dieu aux temples venerables esglises et saintz lieux que les richesses par luy donnees le precederent en paradis pour luy aprester lieu en place : Il retenoit tous bons enseignemens dedans son cueur et estoit plain des bonnes doctrines comme larche de livres et volumes : tellement que chascun pouvoit par luy apprendre tout bien et honneur. Saige estoit a donner bon conseil pitieux de couraige et cler et serain en son parler. Il estoit a touz peuples doulx et amoureux en louanges, duquel tout honneur militoit ; lequel mourut pour la sainte foy catholique quoy il est maintenant au ciel quant a lesprit et gist le corps en terre quant a sa sepulture." (U<sup>b</sup>. sup. feuell. xxxix.)



# THE FIRST AND THIRD CANTOS OF RICHARDETTO,

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL BURLESQUE POEM  
OF NICCOLO FORTIGUERRA, OTHERWISE  
CARTEROMACO.

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1820.

CONCERNING the Author of the Poem of *Ricciardetto*, the last and most amusing of that long train of serious, and comical, and serio-comical epics, to which the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo and Berni, and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto gave rise, the general biographical dictionaries are full of falsehood. His real history, together with that of the aforesaid whimsical production of his inventive genius, (as the writer of the following pages has received it on the unquestionable authority of a name, the highest in Italian literature of the present day,\*) is as follows :—

“ *Niccolo Fortiguerra* was born at Pistoja, of a noble family. He was carefully educated, and, having devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence, took his degrees in that science at the university of Pisa. When he attained twenty-one,

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\* The late Ugo Foscolo.

he went to Rome, on the invitation of one of his uncles, who enjoyed the favour of Innocent XII. The funeral oration which he composed on the occasion of the death of that Pontiff, laid the first foundation of his literary fame. He was then nominated Secretary of Legation, but his health required the climate of Italy, and he renounced the career of diplomacy. His uncle, having been created a cardinal, procured him in compensation, the title of Prelate, together with the office of Papal Chamberlain. On the election of Benedict XIII., Fortune, which had begun by smiling upon him, abandoned him, and his uncle's death obliged Fortiguerra to rest contented with mediocrity. He found consolation in composing fugitive pieces in prose and verse, and reciting them to his friends. One evening having imprudently asserted to them that a romantic poem which admits all manner of fictions, is not an undertaking of so much difficulty as is supposed, he pledged himself to make the experiment; and in the course of the very same night he wrote the first canto of *Ricciardetto*. But, having discovered that, instead of composing a fine poem, he had succeeded only in producing a burlesque parody, he continued in the same strain that he had begun. Still his self-love would not suffer him to lose the desire, and the hope of coming in competition with the serious poets; and hence we perceive occasionally in his poem a certain want of harmony in the colouring, and the efforts of the author to appear more sublime than he is in fact.

He was displeased at the appellation of a burlesque author; and, in order to give his contemporaries a proof to the contrary, he undertook to write a regular epic poem, entitled *Bajazet*. In this he preserved a tone of solemnity till he got to the fourth canto; but as soon as it came to him to describe the cage in which Bajazet was confined, he burst out laughing, and found he could proceed no further without giving free scope to his inclination for farce and pleasantry. He therefore abandoned the enterprise, and took care that neither his manuscript nor the anecdote connected with it should be known till after his death.

“It was to the liveliness and pleasantry of *Ricciardetto* that Fortiguerra owed his popularity and the re-establishment of his fortune. For Clement XII., who succeeded Benedict XIII., took so much delight in the recitation of that poem, that he caused the author to be brought to his palace privately, for the purpose of reading to him detached passages; and he was accustomed to say that *Ricciardetto* rendered more easy to him the double burthen of his years and of the papacy. He likewise heaped upon the poet all the honours and benefices that are compatible with the rank of prelate;—for the assertion in the biographical dictionaries, where Fortiguerra is called Bishop of Faenza, is absolutely destitute of reality. It is even uncertain that he ever received canonical orders; and the appellation of prelate at the court of Rome is no more than an honorary title, which opens the road to

political offices, and to the administration of the temporal government.

“ During the period of his disgrace under Benedict XIII., Fortiguerra composed satires, which, if they are not worthy to be compared with those of Ariosto for style and spirit, are not, however, without merit, and serve to throw some light upon the manners of Rome at that day, and upon the principles and character of the author. It seems that he was possessed of a generous spirit, and that he remarked upon human vices without misanthropy, and censured them without acrimony. In short, the whole of his conduct through life was that of a worthy man; ambitious from education and circumstance, but, in point of real feeling, and through a natural moderation of temper, practically a philosopher. Adversity, however, which had made him wise, gave place to prosperity only to render him unhappy. Perhaps neither the innate principles of wisdom, nor a fortunate disposition, can resist the passion for honours and riches which is produced in a country where it is easy to ascend with rapidity to the summit of greatness. Clement XII. offered Fortiguerra a place which united dignity with great emolument; and Fortiguerra, aware that the Cardinal Corsini (the Pope’s nephew) had solicited the same place for a friend of his own, had the generosity to yield it to him, and the simplicity to believe that he should receive a compensation for it. He was deceived; his mind was strongly

affected by the disappointment. From thenceforward he lost his natural gaiety, together with his health; and, after six or seven months of hopeless decline, he expired in the year 1735, the sixty-first of his age."

It has generally been reputed a very difficult task so to transfuse the native humour of one age or country as to make it at all fall in with the taste, or meet the comprehension of another succeeding to, or differing from, it; and it is said, that very small indeed is the number of authors who, in this respect, can stand the test of translation. Still, it would appear to be something extraordinary, if that which is peculiar to Italy is the only species of humour which is incapable of being adapted to the English taste, especially since, in so many respects, the genius of English literature more nearly assimilates with that of the Italian than of any other European nation.

It is not presumed the following stanzas will be fortunate enough to decide the question. They formed the amusement of the writer during the tedious hours of slow recovery from a late severe illness; and his end will be answered if they afford a portion of similar gratification to any of his readers. Those among them who are acquainted with Italian poetry, will easily discover where he has followed, and where deviated from his original, by others this will probably be thought a matter of little consequence.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

MYSTERIOUS Patron ! to whose breath belong  
The destinies of autocrats and artists ;  
Supreme alike o'er Kean and Ki-en-long ;  
Sole judge of Jacobins and Bonapartists ;  
Who, from thy viewless throne, canst bid defiance  
At once to country club and grand alliance !

I never said thou'rt dull of apprehension—  
I ne'er presumed to tax thee with caprice—  
But wonder at thy wisdom's vast extension,  
And think thy judgments always of a piece,  
Whipping small rogues, and knighting wholesale  
robbers,  
Dischartering boroughs, and upholding jobbers.

Yet there's a-float a vague and idle rumour,  
(Which painfully I've sometimes contradicted,)  
That you won't understand dry harmless humour,  
And see no joke but when a wound's inflicted:  
And that's the cause (they say) you never laugh'd  
Sufficiently with good friend Whistlecraft ;

Nor, when you fail'd t' explore his hidden satire,  
Allow'd him to shew cause upon the merits—  
As if none e'er was gay from mere good nature,  
Nor danced or caroll'd from abundant spirits.

Howe'er it be, I write this Dedication,  
Chiefly to save me from that imputation :

And, once for all, illustrious Sir, to hint,  
If e'er you doubt the meaning of my strain,  
It's not because there is no meaning in 't ;  
And therefore I must beg you'll think again.  
But, just by way of clue, instead of what  
*Is* hidden there, I'll tell you what *is not*.

Paris *is not* the Treasury, nor the Court  
Of Chancery, nor the Church, nor House of Com-  
mons.

Those base beleaguering Blacks, of every sort,  
Are neither roving Whigs, nor Irish Romans.  
King Scricca *is not* T—rn—y—tho' he hectors—  
The Paladins *are not* the Bank Directors.

Ferrau *is not* the C——r of the Exchequer—  
Dame Stella, tho' she sings in strains so glowing,  
*Is not* the much lamented Child of Necker,  
Nor is she Lady Morgan, late Miss Owen :  
And good Orlando, (tho' in want of brain,)  
*Is not* a Manager of Drury-Lane.

July, 1819.

# RICHARDETTO.

## CANTO I.

I.\*

A WHIM has lately crept into my brain,  
    (Which, for my soul, I can't again drive out.)  
To write a story in poetic strain :

    No man alive can guess what it's about.  
My Muse is not one of Apollo's train,  
    Who with their golden lyres make such a rout;  
But a mere simple country wench, who pleases her  
Fancy with warbling just as the humour seizes her.

II.

Yet tho' she's used amidst wild woods to range,  
    To drink spring water, and on acorns feed,  
She likes to sing of matters high and strange,  
    How ladies love, and heroes fight and bleed:  
And, if she makes you yawn by way of change,  
    The greatest faults in her seem small indeed,  
When you consider that she never read,  
And under elms and beeches makes her bed.

III.

Then will she oft-times sing of arms and loves;  
    Since such exalted swains have condescended,

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\* Ricciardetto, c. i. st. 1—18.



Of late, to visit our Arcadian groves,  
All sciences are therein comprehended.  
We've orators and poets now in droves,  
By whom all foreign bards are far transcended ;  
So it's no wonder, if, in such society,  
She thinks she too can warble for variety.

## IV.

But I'm afraid she'll very soon betray  
How sadly her geography's embrangled ;  
Like a poor emmet that has gone astray  
In some fresh stubble-field, with chaff entan-  
gled ;  
Or like that scurvy painter, who (they say)  
A tall green cypress in the blue waves fangled,  
And afterwards, in a fine phrensy rambling,  
Painted huge whales among the mountains gamb'-  
ling.

## V.

But not for this must you withhold her due,  
Nor talk too much of blotting and correction ;  
For tho' the poor thing wants a thought or two,  
To make a poem emulate perfection,  
And though she's not well read like me or you,  
In Latin, Greek, and Tuscan, a selection  
To make among the bards whom Heaven inspires  
With power to sing, and play on ivory lyres,

## VI.

Yet she can sing, and dance the while for pleasure,  
Making right glad the hearts of such as hear  
her—

She does not care a fig for rule or measure,  
 Nor censure can abash, nor praise can cheer  
 her,—

That empty meed, the poet's envied treasure,  
 For which so many nails are bit by the wearer,  
 So many foreheads rapp'd, and hairs uprooted,  
 To furnish graceful rhymes, to the action suited.

## VII.

Then may you see her oft, 'mid brier and holly,  
 Skipping about and jumping like a flea.  
 I blame her not for this, nor call it folly;  
 Because I know right well, Dame Poesy,  
 (To imp her flight from loathèd Melancholy,)  
 Herself, is arm'd with feathers, cap-à-pie;  
 And, quicker than an eye-glance, shot thro' laughter,  
 Darts here and there, and leads her audience after.

## VIII.

Thus we may mark her, midst the din of arms  
 And blood and murder and depopulation,  
 All of a sudden turn to love's alarms,  
 And thence to things of heavenly contemplation,  
 The solemn temples—whose sepulchral charms  
 Ne'er for a moment fix her meditation,  
 Before she's off at sea, to count the moans  
 Of Ariadne, on her bed of stones.

## IX.

See! see! her pipe the wench's fingers ply—  
 She's rather *sotto voce* from timidity—\*

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\* *Canta sotto voce, e non s'attenta.*

Don't look at her, poor thing, she's very shy,  
 And blushes like a rose, thro' mere stupidity.  
 But never mind ; a blush soon passes by :  
 When once she's in for't, farewellgrave frigidity !  
 Hark ! she's begun : now let's advance in Crypto-  
 -Trochaic style ; swiftly, I mean, on tiptoe.

## X.

I'm going a fearful story to recite—  
 I don't know if it's true, and still less care—  
 I know but this, it fill'd me with affright,  
 And bristled upwards each particular hair,  
 Barely to hear the pitiable plight  
 Of the poor souls who coop'd and famish'd were  
 In Paris walls by such a formidable,  
 From-east-to-west-collected, Pagan rabble.

## XI.

The author who this history first consign'd  
 To paper, was one Master Garbolino ;  
 He saw it all, and kept it in his mind,  
 Then wrote it in *Toscana*, and in *Latino*.  
 My sire, to Bibliomania who inclined,  
 Once gave a peasant of the Casentino,  
 Who came to speak to him about a goat,  
 For this same book, a pair of shoes and coat.

## XII.

How Africa and Asia, in defiance  
 Of Charlemagne, vow'd Paris to beleaguer,  
 And how the king of Caffres, in alliance  
 With the rude Lap, and most inhuman Neger,  
 And all their numberless and nameless clients,

To crush the Christian seed weresworn and eager,  
And set up in our temples (barbarous wretches !)  
Their lying pagods, and most hideous fet'ches—

## XIII.

(But one thing I must say,—if ever mention

I make of love, (as I can't do without it,)

That every word I write is pure invention,

So don't suppose I e'er knew aught about it.

Indeed, I never paid the least attention

To all that's said by those who praise or scout it.

Therefore, instead of asking "How should *he* know?"

Pray set it down to Master Garbolino.)—

## XIV.

The tale proceeds. The war had scarcely ended,

The fame whereof doth thro' the world resound,

When Hell, that ever keeps its jaws distended,

Thro' which such woes in Christendom abound,

Moved all the heathenish clans, where'er extended,

From pole to pole, the world's wide circuit round,

To blow up Paris under Charles's nose.

Now you shall hear how these dissensions rose.

## XV.

The Caffre king, call'd Scricca, had a son,

A very Hercules in strength and size,

Whose exquisite carnation might have won

The love of Cytherea by surprise.

This stripling, eager in pursuit of fun,

Would fain behold a war with his own eyes,

So went to France, and fought with Richardetto,

Who served him with a mortal wound *in petto*.

## XVI.

He had a sister that Despina light,  
Who wore a pair of radiant stars for eyes.  
They loved so well, 'tis said, that day nor night,  
Nor when the planets set, nor when they rise,  
Could they exist out of each other's sight :

And when the news came on her by surprise,  
That he was dead, she raved, fell into trances,  
And bad adieu to tourneys, feasts, and dances :

## XVII.

That, seeing her take on in such a sort,  
Her sire himself to vengeance was persuaded.  
Now it so happen'd, at King Scricca's court  
A power of valiant Princes then paraded,  
Who for Despina's love there made resort  
'Mongst whom her heart she openly convey did  
To him who should, for marriage gift, bestow  
The head of Richardet, her hated foe.

## XVIII.

Bulasso, of the Negros lord most horrid,  
(Himself a marvellously tall Nigritian,)  
Forced all the people of his realm so torrid  
To join the Caffres ; to which expedition,  
Besides the weight of his capacious forehead,  
He brought a very excellent Physician—  
I mean his Club—which brandishing in air,  
He cried, “ Here's physic, Princess, for your care.”

## XIX.

With him, of Chiefs and Dooties not a few  
From Niger's banks—(a scaly race and finny—)

From Wangara's hidden lakes, and Tombuctoo,  
 Bambarra, Haoussa, Fooladoo, and Jinné ;  
 Besides the tribes whom Bowdich brings to view,  
 Inhabiting the interior parts of Guinea ;  
 And first of all the King of the Ashánteas,  
 Accompanied by a whole host of Fántees.

## XX.\*

There too, to bright Despina's charms a martyr,  
 The son of Egypt's Sultan might be seen,  
 Who took from Cairo an abrupt departure,  
 To aid the father of his beauteous Queen ;  
 With Sons of Mahound, brought from every quarter :  
 And there Sgraffigna, hairy, squab, and lean,  
 The Lapland King, who, tho' so small and meagre,  
 Thought he might go a courting like the Neger.

## XXI.

Of fortune-hunting younger Sons and Brothers  
 Were full six thousand boasting they'd be at it ;  
 Some scow'ring saddles, helms, and shields, while  
 others  
 Grew sick, shamm'd Abra'm, made their bows, and  
 ratted.

Scarce at the view her joy Despina smothers,  
 While such a goodly troop she contemplated,  
 Imagining already in her clutches  
 Him who her Brother stow'd beneath the hutches.

## XXII.

Meantime, as Swains are wont, in rustic bowers, .

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\* Ricciardetto, c. i. v. 19—29.

When winter yields to vernal airs serene,  
 Who crown'd with wreaths of odoriferous flowers,  
 With feet unshod, on gay enamell'd green,  
 To graceful carols dance away the hours—  
 E'en so their batter'd shields and lances keen  
 The Paladins hung up to rust at leisure,  
 Expecting peace secure, and peaceful pleasure.

## XXIII.

Some on the banks of Seine, enchanted, roaming,  
 Beneath the pleasant shade of amorous boughs;  
 Some, olive pale their jovial brows becoming,  
 Who, seated at the festive board, carouse  
 In crystal cups, with wine immortal foaming;  
 While each fair Lady, with her Love, or Spouse,  
 Drank deep of Joy, and bless'd the happy day  
 That gave to Peace her renovated sway.

## XXIV.

'Midst all these doings Charles alone was sad,  
 Hearing Orlando was *non compos mentis*;  
 At news whereof himself almost as mad,  
 To go and seek him resolutely bent is;  
 But all his court right loyally forbade  
 So perilous an issue, to prevent his  
 Rash enterprise each Paladin proposing  
 Himself instead, and to the quest disposing.

## XXV.

So some went East, and other some went West;  
 Rinaldo by himself; the rest divided  
 In companies, as they might sort them best.  
 Rinaldo for the Persian Court decided:

Astolpho, Richard, and Alardo press'd

Their steeds towards Spain, thinking he there  
resided ;

While Oliviero and a hundred more

Went rambling on from distant shore to shore.

XXVI.

So many went that, in the Emperor's court,

Remain'd of Paladins no more than thirty :

To whom, in two months' space, there made resort

A herald, with his trowsers splash'd and dirty ;

In terms of bitter wrath and keen retort,

Saying, " My master bids me to advert ye

That shortly every Christian shall lie dead

Unless you send him Richardetto's head."

XXVII.

Charles said, he might report to him that sent him,

That his resolve was as absurd as cruel,—

That for his son's death he might well content him,

Seeing he got it fairly in a duel.

As for his threats, he added (to prevent him

From thinking Frenchmen lived on water-gruel,)

There was not one among his Champagne-quaffers

But made a jest of him and all his Caffres.

XXVIII.

" Yet let him come, and see the walls of Paris

Lined with our wives and babes, in ranks dis-  
jointed,

To watch the raree-show ; and, if he tarries,

Bid him reflect how they'll be disappointed."

With that the slaye wax'd hot as red-hot bar is,



And made reply in language sharp and pointed.  
But as he spoke in Caffre, all my author  
Could understand, was that it breathed of slaughter.

## XXIX.

This notable palaver being ended,  
Charles, with his barons sat in consultation :  
Then each one carefully superintended  
The business of his own peculiar station.  
One saw the gates secured and bastions mended ;  
Another raised supplies against starvation ;  
Some sent expresses all the nations round  
Where'er the scatter'd Paladins were found.

## XXX.\*

Now let us leave them, and pursue the traces  
Of Richardet and his companions twain,  
Who still went on their way, with dismal faces,  
News of the crazy Paladin to gain,  
Making inquiries in all sort of places,  
To which they answers few or none obtain,  
Such only as confirm'd them that the Prince lay  
Somewhere or other hid in the Penins'la.

## XXXI.

They cross'd the Pyrenean mountains hoar,  
Through Catalonia, to the realm of Aragon ;  
There heard a tale, which sent them on t' explore  
As swiftly as from bow an Indian arrow gone,  
From one who told them how, some days before,

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\* Ricciardetto, c. i. st. 30—47.

Stuck in a dirty ditch, he'd seen their Paragon,  
Near to Valentia, howling for his life,  
Like one with twenty thousand devils at strife.

## XXXII.

You may conjecture if, this story heard,  
The Paladins a single instant tarried :  
But on their road an incident occur'd.

In Oropesa's desert, wild and arid,  
A band of thieves, amounting ('tis averr'd)  
To half a hundred, woefully miscarried ;  
For as they thought to beat the knights to jellies,  
Whiz !—went Astolpho's lance through all their  
bellies.\*

## XXXIII.

Phœbus has kiss'd the margin of the flood,  
And from the highest hills withdrawn his rays ;  
The little birds are to the neighbouring wood  
Retired and fluttering seek its inmost sprays,  
As fearing snares, or rapine blood-imbrued.  
Forth from his hole the slow-paced badger strays,  
And timorous bats, and owls that hate the light,  
Fly from their secret bowers, and hail the grateful  
night.

## XXXIV.

A light, as sent from hospitable flame  
Of neighbouring cottage hearth, or hamlet,  
gleam'd,

---

\* Astolfo sol con la lancia fatata  
Gittó per terra tutta la brigata.

Tow'rdswwhich they hasten'd, when to meet them came  
 One who, a tiny dwarf in stature, seem'd  
 The fit attendant of some courtly Dame.

With lowly reverence, as a Page beseem'd,  
 He said, "Fair Knights, the Mistress of these bowers  
 Sends you three chaplets form'd of thousand flowers.

XXXV.

"My Lady—know ye not my Lady's fame?—

Fairest of all that breathe Iberian gale—  
 Wide castled lands obey the peerless Dame,  
 But none of all her Courtiers will she hail  
 As Spouse and Lord. Estella is her name;  
 Who, when she sings, 'tis like the nightingale,  
 And, when she dances, she appears to be a  
 Chloris in air, on waves a Galatea."

XXXVI.

Astolpho, at this news, draws carefully

An ivory comb from forth his pouch so handy,  
 And, passing thro' his locks with action free,  
 Gives to his head the contour of a dandy.\*

His comrades laugh i' th' sleeve, and cry, what's he  
 That pranks him thus?—Assuredly a Grandee  
 Of Paphos' Court, of birth above the Roman,  
 Since sprung from Venus' eldest Son, the Bowman.

XXXVII.

While thus they jested, lo! before them rise

A thousand thousand lights, that flash and play

\* Si rende pulito come un *dado*.

From tapers held by laughing girls, whose eyes  
 Shoot glances bright and tremulous as they,  
 And who from warbling lyres sweet symphonies  
 Awake, that seem to usher in the way  
 Of her, who shines among her nymphs attendant,  
 Like Luna from the starry coneave pendant.

## XXXVIII.

All hues of Heaven were on her mantle blended ;  
 A golden circlet bound her light brown hair :  
 Her kirtle only to her knees descended,  
 And yet no want of decent grace was there ;  
 An ivory lute was carelessly suspended  
 From her white neck, that like her arms, was bare—  
 A neck, whose virgin whiteness well might vie  
 With that lute's pure and polish'd ivory.

## XXXIX.

And thus she sang—" Oh beautiful, and sweet,  
 And holy liberty most dear art thou.  
 For gold, for wide domain, or castle seat,  
 How rich are they who purchase thee, and how  
 Poor who resign !—From thee all cares retreat,  
 And at thy shrine all evil passions bow :  
 Thou canst—and thou alone—in every breast  
 Turn bitterness to joy, and soothe complaint to rest.

## XL.

" But most that gladsome liberty I prize,  
 That sits as empress in the virgin heart,  
 Bidding it Love's fantastic power despise,  
 And laugh in mockery of his idle dart,—  
 Most happy whose benignant destinies

Have taught her to pursue the wiser part,  
And hide her from his face, or know him not ;  
Sole lover of cool grove and shady grot."

## XLI.

Soon as the admiring Paladins she spied,  
She ceased hersong, and beaming modest pleasure  
From eyes, that spoke nor levity nor pride,  
Gently advanced, in free and graceful measure ;  
Whereat Astolpho, moved with wonder, cried  
To his rapt comrades, " What a heavenly treasure !

Sure such a voice, my friends, and two such eyes  
None ever witness'd out of Paradise."

## XLII.

Then thus she spake—" What fortune, gentle  
Knights,  
Hath brought you to this poor and lonely place ?  
If love of Dian and her chaste delights,—  
To fly the falcon, or the hare to trace,—  
Here may you find whatever sport invites,  
For here we all are votaries of the chase ;  
No other entertainment am I able  
To offer to your station answerable !"

## XLIII.

Nymph of the highest heaven ! (Astolpho said,)  
Let us not speak of falcon, or of leverét :  
I am no hind, in fields or stables bred,  
To lose my time (which gone, we can't recover it,)  
In such poor sports, when Fortune so hath sped,  
To bring me to a presence, as which never yet

Hath errant knight, of any age or nation,  
Beheld so worthy of his adoration."

## XLIV.

With that he gave a sigh, then blush'd exceeding  
Scarlet; but she, as one unmoved, entreated  
All to her hospitable mansion, leading  
Herself the way, while poor Astolpho, heated  
By amorous thoughts, that banish'd all good breed-  
ing,

Press'd close behind, and with soft whisper greeted  
The startled virgin's ear, "Bright saint, excuse me!"  
Exclaiming, "But, I die if you refuse me."

## XLV.

Still with unalter'd step the dame advances;  
But from beneath their silken lids the while  
Her nymphs attendant shoot sly sidelong glances,  
Puckering the mouth up to confine the smile.  
Now with rich cates which costliest wine enhances  
The festive board her meaner handmaids pile:  
The Paladin upon his conqu'ring beauty  
Keeps constant gaze, and owns no other duty.

## XLVI.

Richardo jogs him, but he heeds it not:  
Smokes the high board; the lady takes her station,  
The rest beside her seated: not a jot  
He budes, fix'd in stupid admiration.  
An ague fit, alternate cold and hot,  
Alardo falls into from pure vexation:  
Till Stella smiling bids, to re-assure him,  
"Be of good cheer," for she would quickly cure him.

## XLVII.

She gave him a Brazil-nut, with direction  
 That, when the Paladin to bed inclined,  
 He with a penknife's point should make a section  
 Transverse; then carefully scrape off the rind;  
 And, mixing to a jelly or confection,  
 About a dram's weight in a pint of wine,  
 Wash well his mouth and stomach with the lotion,  
 And give him the remainder for a potion.

## XLVIII.\*

With that she told a story full of woe  
 (Which Garbolino confidently swallow'd,)  
 About her mother, who some years ago  
 Had mourn'd her husband till she almost follow'd,  
 Being by grief and fasting brought so low,  
 Her eyes could bear no light—her cheeks were  
 hollow'd

In channels deep, thro' which salt rivers ran;  
 When from Olinda came an ancient man,

## XLIX.

Who with this very nut work'd such a change  
 That, from a shadow, or the merest otomy,  
 She suddenly (which people thought right strange)  
 Became almost a subject for phlebotomy.

The old man said he got it in exchange

One day from a fair nymph of Mesopotamy  
 For Pedlar's wares—(this old man was a Persian,  
 And twaddled like the Pedlar in "The Excursion;"†

---

\* Ricciardetto, c. i. st. 48—58.

† I hope to be pardoned this liberty for the rhyme's sake.

## L.

And yet, like other great men of all ages,  
 Was fool enough to fall in love, and pine;  
 But might have sat among the seven sages.

When he had used the nut so steep'd in wine—)  
 The aforesaid nymph had it in part of wages  
 For doing service at god Proteus' shrine;  
 And he (the god) one summer day invented it  
 For her sole use to whom he so presented it.

## LI.

This story told, the Lady rose from table,  
 And wish'd to each and every one good night :  
 The younger strangers, as they well were able,  
 Return'd her courtesies in courteous plight;  
 But poor Astolpho sigh'd, " Most amiable,  
 And heavenly Stella ! my soul's only light !  
 Wilt thou then leave me, darkling, thus behind ?"  
 She only wink'd, and whisper'd, " Never mind."

## LII.

The Knights then caught their partner round the  
 middle,

Thus by surprise subduing his emotion,  
 And, while with notes as plaintive as a fiddle,  
 He bad them (shedding of salt tears an ocean,)  
 " Cut out my heart, and"—they cut short his riddle,  
 Clapp'd to his throat and breast the boiling potion,  
 And, ere he could say,—“ to my Mistress give it!”—  
 Cool'd down his passions, like a song by Knyvett. .

## LIII.

No sooner had his parch'd and burning skin  
 Been touch'd by that most wonderful specific,



Than all the fever of his soul within

Subsided to a state most soporific.

He slept as soundly as a top can spin,

Twelve hours a-head,—a sleep right beatific ;

And when he 'woke, all other things forgotten,

“Up, up!” he cried, “let's seek the Count, 'od rot  
'en!”

LIV.

His brother Paladins, with laughter shaking,

Said, “First let's thank our hostess for her  
bounty.”

Astolpho, staring broad like one just waking,

Cried, “Damn her!—what's our hostess to the  
County?\*

“To horse! to horse!”—So on they journied,  
taking

Their pastime with their patient to recount the  
Adventures past, all which he deem'd mere rambling.  
—We now must seek Rinaldo, where he's ambling.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE SECOND.

THE remainder of the first Canto in the original  
Poem is taken up with a series of adventures, which  
(for the reason assigned at the commencement of

\* The County—*Il Conte*—as “The County Paris.”

*Romeo and Juliet.*

that which here follows) it may be as well briefly to narrate in prose.

Rinaldo, pursuing alone the general object of the quest of the Paladins, embarks at La Rochelle, on his Asiatic expedition, and reaching the Euxine Sea, lands at a certain port, and proceeds on horse-back towards the confines of Persia. Following the usual example of knights-errant, he suffers himself to be diverted from his enterprise by every new incident that promises an exploit to be performed, or a "grievance" to be redressed; but unlike most of the fraternity, has the luck to find (in the course of his pilgrimage) comfortable quarters at good inns by the way-side, instead of wandering in deserts, or taking up his nightly residence in caverns and wildernesses. At one of these he hears related the story of the Lord of a neighbouring castle, called *La Biccola*, who had been made a victim to the necromantic arts of a Fairy (*La Fata Nera*), being transformed by her incantations, together with his betrothed mistress (*La Brunetta*), he to a stag and she to a greyhound, perpetually in chase of him. Rinaldo undertakes the adventure of disenchanting them, and succeeds, by what means it is needless here to relate; but, when he is expecting to indemnify himself for his labours in the full enjoyment of the hospitalities of Castel Biccola, he is suddenly called away by the news (which a courier from Paris brings him) of the threatened invasion .

and re-embarks for France at the port where he had landed.

At the commencement of the second Canto, Rinaldo is overtaken by a storm, which casts him on the coast of Africa, where he meets with the very perilous and wonderful adventures which are slightly alluded to in some of the following stanzas, but sufficiently, perhaps, to explain the subsequent occurrences. The Lady tied to the elm, whom he rescues from the most imminent danger of being devoured by two *toads* of such enormous dimensions, that not only the wild boars and other beasts of the forest were afraid of them, but that the Knight himself, in the course of his tremendous conflict with one of them,

“ Per la bocca entrò nelle budella,  
E uscì dal culo senza farsi male.”

—This Lady proves to be Lucina, the youngest daughter of Galafron king of Cathay, and sister of the fair Angelica; and her beauty inspires her deliverer with a passion which fails of receiving its due reward by the ill-timed intervention of her lover Lindoro, with whom he leaves her alone in a grotto in which they had sought shelter, because

“ Crede non star ben con loro.”

The dreadful combat with the harpies, which ensues immediately on the termination of this adventure, begins the third Canto of the original, and leads to those which follow in the present Poem.

## CANTO II.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

## I.

“PLAIN truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of  
speech.”

As Pope to Mansfield, so to you sing I.  
But put the question, which will soonest reach

A new edition, and incite to buy,  
(Allowing letter press the same for each,)

A tedious homily, or a tedious lie,  
The bard with “Human Life” who gently dallies,  
Or he who dirges it in “Roncesvalles;”

## II.

And I suppose (setting aside priority

Of age, and fashion, and good reputation,)   
It would be hard to assign superiority,

Or say which holds the most commanding station.  
But this I leave to you, and the majority

Of those who lead the learning of the nation ;  
Only premising, that 'twere best not fall  
Into the sin of tediousness at all :

## III.

And, grave, and high, and true as are the themes  
Of which mine ancient author here discourses,

(Unlike the senseless stuff of poets' dreams,  
 As mermaids, flying-fish, and wooden horses,)
 Yet, knowing how the Public hate extremes,  
 And think e'en too much verity a curse is,  
 I'm satisfied that cantos thirty-two,  
 A thousand lines a-piece, will never do.

## IV.

And therefore have I form'd this resolution ;  
 To cut down Master Garbolino's prosing  
 To such a length as suits the constitution  
 Of a dull northern people given to dozing.  
 I never lectured at an institution,  
 Nor should I feel quite happy in exposing  
 My verses to an universal snore,  
 So mean to pack all up in half a score,—

## V.

Perhaps in less—not more than five or six—  
 (I can't as yet determine on the number,)
 Light, easy, travelling Cantos, fit to fix  
 The thoughts one summer hour, and not en-  
 cumber ;

Treating the whole besides as rubbish, sticks  
 For lighting fires, mere trash, and useless lumber ;  
 Skimming it, like a tale oft told by rote,  
 Or cramming it, as here, into a note.

## VI.

So, if my reader will but look below,\*  
 He'll see it in a little prose declared,

---

\* See "Introduction," originally appended as a note.

How brave Rinaldo in a ship did go  
 To the Black Sea, and thenceforth how he  
     fared,  
 Riding upon his hobby to and fro,  
     Wherever he of a new grievance heard ;  
 As errant knights of old were bound to do,  
 And modern knights, not bound, like doing too :

## VII.

But with this difference, (and, if my phrase  
     Discourteous seem, it is not meant to offend  
     them,)  
 Those old knights-errant sought the meed of  
     praise  
 By hunting grievances, at once to end them :  
 Our sporting gentlemen of modern days,  
     When once they've found them, pamper them  
     and tend them  
 Like nursing mothers, fondling them, and playing,  
 Until they burst, or die through overlaying.

## VIII.

The end the same, what need on means to stand ?  
     So leave we these, and with the son of Aymon  
 Embark again, and trace thro' many a land  
     His devious tale—no matter if a lame one :  
 Pass we the storm which cast him on the strand  
     Where erst Æneas proved a faithless Damon ;  
 Nor tell how through the moonlight he survey'd,  
 Bound to an elm, a naked, milk-white maid ;

## IX.

Nor of the fearful combat that ensued

Between the knight and two enormous boars,\*  
 By whom the Lady else would have been chew'd;  
 —A dainty morsel for such epicures—  
 Nor of the fell and ravenous harpy brood.

In tales like these, which from my mind and  
     yours  
 Repel belief, there little to commend is :  
*Incredulus odi quod mihi sic ostendis.*

## X.

Indeed I've always thought my author wrong  
 To mix with history (else as true as Lucian,)  
 Fables too childish for a nursery song :

From these and other such I make ablution.  
 And now, ashamed of having prosed so long,  
 Without more preface or circumlocution,  
 Again I beg, when you have look'd below,  
 To " marshal you the way that you must go."

## XI.†

Yet let me first the doleful fate recount  
 Of Velliantin, the most renowned steed,  
 That ever tempted valiant knight to mount,  
 And try his mettle, or exercise his speed.  
 Whether Bayardo were of like account,  
 'Or Rabican, (that horse of tempest breed,)

\* In the original, " Due rospi velenosi"—not boars, but toads. The mistake was merely accidental. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that a great toad is, by many, accounted a great bore. So it may stand.

† Ricciardetto, c. 3. st. 11—31.

Or Brilliador, I need not make comparison :  
But only say, both courser and caparison

## XII.

Were torn to pieces in that harpy squabble ;  
The which, no sooner was it fairly over,  
Than the sad knight, as well as he was able,  
Gather'd the members scatter'd 'mid the clover,  
And laid in ditch, and over them a table,  
Or block of stone, for monumental cover :  
Not till he'd kiss'd a thousand times at least,  
The eyes, cheeks, nostrils, of that " bonny beast."\*

## XIII.

And, lest through lapse of ages might be lost  
The memory of an animal so clever,  
The Knight resolved, at his own proper cost,  
To put on mourning, and (besides) that never  
By him should horse or mare again be cross'd,  
But he would fight on foot thenceforth for ever ;  
And—not to do his obsequies by half—  
He with his sword carved out this epitaph :

## XIV.

" Here Velliantino lies—a horse of Spain,  
Adorn'd by every brave and gentle feature ;  
In peace and war Rinaldo held the rein  
That guided still, through both, this faithful  
creature.

---

\* " And made a prey for carrion kites and crows,  
Ev'n of the *bonny beast* he lov'd so well."



So docile too, and of such frolick vein,

He might have served for Astley's Amphi-  
theatre.

He died, as he had lived, a brute of merit.

Traveller ! throw on some grass—'twill soothe his  
spirit."

## XV.

These rites perform'd, the Knight no longer tarried,  
But jogg'd strait on his former route, unknowing  
If it would lead to desarts wild and arid,

Or streams, o'er golden sands perennial flowing ;  
When one he spied far off, whose looks seem'd mar-  
ried

(As 'twere) to Heaven, no glance on earth be-  
stowing ;

And, as he onward pass'd, and could survey  
Him near, saw 'twas a Friar of Orders Grey.

## XVI.

Rinaldo wore his beaver closed, from fright,  
As if he'd been by harpies still surrounded ;  
And, thus accoutred, wish'd the Friar " Good  
night !"

" Ave-Maria !" rejoin'd the Friar, astounded  
To find himself address'd by martial wight—

Then, with a groan, as one by conscience  
wounded,

Exclaim'd—" Behold a miserable sinner."

Rinaldo ask'd if he had aught for dinner.

## XVII.

Therewith the Hermit freely bad him enter

His cell hard by : the Knight with joy complied,  
 And pleased, recounted all his late adventure,  
 While he his armour doff'd, and purified  
 From battle stains; whereat that ancient Mentor  
 Could scarce contain; and, ere 'twas ended, cried  
 (While down his furrow'd cheeks the big tears roll,)  
 " You kill'd them all? that's grand, upon my soul,"

## XVIII.

And suddenly struck up a fine " Te Deum."  
 Rinaldo join'd; and both in such a sort  
 Perform'd their parts, that or to hear or see 'em,  
 'Twould make you die with laughing at the sport.  
 'Tis said, the noise that reach'd the mausoleum  
 Made Velliantino rise, and give a snort,  
 As if he'd said, indignant at the scandal,  
 " The birds ne'er maul'd me as those brutes maul  
 Handel."

## XIX.

Their last stave finish'd, " Tell me (said the  
 Knight),  
 Most reverend Father, who you are *in fact*."  
 The friar replied, " That would I if I might;  
 But, Son, my vows to Heaven I can't retract,  
 Nor turn my thoughts back to my worldly plight,"  
 (And blush'd, like one just taken in the act).  
 Some minutes each in silence eyed the other;  
 Till at the last they could no longer smother

## XX.

The laugh that struggling for a vent so long,  
 Now bursting, shook the cell to its foundation:

At last Rinaldo cried, “ *Ferrau* among  
 The Saints of Paradise hath ta’en his station ?  
*Ferrau* a Friar ?—*Ferrau* ?—that Pagan strong  
 Who slew and ravish’d half the Christian nation ?  
 The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be.  
 What chance, thou more than Devil, hath happ’d  
 to thee ?

## XXI.

“ Yet, certes, if *Ferrau* the Saint do keep  
 The slightest semblance of *Ferrau* the sinner,  
 Your Lybian dames had better tend their sheep  
 Than come here, picking mushrooms for their  
 dinner ;  
 ’Tis this still makes our French ma’melles to weep,  
 Despite of whalebone stays, and stiff-starch’d  
 pinner :  
 This too the cause (they say) that since the war, is  
 So great a scarcity of maids at Paris.”

## XXII.

“ Dear Son, Rinaldo ! to the world I’m dead ;  
 I found it vanity, and mere vexation :  
 The Devil and all his works I’ve vanquished,  
 Which end in worse than harpy tribulation.”  
 Thus to the Knight that ancient sinner said,  
 With looks demure and nasal suspiration ;  
 Then heaved a sigh for Egypt’s old flesh potteries,  
 Like Saints in office, clinging to state lotteries.

## XXIII.

“ But tell me,” said the Knight, half choked with  
 laughter,

“What cause has work’d this wonderful conversion ?

What game was up ?—what mischief were you after,

When you sustain’d this sudden soul’s immersion ?

And last, what makes you exercise your craft here

’Mid wilds untrod by Jew, Moor, Turk, or  
Persian ?”

“The tale is long ;” return’d the white-wash’d sinner :

“If so,” rejoin’d the knight, “let’s first have dinner.”

## XXIV.

Ferrau replied, “Dark is my chimney-nook :

No roasting there : no baking, boiling, stewing ;

I save myself the charges of a cook,

And pay with present fasting past misdoing.

But if for once, Rinaldo, you can brook

To taste the frugal life I’m now pursuing,

You’ll find dried figs and raisins in yon coffer—

My winter hoard—I’ve nothing else to offer.”

## XXV.

Rejoin’d the knight, “Sith ’twill no better be,

Whate’er you can bestow, I’ll freely eat :

Hunger devours stone walls ; ’Tis so with me.”

And therewith at the table took his seat.

The holy friar said, “Benedicite.”

Rinaldo never staid to carve his meat,

But bolted it ; nor did he once give o’er

Till he’d demolish’d all the winter store ;

## XXVI.

Which, wash’d with water from a neighb’ring well,

He laid both legs across the three-legg’d table,

And said, "Now, dear Ferrau, your story tell ;

I'm in a state to hear right comfortable."

Ferrau loved talking, and, in that lone cell,

To find a listener was but seldom able ;

So scratch'd his head—hemm'd thrice—and thus

began :

"You see, Rinaldo, here an alter'd man ;

XXVII.

"But in my days of flesh, when I was smitten

With love of that fair Princess of Cathay,

(By whom so many others too were bitten

Till not a head remain'd but went astray

Of France or Spain, of Africk or of Britain,—

Oh fatal blindness ! Oh unhappy day !

But what is done is done, and past recalling,

Heaven keep us all another time from falling !)

XXVIII.

"Then, as I trust you've not yet quite forgotten,

I, for her sake, did mortal broils pursue

With divers worthy knights, now dead and rotten.

And others that still breathe, as witness, *you*.

But all the wages in her service gotten

Were stripes and blows, small thanks, and fa-

vours few ;

And when I heard she was to India fled

With that base Squire, I thought I had been dead—

XXIX.

"Yet did not die—(St. Anthony's the praise !—)

I've lived to see my follies, and repent 'em.

My carnal appetites I then did raise

By generous living, seeking to foment 'em  
 With wines and dainties cook'd a thousand ways,  
 Nor thought to mortify them, or prevent 'em ;  
 But left to mouldy priests and starving vicars,  
*Rum* treatises against fermented liquors.

## XXX.

“ But then I thought my life were better ended,  
 Unless I might my life's desire attain,  
 And, scarcely knowing where my wishes tended,  
 Would madly navigate the Indian main.  
 What strange events my outward course attended  
 I'll find some other moment to explain,  
 Because I see you're eager to arrive  
 At the conclusion of my narrative.

## XXXI.

“ For the same cause now spare I to relate  
 The many marvels of that perilous deep ;  
 The water-spouts that threaten instant fate ;  
 The hurricanes that o'er its surface sweep ;  
 The mighty monsters that, in lubbard state,  
 Lie spread o'er many a furlong where they sleep ;  
 Whence oft it haps that seamen, for a bank or  
 Lee shore mistaking, in a whale cast anchor.\*

## XXXII. †

“ Baldacca's famous port at length we reach ;  
 Baldacca—beauty's chosen throne—the spring

\* Basti di dir, che spesso là riesce  
 Equivocar tra un' isola ed un pesce. St. 32.

† Ricciardetto, c. 3. st. 39—64.

Of woes and joys, alike surpassing speech,  
 Tho' given the prince of Tuscan bards to sing.  
 The news we heard on landing at the beach,  
 With glad surprise made all my senses ring:  
 The city for Medoro was in mourning,  
 Gone on that voyage whence is no returning.

## XXXIII.

“ They said that poor Angelica took on  
 In such a sort, in darken'd chamber lying,  
 That she refused all company and fun,  
 And spoil'd her beauty with perpetual crying.  
 Not so her reverend father, Galafron,  
 Who thought 'twas time to set about supplying  
 His throne and daughter with a new possessor,  
 And poor Medoro with a fit successor :

## XXXIV.

“ And so had written by the post already,  
 To Count Orlando, making him a tender  
 Of these his bounties. ‘ Tell your master,’ said I  
 To my informant, ‘ that he's vastly slender  
 In point of brain, to think of so unsteady  
 And crack'd a madman for his state's defender.  
 He wants a son-in-law t' uphold his glory  
 With head and hand; such as you see before ye.’

## XXXV.

“ Therewith the unmanner'd hind set up a shout  
 Of laughter, with such impudent assurance,  
 'Twas echoed soon by all the rabble rout;  
 And I, who am not famed for much endurance,  
 Attack'd the luckless Caitiff by the snout, ”

And crying, 'Take ye that uncivil boor hence !'  
 Gave him a first remove to such a distance,  
 As proved I stood in need of small assistance.

## XXXVI.

" And then another scoffer, in a second,  
 I whirl'd away; a third soon follow'd after;  
 The people of Baldacca surely reckon'd  
 'Twas God's revenge against the sin of laughter:  
 And, as my fury swells when there's no check on't,  
 I chased the flying crowd thro' every quarter,  
 Flinging them all, like mice, one after other,  
 Each twelve yards further than his elder brother.

## XXXVII.

" It chanced that Galafron, the hubbub hearing,  
 Unluckily look'd out at his verandah,  
 Just as a slave, whom I had sent careering,  
 Was dancing over-head a zarabanda,  
 Who spun him round upon the king's appearing,  
 And tumbling head-o'-er-heels—(*Proh res ne-  
 funda!*)  
 That men have no more reverence for superiors—)  
 Gave majesty a kick on the posteriors.

## XXXVIII.

" The monarch, hurt at the supposed indignity,  
 Swore loudly by their god Apollo's body;  
 But soon recovering his serene benignity,  
 Ask'd what had caused that skipping jack-o'-  
 noddy  
 To treat his sovereign with such vile malignity.  
 ' Besides, it was a thing extremely odd,' he



Observed, 'to see men toss'd so high in air  
Without a hurricane to blow them there.'

## XXXIX.

" So sent his Vizier down to make inquiry ;  
Who stepp'd so slowly forth from the pavilion,  
That ere he reach'd us, to my righteous ire I  
Had sacrificed of lieges half a million.  
This Vizier, though by nature proud and fiery,  
Now bow'd as low as to his horse's pillion,  
And said, ' My sovereign, mighty Sir, presents  
To you his most respectful compliments,

## XL.

" ' And humbly begs you will not take the trouble  
Thus to chastise that rude uncivil rabble  
With your own hands, since he will pay them double  
For all affronts to you, right honourable !  
So hopes you'll let it pass as a mere bubble,  
And honour him by sitting at his table.'  
My fury being cool'd by this oration,  
I thank'd the Vizier for his invitation.

## XLI.

" Now Galafron, as you perhaps have heard,  
Is, for a king, by far the most polite  
And finish'd gentleman that wears a beard :  
So, hearing I accepted his *invite*,\*  
Came forth to meet me, cursing ('tis averr'd)  
The hour that sent *him* such a fearful wight,

---

\* *Invito*—Invitation.

And sending *me* to hell ; but, all the while,  
Making his mouth up to a winning smile.

## XLII.

“ However—to cut short a tale too long—  
I scarce had been with him an hour or twain,  
Before he clearly saw he did me wrong  
The smallest spark of malice to retain ;  
That I, in fact, was just the thing he long  
Had look'd for, east and west, till then, in vain ;  
And Heaven itself had sent his dear Ferrau  
To rule Cathay, and be his son-in-law.

## XLIII.

“ What words can I employ, or how portray  
My soul's sensations, when that vision fair  
Broke on my senses like the rising day,  
Dispelling every cloud of doubt and care !  
How many hours—how many weeks—I lay  
In beatific trance I will not swear,  
Because it is an axiom most ostensible  
That one without his senses is insensible.

## XLIV.

“ But when my wits return'd, and gave me leisure  
More calmly to survey my soul's enslaver,  
I doubt, Rinaldo, whether pain or pleasure  
Could count most votes among them in its favour.  
Indeed, so far from hugging as a treasure,  
I almost doubted whether I would have her ;  
But that my honour stood so far committed,  
And that her state I most sincerely pitied.

## XLV.

“ In short—to speak the truth, and to be plain—  
 She look’d much older than she once had been ;  
 And (whatsoe’er the lying Poets feign)  
 Youth’s an advantage to that sort of skin.  
 Besides, her love-lamps through perpetual rain  
 Had nearly lost the fire that glow’d within ;  
 And her wan cheek, with tears and watching jaded,  
 Proclaim’d her charms irrevocably faded.

## XLVI.

“ However, as my knightly faith was plighted  
 To good old Galafron to take his offers,  
 I comforted myself, for beauty blighted,  
 With his reversionary lands and coffers.  
 Angelica at first my passion slighted,  
 And wore a face indignant at my proffers ;  
 But Time, who in her face had made such ravage,  
 Bade her reflect ’twere best not be too savage.

## XLVII.

“ In short, I’d scarce a week been in Baldacca,  
 Before all things were settled for our marriage :  
 But Fortune, ever on the watch t’ attack a  
 Too happy Lover, doom’d me a miscarriage,  
 Worse than I e’er sustain’d before Albracca,  
 When at its gates did that thrice-famous warrage.  
 The poor thing had so spoil’d her health by pining,  
 She found herself now rapidly declining :

## XLVIII.

“ And, being pronounced by Galafron’s physician,  
 In the last stage of a confirm’d consumption,

With many tears she told me her condition :

Own'd that she justly died for her presumption  
In so despising every admonition ;

And added—(which I speak without assumption)  
‘ I, who, but now, would live no longer—I  
Feel for your sake how hard it is to die.

XLIX.

“ ‘ My dear, my sweet, my only loved Ferrau !’

(She sigh'd, and sighing, in my arms reclined :)  
I press'd her to my throbbing heart, and saw—

(O sight to strike a tender lover blind !)  
When with the latest breath her frame could draw,  
She quietly her harass'd soul resign'd :

I saw, Rinaldo, and I bore to see—

Now canst thou wonder at this change in me ?”

L.\*

The storm that in Rinaldo painfully

Had struggled long, now burst upon the Friar.

“ Old Mendez Pinto's but a type of thee,

Thou most profane, unconscionable liar !

There's not a word in all thy history

But dooms thee justly to eternal fire ;

And, in what last you've utter'd, your assurance

Surpasses far both man's and Heaven's endurance.

LI.

“ If on the best authority already

I did not know”—(and then he gave his author,

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\* Ricciardetto, c. 3. st. 65, to the end.

No other, namely, than that naked lady  
 Whom late he rescued had from feral slaughter,  
 And whom King Galafron, as I'm afraid I  
 Forgot to mention, call'd his youngest daughter—)  
 “ Medora having died in his carousals,  
 And his fair Princess blest in new espousals ;

## LII.

“ That she yet lives, in happiness and splendour,  
 And all the pride of undiminish'd beauty,  
 With one both fit and able to defend her,  
 And pay old Galafron a subject's duty,  
 If this I knew not, thou most vile pretender . . . ”  
 “ Son, (quoth the Friar) this calling names dont  
 suit ye.  
 If she yet lives, I'm wrong, and there's an end on't,  
 But I'm the man she married, Son, depend on't.”

## LIII.

At this he wax'd more angry than before,  
 And cried, “ Thou scurvy Friar! thou ugly  
 shaver !  
 Thou knotty pated ass ! thou stupid boor !  
 Dost thou pretend to gentle Lady's favour ?  
 Is thine a face for Princess to adore ?  
 Or dost thou plume thee on thy good behaviour ?  
 Do bristled beard, lank jaws, and parchment cover.  
 Or hair-cloth garb, denote thee for a lover ? ”

## LIV.

While thus he storm'd, Ferrau from shelf took down  
 An instrument of pious flagellation,

Wherewith, at every word that made him frown,  
 He gave himself a hearty castigation;  
 Affording thus a lesson for the town,  
 Well worthy of a Christian's imitation;  
 Thinking such discipline, so kindly cruel,  
 Far better than that heathen thing, a duel.

## LV.

But though a saint, Ferrau was still a man;  
 And, while his merciless opponent (master  
 Unrivall'd in the vulgar idiom,) ran  
 Through all its changes, he laid on the faster;  
 Till, in his burning zeal, he soon began  
 To lose the use for which that holy plaster  
 Was first design'd, neglecting, (most unwary!)  
 His ghostly foe for fleshly adversary;

## LVI.

And, holding with the fiend no further trial,  
 Rain'd blessings on the foe, we well may guess,  
 Soon terminated in a battle royal;  
 Which, were I of the fancy, and could dress  
 In scientific language, 'twould supply all  
 The fourth page columns of the Sunday press.  
 I'll only say, for fear I else should mar it,  
 Rinaldo *fibb'd*\* the Friar, and spilt his claret.

## LVII.

Ferrau, who was a most determined glutton,  
 And not composed of penetrable stuff,

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\* Rinaldo *affibbiògli* un cotal pugna  
 Che gli fa dar dugento giravolte.—St. 71.

Would sooner have been fell'd as dead as mutton,  
 Than once cry Craven, or say "Hold, enough!"  
 But, while he paused, his waistcoat to unbutton,  
 Rinaldo seized his girdle, made of buff,  
 And therewith swang him round, as with a cable,  
 Still pummelling as hard as he was able;

## LVIII.

So that an instrument of small utility  
 His scourge became, nor can I say how shocking  
 An end might have been put to their hostility:  
 When at the door was heard a mighty knocking,  
 That sounded like command, not mere civility;  
 Whereat, Ferrau exclaim'd in accents choking,  
 "Dear son! I pray, keep silence in the cell:  
 Upon my life, it is the Constable."

## LIX.

Rinaldo, who had seen the town, and learn'd  
 To hate the Bailiff's staff, and watchman's rattle,  
 Forthwith the proffer'd kiss of peace return'd,  
 And closed, by mutual consent, the battle;  
 Yet not before these clamorous guests had spurn'd  
 The fragile barrier of the hermit's wattle.  
 But, who they were, and what thereon befell,  
 Another time I possibly shall tell.

## LX.

'Tis growing late, and I've already spun  
 Five stanzas more in this than t'other canto,  
 Yet cannot rest content with what I've done,  
 Nor even hold myself discharged *pro tanto*,

While still another course remains to run ;  
For 'tis a part essential of my plan to  
Bring all the threads of my meandering narrative,  
(Before I breathe) to the same point preparative.

## LXI.

You must remember, (what so late you've heard,)  
How all the Paladins of any name  
In Charles's court, as if of one accord,  
Set off by different routes, their end the same.  
Of these brave Oliver, Burgundia's lord,  
With Guido Savage, and that imp of fame  
Hight Dudon, joining in the general motion,  
Steer'd right a-head across the German ocean ;

## LXII.

Then, keeping on the right the coast of Greenland,  
Still northward held their tack 'mid fog and ice,  
Till on the third day, thinking they had seen land.  
They, for a harbour, enter'd in a trice  
(What might indeed he call'd a port in *Fin-land*,)  
The belly of a whale, so vast in size,  
My author says 'twas twenty miles about,  
And thirty from the tail unto the snout.

## LXIII.

Of all the vices that this world has seen,  
Exaggeration surely is the worst,  
He who has once o'erstepp'd the golden mean  
Is to perpetual error thence accursed ;  
Still floundering on through miry paths obscene,  
And every step sinks deeper than the first,



Until he sticks in Christian's hopeless slough,  
'Midst slimy creatures, "venomous and low."

## LXIV.

But here I hold, no reasonable question  
Can be maintain'd (considering how discreet  
In articles of good and sound digestion  
Is Garbolino—that we seldom meet  
An author more beyond all fair suggestion  
Of being thought a liar or a cheat,)  
That the whale's mouth is typical—no more—  
And means the Sound our Captain fail'd to explore,

## LXV.

When he, of late, mistaking his commission  
To find a North-West Passage, chose to tack,  
Declaring, spite of Barrow's supposition,  
That Baffin's Bay is a mere *cul-de-sac*,  
And, for the fruits of Arctic expedition,  
Besides a few stuff'd birds, alone brought back  
Three pints of crimson ice, a glorious prize,  
For Doctor Wollaston to analyze.

## LXVI.

'Tis clearly allegorical. Again,  
Those tusks, that seem'd all eager to devour,  
Are Croker's Mountains, which indeed is plain  
From the engravings to the Captain's tour;  
So, when 'tis said, the sun did there attain  
Sufficient force to ripen grapes, though sour,  
And furnish wine, it proves there's nothing new  
In the conjectures of a late Review.

## LXVII.

Then for the chapel and the convent bell,  
Which in the bowels of that fish were found,  
And holy friars who there were seen to dwell  
Like Whitfield with the miners under ground,  
They clearly point at what old histories tell  
Of Danish colonies reputed drown'd ;  
And little could they hope to find a steeple,  
Or Christian rites amidst that Arctic people.

## LXVIII.

The only point on which (with hesitation)  
I must presume to think my author wrong,  
Is one whereof I've later information.

'Tis true the warriors did not tarry long  
Amongst that "very interesting nation ;"\*

But then, whereas (according to the song,)  
They sail'd out by the port which first received  
Their wandering bark, that's not to be believed.

## LXIX.

Accordingly my protest here I enter,  
And say, they held a course right opposite,  
And, having fairly lodged them in the centre  
Of the whale's belly for a day and night,  
Issued at length from forth that spacious venter  
By a back door (the name I need not write ;)  
And found themselves, if rightly I divine,  
Just at the mouth of River Copper-mine.

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\* See Capt. Ross' account of the Arctic Highlanders.

## LXX.

The sky was clear o'erhead ; and from the pole  
 (The neighbouring pole) emerging seem'd to rise  
 A little dusky cloud, and onward roll,  
 Increasing as it pass'd, in form and size ;  
 And then a soft melodious cadence stole  
 Upon their ears ; and to their wandering eyes  
 Appear'd—but *what* appear'd, I will not say  
 Till the commencement of another lay.



FROM THE MAMBRIANO, C. III. 45, 6, 7.

Of all that mighty host which late he led,  
 Remain'd but scant three hundred at his side,  
 Whereat he, musing, tears abundant shed,  
 Saying, " Oh ! where are now the rich and wide  
 Mansions wherein I dwelt, the table spread  
 With dainty cates, the bath's luxurious tide,  
 The downy bed, soft Pleasure's curtain'd shrine,  
 The fragrant oyls, imperial Concubine ?

“ O vain unstable glory of our Earth,  
 Founded on glass, and doom'd as long to endure !  
 Full fair thou seemest, yet art nothing worth.  
 O dungeon, woful, ugly, and obscure !  
 O nest, wherein all evil things have birth—  
 Beset with dangers more, the more held sure !  
 And I whose boasted empire erst embraced  
 All Asia's shores—now banish'd and disgraced !

“ A hundred million slaves but yester eve  
 Obey'd my nod and crouch'd beneath my throne :  
 Now, like some base poltroon, I take my leave,  
 Accompanied by hooting scorn alone.  
 I go to where the desert waters heave  
 Around a miserable coast unknown,  
 Where, barr'd from every sense of earthly good,  
 Not Hope herself will cheer my solitude.”

## FROM PETRARCH.

### CANZONE V.

“ Nella stagion che'l sol rapido inchina.”

IN that still season, when the rapid sun  
 Drives down the west, and day-light flies to greet .  
 Nations, that haply wait his kindling flame ;  
 In some strange land, alone, her weary feet

The time-worn pilgrim finds, with toil fordone,  
Yet but the more speeds on her languid frame;  
Her solitude the same,  
When night has closed around;  
Yet has the wanderer found  
A deep though short forgetfulness at last  
Of every woe, and every labour past.  
But ah! my grief, that with each moment grows,  
As fast, and yet more fast,  
Day urges on, is heaviest at its close.

When Phœbus rolls his everlasting wheels  
To give night room; and from encircling wood.  
Broader and broader yet descends the shade;  
The labourer arms him for his evening trade,  
And all the weight his burthen'd heart conceals  
Lightens with glad discourse or descant rude;  
Then spreads his board with food,  
Such as the forest hoar  
To our first fathers bore,  
By us disdain'd, yet praised in hall and bower.  
But, let who will the cup of joyance pour,  
I never knew, I will not say of mirth,  
But of repose, an hour,  
When Phœbus leaves, and stars salute the earth.

Yon shepherd, when the mighty star of day  
He sees descending to its western bed,  
And the wide Orient all with shade embrown'd,  
Takes his old crook, and from the fountain head,

Green mead, and beechen bower pursues his way,  
    Calling, with welcome voice, his flocks around ;  
    Then far from human sound,  
    Some desert cave he strows  
    With leaves and verdant boughs,  
And lays him down, without a thought, to sleep.  
Ah, cruel Love !—then dost thou bid me keep  
    My idle chase, the airy steps pursuing  
    Of her I ever weep,  
Who flies me still, my endless toil renewing.

E'en the rude seaman, in some cave confined,  
    Pillows his head, as day-light quits the scene,  
On the hard deck, with vilest mat o'erspread ;  
    And when the Sun in orient wave serene  
Bathes his resplendent front, and leaves behind  
Those antique pillars of his boundless bed ;  
    Forgetfulness has shed  
    O'er man, and beast, and flower,  
    Her mild restoring power :  
But my determin'd grief finds no repose ;  
And every day but aggravates the woes  
Of that remorseless flood, that, ten long years,  
    Flowing, yet ever flows,  
Nor know I what can check its ceaseless tears.

## FROM THE SAME.

## SONNET CLIX.

“ Stiamo, Amor, a veder la gloria nostra.”

HERE stand we, Love, our glory to behold,  
 How, passing nature, lovely, high, and rare !  
 Behold, what showers of odour dropping there !  
 What floods of light by Heaven to earth unroll'd !  
 How shine her robes, in purple, pearls, and gold  
 So richly wrought, with skill beyond compare !  
 How glance her feet ! her beaming eyes how fair  
 Though the dark cloister which these hills enfold !  
 The verdant turf, and flowers of thousand hues,  
 Beneath yon Oak's old canopy of state,  
 Spring at her feet, to pay their amorous duty.  
 The heavens, in joyful reverence, cannot choose  
 But light up all their fires, to celebrate  
 Her praise, whose presence charms their awful  
 beauty.

## FROM THE SAME.

## PART II. SONNET IV.

“ La Vita fugge, e non s'arresta un' hora.”

LIFE flies, and will not rest an hour—  
 With rapid strides Death stalks behind :  
 Dark clouds around the present lower ;  
 The past is hateful to my mind.

The future only can afford  
A pause from pain, a glimpse of joy ;  
Yet there what evils may be stored,  
What cares the promised bliss alloy ?

Now, while Youth stays, and Hope remains,  
And Pleasure's not for ever fled,  
O quench the fever of my veins,  
And ease the throbbings of my head !

To thee alone, thou best-beloved,  
My future fates in charge are given.  
Make me forget the Hell I've proved,  
And realise my fancied Heaven !

#### FROM THE SAME.

#### SONNET XIII.

*"Quante fiate al mio dolce ricetto."*

How oft, all lonely, to my sweet retreat  
From man and from myself I strive to fly,  
Bathing with dewy eyes each much-loved seat,  
And swelling every blossom with a sigh !  
How oft, deep musing on my woes complete,  
Along the dark and silent glens I lie,  
In thought again that dearest form to meet  
By Death possess'd, and therefore wish to die !



How oft I see her rising from the tide  
 Of Sorga, like some Goddess of the flood;  
 Or pensive wander by the river's side;  
 Or tread the flowery mazes of the wood;  
 Bright as in life; while angel pity throws  
 O'er her fair face the impress of my woes.

## FROM THE AMINTA OF TASSO. A. 2.

“Tu in bei facondi detti  
 Sciogli la lingua ai fedeli tuoi.”

Love, the great master of true eloquence,  
 Disdains the tribute of a vulgar tongue;  
 Cold are the words, and vain the affected song  
 Of him whose boasted passion is pretence.  
 The favour'd few that to his court belong  
 With noblest gifts the mighty God presents;  
 Their vigorous accents chain the admiring sense,  
 And their warm words in torrents stream along.  
 Oft too—O wondrous excellence of Love!—  
 Unutter'd vows and sighs and accents broken  
 With far more force the gentle bosom move  
 Than smoothest phrase with courtly action spoken.  
 E'en Silence oft hath found the power to prove  
 Both word and prayer, when it is true love's token.

## CANZONET FROM BOCACCIO.\*

Go, herald Love, and hie thee to my lord,  
And tell him all the woes I'm doom'd to taste.  
Tell him, to death I haste,  
Hiding for shame the thoughts my mind hath stored.  
For mercy's sake, O Love ! I thee implore,  
Go seek my master where he holds his dwelling.  
Say how I long, and languish, and adore,  
And with what fervid hopes my bosom's swelling—  
That by the fire that riots in my veins  
I think to die, but know not yet the hour  
When death will free me from these scorching pains,  
Which I sustain for him—him still desiring,  
Yet still, through shame retiring.  
Oh let him know what griefs this frame devour—  
That, ever since for his dear sake I languish,  
I have not dared, through fear my will constraining,  
So much as once make him to know my anguish,  
Or let him hear the voice of my complaining.  
'Tis worse than death, unheeded thus to perish.  
Then let me fondly cherish  
The thought he yet may hear, without disdaining,

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\* This is the canzonet composed for Lisa Puccini, and by her addressed to the king of Sicily, declaratory of her passion, —the subject of a very touching picture in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1838.

My love's sad tale, no longer shame restraining !  
 But since, O love ! it was not thy high pleasure  
     That I should so my maiden pride abase  
 As to my lord reveal my thought's dear treasure,  
     Yet grant me, sovereign love ! this little grace—  
 Thou to him hie, and to his memory bring  
     The day I saw him, arm'd with lance and shield,  
         Victorious in the field,  
 The best and bravest of the knightly ring.  
     That hour, alas ! reveal'd  
 To my own thought my thought's most hidden spring.

## IMITATIONS OF THE ITALIAN SONNET.

1804.

## SONETTO.

IL tempo nel passar è pigro e tardo,  
     Senza conforto alcuno, alcun prospetto  
     Che gli occhi arrestar possa, o empire il petto,  
 Fuor che 'l grande desio onde tutt' ardo.  
 Anzi ogni ora rissembra al mesto sguardo  
     Un anno intero ; ogni passato obbietto  
     Sembra un' oscuro sogno all' intelletto,  
 Informe, tristo : e quando pure io guardo  
 Nella vita trascorsa, ah ! veggio ardore,  
     Speme, desio, senza alcun frutto misti,  
     E 'l fiore della Gioventute mia

Vizzo in vane speranze o doglie tristi :  
Sola tu puoi, bell' idol del mio core,  
Quel fiore ravvivare à l' allegria.

## ALTRO SONETTO.

FALSA lusinga, e ingannator pensiero,  
Quando da te mi tolsi, amato bene,  
Un balsamo versar nelle mie vene,  
Tal che meno il partir parve severo.  
A soffrir cominciai, baldo ed altero,  
Pieno di giovanil fidanza e spene ;  
“ Pochi mesi (dicea) d'affanni e pene  
Rendranmi à pace ed al gioir più vero.”  
Ma quando la sentenza inaspettata  
Udii ; “ Non finiranno i tuoi martiri  
Pria che un' altro anno il sol abbia lustrata  
La terra ;” ahi lasso ! cadder gli alti ardiri ;  
E la mia vita, d' ogni ben privata,  
Si pasce sol di lagrime e sospiri.

## STANZA.

CARI orrori ! Dolcissima tristezza !  
Io non darei' l soave mio martiro  
Per tutto quel che' l popol stima e segue.  
Ogni picciol momento d' allegrezza  
Mi par tempo rubato all gran desiro  
Che regge il cor, e non vuol pace o tregue.  
E solo allor sento ch' io viva e sperì,  
Quando rivengo ai soliti pensieri.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL. 1802.

## THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

## FROM THE SIXTH ÆNEID.

ALONE, amidst the gloom of night below,  
 Through Pluto's empty palaces they go—  
 —The dreary realms of unsubstantial shade.  
 As one who travels through some forest-glade,  
 Whenas the uncertain moon, in vapours bound,  
 Sheds faint malignant gleams on all around ;  
 When Jove has veil'd in shadowy clouds the light,  
 And shape and colour fade in undistinguish'd night.

Before the porch, and in the jaws of hell,  
 Avenging Cares and mournful Sorrow dwell,  
 And pale Disease, and comfortless Old Age,  
 And Fear, and Hunger, lawless in her rage,  
 And Want obscene—forms horrible to view !—  
 And Death, and Labour, join the ghastly crew.  
 Death's brother, Sleep, the mind's unholy joys,  
 And hateful War, before the threshold rise ;  
 There are the furies' iron beds, and there  
 Wild Discord bathes in blood her snaky hair.

There, in the midst, an elm opaque and wide  
 Stretches its aged arms on every side :

Amidst its boughs vain dreams are said to rest,  
And build in every leaf their airy nest.  
—All these, and diverse hideous forms beside—  
There Centaurs stable—there the Scyllas bide—  
Here Briareus extends his hundred hands,  
And here the many-headed Hydra stands;  
Chimæra arm'd with flames, the Gorgon maid,  
The harpy's ravenous brood, and Geryon's triple  
shade.

These fearful phantoms as the prince survey'd,  
With horror struck, he drew his glittering blade,  
And, rushing on the forms, had wasted there  
His fruitless blows upon the yielding air;  
But his wise guide forbad him to pursue  
Those incorporeal shapes that mock'd his view,  
And turn'd his eye where strait before them lay  
To Acheron's Tartarean flood their way;  
Whose gulf in muddy torrents bursts its shores,  
And all the soil to black Cocytus pours.  
The horrid boatman, on these dreary sands,  
Sordid with squalid filth, old Charon stands.  
Thick and unkempt his grisly beard they view'd;  
His eyes all flame; vile rags, ungirt and rude,  
Loose hanging o'er his back—while with his oar  
He urged the boat along the shelving shore,  
And thence transported to the opposing coasts  
In its dark hold the disembodied ghosts.  
In years he seems, but his strong limbs display  
A hoary vigour, and a green decay.

Crowds to the bank in wild confusion throng'd,  
Of aery forms, to which in life belong'd  
The hero's soul, the virgin's spotless fame,  
The lover's warmth, the matron's honour'd name,  
Or youths ill-fated, to the funeral fires  
Untimely follow'd by their weeping sires ;  
Numerous as leaves that in the dying wood  
Are by the first chill blasts of autumn strew'd,  
Or flight of birds, that winter o'er the main  
Drives to the shelter of a milder plain.  
With outstretch'd hands a passage they implore,  
Wild with desire to gain the further shore :  
The boatman these admits, but those commands,  
With lowering brow, to quit the crowded sands.

Æneas, struck with the tumultuous scene,  
Exclaim'd, " O tell me what these wonders mean.  
What do these thronging spectres ask ?—and why  
Are some compell'd from the sad shore to fly,  
And others o'er the lake's dull waves convey'd ?"—

To whom thus answer'd the prophetic maid :  
" Here, son of mightiest Jove, thine eyes survey  
Cocytus' stagnant waters, and the bay  
Of fatal Styx, by whose dread power to swear,  
And break their vows, the high immortals fear.  
—That ancient man is Charon—those, the ghosts  
By funeral rites allow'd to pass these coasts.  
The crowds that backward urge unwilling flight,  
Unburied souls, who, in these realms of night,  
A hundred years (unless the friendly tomb,  
Sheltering their bones, first end their fatal doom)

A hundred wretched years must yet remain,  
 Hopeless, and shivering on this naked plain,  
 And flit around the shore, and view the lake in vain."

\* \* \* \* \*

Not far from hence, on every side appears  
 The dismal prospect of the vale of tears ;  
 Where all whom Love, with unrelenting waste,  
 Hath banish'd earth, by will supreme are placed.  
 In secret paths, amidst the myrtle gloom,  
 Cares e'en in death the pensive ghosts consume.

Phædra and Procris in this vale repose ;  
 Sad Eriphyle her bleeding bosom shews,  
 Gored with unnatural wounds ; Evadne here,  
 And the lascivious dame of Crete appear ;  
 Laodamia joins the pensive train,  
 And Coeneus, to her sex restored again.

Through the long forest's melancholy glade,  
 Amongst the rest, Phœnician Dido stray'd,  
 Her breast yet reeking from the unhallow'd blade ;  
 To whom, as near the Trojan hero drew,  
 And in the uncertain shadowy darkness knew,  
 —Like one who sees amidst the clouds of night,  
 Or thinks he sees, the new moon's trembling light,  
 While down his face fast streams of sorrow roll,  
 He thus pours forth the feelings of his soul :

“ Unhappy Dido ! then the fame was true,  
 Which brought thee, bleeding, dying, to my view. ·  
 I was the cause,—yet, by the stars I swear,  
 By the just gods, by all things sacred here—



—If aught be sacred in this realm of ghosts—  
I left, compell'd, thine hospitable coasts.  
No wish of mine e'er drove from thine abodes,  
But the relentless mandate of the gods—  
That high inexorable fate, that now,  
Through these dire regions of eternal woe,  
This realm, unvisited by glimpse of day,  
Compels my unresisting feet to stray.  
Yet, O loved shade ! how little thought I, driven  
From thy dear presence by the voice of Heaven,  
Despair had follow'd my unwilling flight !  
Stay then !—nor fly, regardless, from my sight.  
Whom dost thou fly ?—this last sad moment o'er,  
And Jove and Fate forbid our meeting more !”  
Thus with soft words and tender tears he strove  
To calm her mind, and re-inspire with love ;  
But she, in deep disdain, her sullen look  
Fix'd on the ground, averted, while he spoke,  
Unmoved by all his sighs, and tears, and prayers,  
As some rude rock the insurgent billows bears ;  
Then burst away, in the dark grove to hide  
The gloomy rage of her indignant pride.  
Her loved Sichæus meets her in the grove,  
Answers her complaints, and equals all her love.

With pity moved, far thro' the lengthen'd glade  
The prince pursued her melancholy shade ;  
Then urged his destined course, and soon attain'd  
The last sad realm which unexplored remain'd,  
—The fields assign'd to warriors bold and strong.  
Here Tydeus met him midst the martial throng ;

Parthenopæus, fair Arcadia's boast,  
Was here, and here Adrastus' pallid ghost.  
But most the chief survey'd, with grief divine,  
The hapless warriors of the Dardan line.  
Glaucus, Thersilochus, and Medon here,  
And old Antenor's valiant sons appear ;  
Idæus, too, amidst the warlike throng,  
Still urged his sounding steeds, and drove his car  
along.

To right, to left, the kindred bands advance.  
The prince, unsated by one mournful glance,  
Long lingering stands, and seeks of each to know  
The cause of coming, and indulge his woe.

But when the ghosts of Daneus' progeny,  
And Agamemnon's host the Trojan see  
With bright arms beaming in the gloomy shade,  
Appalling terrors every soul invade.  
Part—as when once, pursued by Hector nigh,  
They sought their navy—turn their backs, and fly ;  
Part feebly shriek, or raise a faint and broken cry.  
Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found ;  
His mangled shade one undistinguish'd wound,—  
With loss of nose and ears his front defaced,  
His hands lopp'd off, his manly form disgraced.  
The prince scarce knew the sever'd trunk he 'spied,  
(All shivering with the pains it sought to hide)  
But thus, at length, in native accents cried :

“ Alas, brave chief of Teucer's royal line,  
Deïphobus, erst wont in arms to shine !  
Who sent thee, thus dishonour'd, here below ?  
To whom so dire a vengeance didst thou owe ?

I heard the fame that, on Troy's fatal night,  
Tired with the labours of that hopeless fight,  
An honourable wound thy corse had laid  
Prone on the bloody heaps thy hand had made.  
An empty tomb on the Rhætéan coast  
I raised, and loudly thrice invoked thy ghost ;  
Thy name and arms those regions yet retain ;  
But thee amongst the dead I sought in vain,  
Till—every rite perform'd—I left the fated plain.”

To him thus Priam's son—“ O friend ! by thee  
Was left undone no kind solemnity,  
But every rite and every honour paid  
To thy Deïphobus' unhappy shade.  
To my sad fate alone my present woe,  
And Helen's baneful perfidy, I owe.  
Thou know'st, how, lost in dreams of false delight,  
We pass'd away that last avenging night,  
When to high Pergamus the horse had come,  
Which carried Troy's destruction in its womb.  
*She* led the feign'd procession to the gate ;  
*She* bore the torch to light us to our fate ;  
And, 'midst the well dissembled orgies, *she*  
Call'd from the tower our treacherous enemy.  
The accursed bed then held me, free from care,  
By sleep oppress'd, and resting from the war.  
A sweet forgetfulness my limbs o'erspread,  
Deep as the slumbers of the peaceful dead.  
Then came my matchless spouse ; my arms mislaid ;  
Even from my pillow stole my faithful blade,  
And call'd her Spartan, to receive in me  
The price of every former perfidy.

They all rush in.—Our unrelenting foe,  
Ulysses, leads their steps, and prompts the blow.  
—Just gods! if aught ye feel my prayer and pain,  
Return sad woes on the base Greeks again!

“But thee, O prince, what fortune hither led?  
—Thee, yet unnumber'd with the silent dead.  
Or wandering on the seas, and tempest-tost,  
Or by the gods compell'd to view this coast—  
This sunless coast—this dreary, naked plain,  
Which never light can pierce, nor joy attain?”

Thus in sad talk they while the hours away  
Till morning's rosy car brought on the day.  
And thus had all the space that fate had given  
Unheeded fled—but she inspired by Heaven  
Perceiving spake; “The night is nigh its close,  
And the short hours you pass in fruitless woes.  
Our road here parts. To Pluto's cave the right,  
And the eternal meadows of delight,  
Will guide our steps—the left descends to night,  
Those impious realms, where wicked spirits lie  
Chain'd down, and doom'd to endless misery.”

Then Priam's son: “Upbraid not, mighty seer,  
The short delay that has constrain'd us here.  
I go to fill the numbers of the dead—  
To plunge anew amid the gloomy shade.  
Proceed, proceed, our glory and our joy!  
Find happier fates, and raise again the name of Troy!”

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Now on the left, beneath the mountain's shade,  
The prince a spacious citadel survey'd,

Girt with a triple wall ; and far around  
A flaming river foam'd with thundering sound,  
Tartarean Phlegethon, that, rolling wide,  
Bore rocks uprooted in its mighty tide.  
Across the stream a massive gate appear'd,  
On solid adamantine columns rear'd,  
Which the whole world, and those beside who reign  
In heaven's vast mansions, would assault in vain.  
Where stands its iron-girt tower, in gloomy state,  
There, night and day, before the yawning gate,  
In sanguine robe, with eyes that never sleep,  
The fury sits, her deathless watch to keep.  
Deep, dismal groans the fatal round contains,  
The savage echoing of inflicted pains,  
And crash of steel, and heavy clank of chains.  
The infernal din with horror smote his breast,  
And thus the prince his placid guide address'd.  
“ What miserable crimes, most holy seer,  
What hideous torments strike upon mine ear ?  
What mean those groans, and that appalling cry ? ”  
Then thus she said, “ Brave Dardan progeny !  
No virtuous soul can o'er yon threshold go,  
Nor view the abhorréd land of sin and wo.  
But when dread Hecate to my rule convey'd  
The sovereign empire of the Avernian shade,  
She taught me all the pains by Heaven decreed,  
And thro' this realm my feet vouchsafed to lead.  
Crete's Rhadamanthus fills the gloomy throne  
Of hell's vast region, where he sits alone.  
On treason's hateful front to him 'tis given

To guide the thunders of offended heaven.  
Whoe'er on earth hath rioted secure  
In sin, here finds that vengeance, late tho' sure,  
Which Jove, insulted, but defers to show  
The omniscient power that governs all below.  
Arm'd with immortal wrath, the fury shakes  
For ever from her locks the avenging snakes,  
And calls her savage sister-band to share  
With her the torturing scourge, and office of despair."

And now, with hideous sound, the sacred gate  
Slow on its hinges turn'd its massive weight.  
Lo ! what grim spectre sits the porch before ?  
What form infernal guards the dreadful door ?  
Fierce Hydra lies within these gloomy caves,  
(And opes her fifty mouths like yawning graves,)  
Caves, that in depth beneath the world above  
Are twice the distance from that world to Jove.  
The giant race which earth to Titan bore—  
The ancient race that scaled high heaven of yore,  
Hurl'd by celestial lightnings from the sky,  
There rolling in the deepest centre lie.  
There Neptune's monster sons I saw, who strove  
From his high seat to hurl the eternal Jove ;  
I saw Salmoneus writhing with his pains,  
Who, monarch erst of Elis' fertile plains,  
Assumed the Olympian thunders, and the fire  
(In impious madness) of Heaven's awful sire.  
Borne by four steeds, exulting in his might,  
Thro' Elis' streets he flash'd his torches' light,

And with resounding triumph as he rode,  
Claim'd the high honours of the insulted god.  
Madman ! with brass and sounding steeds who  
    strove

To mock the embattled clouds that clash above,  
And the inimitable fires of Jove !—

But, veil'd in night's impenetrable shroud,  
The Almighty Father thunder'd from his cloud ;  
No flaming torch, or glittering brass he sent,  
But the fierce lightning of the firmament.  
Struck by his bolt, the self-created god

Fell from his lofty seat to Pluto's deep abode.

Tityus I saw, whom earth's all-fostering womb  
Brought forth, enfix'd by fate's un pitying doom.  
O'er nine vast leagues the enormous giant lay,  
Whilst the fell vulture, hovering o'er its prey,  
For ever his immortal liver tore,  
His teeming entrails gnaw'd, and quaff'd his gore ;  
Fix'd in his heart its fangs, and still remains

To feast its thirsty beak with everlasting pains.

Why should my tongue Ixion's woes relate,  
The Lapithæ ; or sad Pirithoüs' fate ;

For whom the rock's black shade for ever spreads,  
In hideous ruin trembling o'er their heads ?

The feast prepared in Oriental state,

The couch, in gilded pomp, before them wait ;

Whilst the relentless fury nigh them stands,

And guards the banquet from their eager hands,

Or, as they draw the tempting vision near,

Darts out her flaming torch and thunders in the rear.

There lay, expecting direful torments, those  
Who held, in life, their brethren as their foes ;  
Who drove their aged parents from the door ;  
Whose fraud deceived or force oppress'd the poor ;  
With that vast tribe, whose selfish, harden'd breast  
The all-corrupting thirst for gold possess'd ;  
And those who died in foul adultery ta'en,  
And those in traitor arms of hot rebellion slain.  
Seek not their various punishments to know,  
Their different fates and torturing forms of woe.  
Some roll, eternal, the rebounding stone—  
Some on the wheel's revolving axle groan.  
Unhappy Theseus sits in silence there—  
For ever sits upon his rocky chair.  
There the most miserable Phlegyas laid  
With warning voice calls loudly thro' the shade,  
—A dreadful witness—“ All ye nations, hear !  
Learn justice, and the immortal powers revere.”  
—This wretch enslaved his native land for gold—  
By that, his country's honour'd laws were sold  
With love incestuous this his daughter press'd—  
Each dared some monstrous deed, and what he dared  
possess'd.  
Not though I had a hundred different tongues,  
A hundred throats, and adamantine lungs,  
Could I each varied form of guilt and woe,  
By man achieved, and Heaven inflicted, shew.

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## TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE.

## THE ENTRANCE OF HELL.

(THE THIRD CANTO OF THE INFERNO.)

" THROUGH me ye pass into the realm of woe ;  
 Through me ye pass, eternal pain to prove ;  
 Through me amidst the ruin'd race ye go :  
 Justice my heavenly builder first did move ;  
 My mighty fabric Power Divine did rear,  
 Supremest Wisdom, and Primæval Love.  
 None but eternal things created were  
 Before me ; and, eternal, I endure.  
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here !"

These lines inscribed in dark entablature  
 Over a gateway arch I saw, and said,  
 " Master, to me their sense is most obscure."

Then he, like one in mystic lore deep read ;  
 " Here all suspicion must be cast aside,  
 Here every base ignoble thought be dead.  
 We've reach'd the place, where, late I signified,  
 Thine eyes the dolorous people should survey  
 Who have made shipwreck of their reason's pride."

Therewith, his hand on mine he soft did lay  
 With cheering smile, whence I some comfort took,  
 While to those secret things he led the way.  
 Sudden, the starless air, resounding, shook

With sighs, and moans, and many a dismal yell ;  
Whereat a flood of grief my soul o'ertook.  
Then dissonant tongues, and voices horrible,  
Words of sharp anguish, accents of fierce ire,  
Cries harsh and hoarse, blows echoing as they  
fell,  
A tumult made, that whirl'd in eddying spire  
For ever through that dense chaotic air,  
E'en as the sands with scorching winds conspire.  
When I, whose brows the veil of error bare,  
Said, " Master, what is this I hear—and who  
Are these, so seeming vanquish'd by Despair ?"  
He answer'd thus,—“ The miserable crew  
Thou here behold'st, are the sad souls of those,  
To whom nor infamy nor praise is due ;  
Mingled with that angelic band, who chose  
The caitiff part, and their base selves preferr'd,  
Nor true to God, nor number'd midst his foes ;  
Exiled from heaven, whose brightness else were  
blurr'd ;  
Yet barr'd admittance to the depths of hell,  
Lest to the damn'd some glory had been inferr'd.”  
Then I—“ What modes of grief, O master, tell !  
Wring from the breast such piteous notes of woe ? ”  
—“ The cause,” he said, “ I can explain full well :  
No hope have they from Death's indulgent blow ;  
And life's dark stream to such low ebb hath gone,  
They envy every lot of man below.  
The world no record bears how first they shone ;  
Mercy and justice view them with disdain.

Of them no more—one glance, and then pass on!"  
Therewith I saw, on looking back again,  
A banner swiftly whirling round and round,  
In ceaseless motion, and, behind, a train  
So vast, that death (methought) had scarcely found  
Such ample harvest for his murderous blade.  
And when, amidst that number without bound,  
'Twas given me to distinguish shade from shade,  
Meeting my gaze, His image there I view'd,  
Through baseness who The Grand Refusal made.  
And now at once I clearly understood,  
It was that caitiff crew, which fill'd the place,  
By God alike, and by God's foes, eschew'd.  
Those miserable,—in life a lifeless race—  
Now wander'd, naked, and tormented sore  
By wasps and hornets covering every face,  
(So thick they swarm'd) with seams of clotted gore;  
Blood mix'd with tears, fast trickling to their feet,  
And lick'd by loathsome reptiles from the floor.  
And now mine eyes, still onward straining, meet  
A crowd that on a stream's broad margent stray;  
Whereat the mighty master I entreat  
To tell who these may be, and wherefore they  
So eager seem—(if aught aright is shewn  
By this dun light—) to cross the shadowy bay.  
He thus—"Expect this secret to be known  
When we at length our wearied feet shall rest  
Upon the gloomy shore of Acheron."  
Then I, with eyes by modest awe depress'd,  
Fearing reproof, no farther question tried

Until our feet the river's bank possess'd.  
When, lo! a boat approach'd us o'er the tide,  
Steer'd by an ancient man, all hoary white.—  
“Wo, wo to you, sin-burthen'd souls,” he cried;  
“Hope never more to view the heavenly light!  
I come to waft you to that further shore,  
Through fire and frost, amidst eternal night.  
Thou who art here, a living soul, no more  
Mix with the congregation of the dead!”  
But, when he saw I could not thus give o'er,—  
“By other paths, from other havens,” he said,  
“And not by this, thy passage thou must gain:  
A lighter bark than mine thou'rt doom'd to tread.”  
To whom my guide—“Charon, thy rage restrain!  
Know, 'tis so will'd, there, where to will and do  
Are one. From further question now abstain!”  
Therewith the circles of bright flaming hue  
That mark'd the cheeks, with shaggy bristles rude,  
Of that dull lake's old boatman, paler grew.  
But those vex'd ghosts, of mortal covering nude,  
Change colour, and their teeth with anguish grind,  
Soon as those threatening words are understood—  
Blaspheming God, their parents, and their kind,  
The place, the time—the hour both when the seed  
Was sown, and when it burst its earthy rind.  
Then all enforced, together they recede,  
Bitterly wailing, to the accursed shoal  
Ordain'd for all who take of God no heed.  
The dæmon then, with eyes like burning coal,  
—Charon—enrols them, for the passage bound,

And with his oar goads on each lingering soul.  
And, as autumnal leaves fall thick around,  
One after other, till the parent bough  
Sees all its honours scatter'd on the ground,  
So at his signal, from the harbour's brow,  
The ill brood of Adam drop off, one by one,  
Like birds, lured by the falconer's call below.  
Thus o'er the dusky wave they ferry on ;  
And still, or e'er they reach the further side,  
Another troop its gathering has begun.  
"All they, my son," then said that courteous guide—  
"All they who subject to God's anger die,  
Assemble here, from regions distant wide,  
Eager the irremeable pass to try ;  
By heaven's eternal justice goaded, so  
That strong desire bids every terror fly.  
This way no spirit of health did ever go ;  
And therefore, if of thee Charon complain,  
The meaning of his plaint thou well mayst know."  
This converse pass'd, the dun surrounding plain  
So rudely trembled, that the dire affright  
Remember'd, darts a chill through every vein.  
The sad earth gave a groan ; then, flashing bright,  
Vermilion rays shot forth ; whereat, oppress'd.  
My senses all were lost in sudden night,  
And down I fell, like one by sleep possess'd.

## PAUL AND FRANCESCA.

INFERNO, C. V. VER. 25, TO THE END.

AND now the accents of despair resound.  
Already have I journey'd on my way  
To where loud wailings rend the welkin round—  
A place unhallow'd by the voice of day.  
Bellowing as ocean's waves, by tempest curl'd,  
When warring winds dispute his tyrant sway,  
The infernal snow-drift, ever onward hurl'd,  
Hurries the miserable crowd along,  
With restless violence, through that nether world;  
And, when they to the brink of ruin throng,  
Then are the shrieks, the groaning and lament,  
And blasphemies, that do heaven's justice wrong.  
Such, I was told, the destined punishment  
Of sinners, who, by fleshly lusts subdued,  
Have reason's law to lawless passion bent.  
And as, in winter time, the starling brood  
Wing their swift flight in many a thickening row,  
So drove that blast the imprison'd multitude  
Hither and thither urged—above, below;  
While to their 'wilder'd spirits no solace bring  
Hopes of repose, or e'en of lessen'd woe.  
And, like as cranes their plaintive descant sing,  
While marshalling in air their long array,  
E'en so those hapless ghosts went murmuring

Their soft complaints along the stormy way ;

Whereat I ask, " Those crowds, so torn and tost

By the dense air—tell, master, what are they ?"

Then answer'd he—" Of all that numerous host,

Whose fate thou dost inquire, the First in rule

Of many-languaged nations made her boast ;

An adept such in luxury's shameless school,

" *Quod libet, licet,*" was the legend old

Wherewith she sought her burning brows to cool.

Her name Semiramis—of whom 'tis told

She after him who was her consort reign'd.

Those realms she held, the soldan now doth hold.

Next, She who, for love's sake, to live disdain'd,

And broke her promise to Sichæus' shade.

Then Egypt's lustful queen." With her entrain'd,

I Helen mark'd, for whose fair form was paid

A price so high. Achilles too I spied,

Who, to the last, with love fierce warfare made.

Paris I saw, and Tristan ;—these beside,

Thousands he shew'd, and singled out by name,

Whom love from worldly life did erst divide.

When all these dames and knights of ancient fame

My teacher, one by one, I heard rehearse,

Compassion all my senses quite o'ercame ;

And thus I cried—" O man of deathless verse !

Yon pair of spirits, that seem before the blast

So lightly driven,—with them I'd fain converse."

Then he to me—" Watch till they shall be pass'd

More nearly tow'rds us ; then, advancing, pray

Even by the love that guides them—and, as fast

As the wind drives, they will thy call obey."

Therewith my voice I raised; "O souls distrest!

Come, speak with us, unless denied to stay."

They then, as doves, that to their tender nest

On firm expanded pinions through the sky

Are driven, by force of will-born passion press'd,

So, from the band where Dido haunts, they fly,

Tow'rds us repairing through that fog malign—

Of such enforcement was my earnest cry.

"O living man! Thou gracious and benign,

To visit Us, through this dun region sent,

Who, dying, stain'd the earth with crimson sign—

If that the Almighty ruler's ear were bent

To our petitions, we would pray for thee,

Since thou hast pity' on our strange chastisement.

Whether to speak or list thy pleasure be,

To speak and listen we alike are fain,

Now, while the silent air is tempest-free.

My place of birth is seated by the main,

On that sea-shore to which descendeth Po,

In quest of peace, with all his vassal train.

Love, whom the gentle heart soon learns to know,

Him bound a slave to that fair form, which I

Was doom'd—(ah how reluctant!—) to forego.

Love, that no loved one suffers to deny

Return, entwined us both with cords so strong

That, as thou seest, he still is ever nigh.

Love to one fate conducted us along,

While Caina 'waits him who our lives did spill."

Such was the burthen of that mournful song,



Which, with their tale, did so my bosom thrill,  
As made me droop my head, and bend full low ;  
When thus the bard ; “ Thy mind what evils fill ? ”

Thereon I recommenced, “ Alas for wo !

How many sweet thoughts, what intense desire,  
Has brought them to this dolorous pass below ? ”

I then turn'd back to them, and thus to' inquire

Began—“ Francesca ! thy sad destinies

With grief and pity' at once my breast inspire.

But tell me—in the season of sweet sighs—

How, and by what degrees thy passion rose,  
So as to read his love's dim phantasies.”

Then she to me “ Among severest woes

Is to remember days of dear delight

In misery—and this thy teacher knows.

But if thou hast so fond an appetite

From its first source our love's sad maze to thread,  
Though tears may flow, I will the tale recite.

One day, for pastime, we together read

Of Lancelot—how love his heart enchain'd.

We were alone, and knew no cause for dread.

But, oft as met our eyes, our cheeks were stain'd

With blushes by the glowing tale inspired ;

Till one sole point the fatal victory gain'd.

For when we read the smile, so long desired,

Which to the lover's kiss her answer bore,

He who shall ne'er from me be parted—fired

With passion—kiss'd my lips, all trembling o'er

Like his. The book was pandar to our thought,

And he that wrote. That day we read no more.”

Thus, while one spake, that other spirit was wrought  
To such a flood of tears, that with the swell  
Of pity all my sense was quite o'erfraught;  
And, as a lifeless body falls, I fell.

CIACCO, THE GLUTTON.

INFERNO, C. VI. VER. 34—100.

Now pass we 'mid the shades, from that dire storm  
For shelter pent, and think our feet to rest  
On each substantial-seeming, empty form.  
All on the ground lay stretch'd, together press'd,  
Save one, who, as he saw us passing by,  
Upraised him on his seat, and thus address'd.  
“O thou, through this dark region forced to ply!  
See if thou canst my features call to mind,  
Since thou wast made ere yet unmade was I.”  
To whom I thus—“The torments here assign'd  
May be the cause that, when I view thy face,  
I can no trace of past remembrance find.  
Then tell me who thou art, that to a place  
So sad art doom'd, and to such grievous pain,  
Unmatch'd, if not in keenness, in disgrace.”  
Then he—“Thy city, which, in every vein,  
O'erflows with envy, as its vital blood.  
Claim'd me for hers thro' life's delightful reign.  
Your townsmen call'd me *Hog*—name well bestow'd  
For swinish vice, that did my substance waste,  
And left me wallowing in this miry flood.

Nor I alone—sad spirit—here am placed ;

All these, my comrades, a like penance pay  
For like offence committed.”—Here he ceased.

And I to him—“ Ciacco, thy sufferings weigh  
So heavy as my inmost heart to wring.

But, if thou know'st, what future fortunes, say,  
Will guilt to our divided city bring ?

Is any just one there ?—and what the source  
Whence thosesobitter streams of discord spring ?”

Then he to me—“ After long trial of force,

They'll turn to bloodshed, and the selvage side  
Shall drive the other forth without remorse.

Yet, ere three suns have roll'd, that other's pride  
Shall humbled be, and those prevail again

By help of one, who flatters to preside.

Long shall these last their lofty port maintain,

And to a grievous yoke their rivals bend ;

As one who dares not breathe his fierce disdain.

Two Just are there—but none their cry attend.

Pride, envy, avarice, are the sparks that fire  
Their breasts, until the flames o'er earth extend.”

And here the lamentable notes expire.

Then I—“ More knowledge to impart is thine ;  
And further converse with thee I require.

Those of Uberti' and Adimari's line ;

Mosca, and Rusticucci ; with the rest

Who made the general good their grand design—

Say, where are they, and what their place of rest ?

For strong desire to learn, if bliss or woe,

In heaven or hell, possess them, fills my breast.”

“ Their lot,” he said, “ is with the damn’d below ;  
There doom’d to dwell for crimes of various dye.  
Thou’lt see them there ; if thou so deep do go.  
But, when thou dost review the happier sky,  
I pray thee, make my name remember’d be.  
No more I say, nor longer make reply.”

His steadfast eyes he now askance on me  
A moment’s space inclined—then bent his head,  
And, falling, join’d his blinded company.

“ Ne’er shall he rise again,” the master said,  
“ Until the archangel’s trump shall pierce the  
gloom ;

When to his sovereign judge he shall be led ;  
Then each shall re-possess his dreary tomb,  
His cast-off flesh, and pristine form, renew,  
And hear pronounced his everlasting doom.”

### PHILIPPO ARGENTI.

INFERNO, C. VIII. VER. 31—64.

WHILST we were hurrying o’er the stagnant slime,  
One rose before me, smear’d with mud, and cried,  
“ Say, who art thou, that comest before thy time ?”

“ I come not to remain”—I strait replied—

“ But who art thou that art disfigured so ?”

“ Behold me—one of them that weep”—he cried.  
And I to him—“ With weeping and with wo,  
Do thou accurséd spirit, still remain ;

Since, tho’ so grimed with filth, thy face I know.”

Then toward the bark both hands he stretch'd amain.

The wary master seized, and backward flung ;

Saying, " Begone, with all thy yelping train !"

Then with both arms about my neck he clung,

Kissing my cheek, and " Lofty Spirit !" cried,

" Thrice blessèd be the womb whence thou art sprung !

He, living, was so mark'd for hateful pride,

No note of goodness doth his name adorn ;

And still his spirit swells with passion's tide.

How many, who walk, as if for empire born,

On earth, will wallow here, like hogs in sty,

Leaving no memory of themselves, but scorn !"

—" Master, 'twould glad my soul," I made reply,

To see him plunged in this abhorréd mire,

Or e'er we cease the dismal lake to ply."

And he—" Thine eyes shall view what they require,

Or e'er the water's bound appears in sight.

'Tis meet thou shouldst attain thy soul's desire."

Then, sudden, with such rancorous, fell despite,

That mud-stain'd gang upon the caitiff bore,

Remember'd, still it fills me with delight.

" Down with Philippo Argenti ! Down !" they roar -

Whereon such madness all his sense o'ercame,

With his own fangs his flesh the caitiff tore.

There left we him, whom now I cease to name.

## DANTE AND FARINATA.

## INFERNO, C. X.

Now by a secret path our way we find  
Betwixt the wall, and those who, martyr'd, burn;  
My master first—I following close behind—  
“Virtue supreme! who dost at pleasure turn  
My steps,” I ask'd, “amidst those circles dread,  
Speak, and resolve me what I long to learn.  
O say, may those who here lie sepulchréd  
Be seen by man?—Already open'd wide  
Are all the lids, and none to guard the dead.”  
—Those tombs again shall close,” he thus replied,  
Soon as, from Josaphat they hither hie,  
And bring their bodies, cast till then aside.  
On this side of the fiery charnel lie,  
With Epicurus, all his crew profane,  
Who teach that spirits with their bodies die.  
Here all thy mind's desire thou shalt obtain;  
Both what in open speech thou cravest to hear,  
And more—the secret wish thy thoughts contain.”  
“If all my heart I shew not, 'tis through fear  
(I said) “thine ears with needless words to tire;  
Following the pattern of thy style severe.”  
—“O Tuscan! thou who, through the city' of fire,  
Of speech so gentle, passest, yet alive,  
Here, may it please thee, rest at my desire.  
Thy tongue bears witness that thou dost derive

Thy being from that glorious native land,  
Wherewith, perchance, I did too rudely strive.”  
Such, from a tomb’s enclosure nigh at hand,  
The sounds that sudden burst ; whereat, for fear,  
I closer to the master took my stand ;  
Who thus to me—“ Turn back ! why press so near ?  
Lo, Farinata ! His the form you see  
Raised from the waist above the vault appear.”  
And now my face on his was fix’d, while he,  
As one who look’d on hell with deep disdain,  
Erected stood, with breast and forehead free.  
Whereat my ready guide, with might and main,  
Me tow’rds him thrust between those vaults apace,  
And said, “ Take heed thy utter’d words be plain !”  
When by his tomb I stood, his earnest face  
Scann’d mine awhile : then, in disdainful guise  
He spake ; “ Thy fathers who ? and what thy race ?”  
I, prompt to do his will, in brief replies  
His doubts resolved, making disclosure free.  
“ Fiercely they stood,” he said, and from his eyes  
Raised the proud lids a space, “ opposed to me,  
To me and mine, my lineage and my side ;  
And twice like chaff I made their quarrel flee !”  
“ Nay, and if so it were,” I strait replied,  
“ Tho’ scatter’d twice, they twice re-entry made ;  
An art thy friends with worse success have tried.”  
And now, no lower than the chin display’d,  
A second spirit I beheld arise,  
Kneeling (methought) beside the former shade.  
He look’d around me with inquiring eyes,

As if in hope some other form to see ;  
But when he found the search was vain, with sighs  
He said, " If high exalted genius be  
The guide that leads thee thro' this dungeon blind,  
Where is my son ?—and wherefore not with thee ?"  
Then I to him—" Not by myself I find  
Admittance here ; but by one greater led,  
Once held in scorn, perhaps, by Guido's mind."  
Such answer made I to the imprison'd dead,  
Since, in his speech, and in the form of woe  
Endured, I from the first his name had read.  
Then, sudden starting up, he ask'd, " How so ?  
Saidst thou, *Once held* ?—Is he still living, say,  
Or doom'd no more the bless'd light to know ?"  
But when he found ensue some brief delay  
Ere I made answer to his fond request,  
He dropp'd supine, entomb'd as erst he lay.  
Meanwhile, that first heroic spirit possess'd  
Firm, and unmoved, his stand—unchanged in hue,  
Or feature ; and these words to me address'd,  
Continuing where he left—" And, grant it true,  
They ill that art have learnt, so keen the thought,  
More tortures thence than from this bed accrue.  
Yet ere the queen who reigneth here have caught  
A fiftieth light on her resplendent horn,  
That art shalt thou, and that art's worth, be taught ;  
And as to the pleasant world thou hopest return,  
The reason of those harsh unequal laws  
Against my race enacted, let me learn."  
—" Of those most solemn acts," said I, " the cause



Is Arbia's flood, that ran distain'd with red  
By that day's dreadful slaughter." Here, a pause  
He made, and, sadly sighing, waved his head,  
Then spake—" Yet there I did not singly stand,  
Nor without cause had join'd that conflict dread.  
But singly there I stood, where all our band  
Gave leave that Florence should no longer be ;  
And singly, did the fell decree withstand."  
—" So may thy race at length from ban be free,"  
(I thus adjured him) " as the doubtful knot  
Thou solvest, which now holds fast my phantasy.  
It seems ye view, if I mistake it not,  
Before-hand, things not yet brought forth to light,  
While all the present are like things forgot."  
" We view like one that hath distemper'd sight,  
"Those things," he said, "which at a distancelie—  
Such gleams are sent us by the Lord of Might.  
But when the far-seen objects press more nigh,  
Our sense is vain ; and of your human state  
We nothing know unless from passers by.  
Hence mayst thou comprehend how dark the state  
Of all our knowledge from that point of time  
That closes of futurity the gate."  
Repentant then of my unthinking crime,  
I bade him to that other fallen one say  
His son still breathed in this our mortal clime.  
" Tell him, moreover, if I made delay  
In answering, 'twas that I then ponder'd o'er  
A doubt which now thy words have chased away."  
And now my master call'd ; whereat the more

Eager I begg'd the hostile spirit to shew  
Who were his partners on that dismal shore.  
“ I rest,” he said, “ ’mid thousands here below.  
The second Frederick yonder tomb doth hold ;  
The cardinal this ; the rest forbear to know ! ”  
Then plunged beneath—I toward that poet old  
My steps address'd, retracing in my mind  
The words that of my fate so darkly told.  
Onward he moved, and, moving, in this kind  
Made question, “ Wherefore so disturb'd by fear ? ”  
Which when I had resolved him, he rejoin'd,  
With sage advice, “ Deep in thy bosom bear  
The import of that stern prophetic lore.  
And now these words attend ”—(with fingers here  
Upraised he spake,)—“ when thou shalt stand before  
Her gracious beam, whose bright eye all surveys,  
Thy path of life she will assist to explore.”  
Then to the left he turn'd, and through the maze,  
Quitting the wall, a midway path we chose,  
That to a hollow place our steps conveys,  
When through the air a noisome stench arose.

## PETER DE VINEIS.

INFERNO, C. XIII. VER. 1—108.

THE centaur scarce had reach'd the further shore,  
 When in a pathless wood ourselves we found.  
 No verdant hues the cluster'd foliage bore,  
 But all with melancholy shade embrown'd;  
 No tall clean stems were there; but gnarl'd and  
 twined:  
 No fruits; but thorns that venom sprinkled round:  
 No brake so rude, so tangled, and so blind,  
 Do savage beasts that loathe the cultured field  
 Between Cecina and Cornetto find.  
 Here their foul nests the abhorred harpies build,  
 Who drove the Trojans from the Strophades,  
 And warning sad of future woes reveal'd.  
 Broad wings are theirs, with human visages:  
 Their feet are claw'd, and plumed their paunch  
 profound,  
 And loud their wailings on those gnarléd trees.  
 Then thus the master—"On the second round,  
 Know thou hast enter'd, ere thou further stray;  
 And here must 'bide, until thy feet have found  
 To the realm of scorching sand their onward way.  
 But look! and things may haply soon appear,  
 Which will give credit to my mystic lay."  
 Now sad laments on every side I hear,  
 But none may note from whom the sounds proceed;

Whereat I stay my steps, aghast with fear.  
Belike he deem'd that I believed, indeed,  
The voices were of ambush'd men, who lay  
Midst the thick shade, in wait for desperate deed.  
Then said the master—"Do but rend away  
From one of those poor plants the smallest bough;  
And thou wilt learn how groundless thy dismay."  
Now stretch'd I forth my hand a space, and now  
From an old thorn one slender twig I tore;  
Whereat it cried—"Me wherefore rendest thou?"  
And down the trunk ran drops of sable gore.  
Then it began anew—"Why torturest me?  
Hast thou no pity—no remorse—in store?  
Though rooted here, we once were men like thee;  
Yet, had we not been man- but serpent-sprung,  
Thou might'st have shewn us more humanity"—  
As when we light a green-wood bough, ere long,  
While one end burns, the other seems to sigh,  
And hisses to the wind that sweeps along—  
So from that stump, together burst the cry,  
And oozed the blood; then dropp'd I to the ground  
The sever'd branch, and stood bewilder'd by.—  
"If that, now seen, at first had credence found,  
Thou injured soul," resumed my guardian friend,  
"Taught by those strains which thro' the world  
resound,  
He had not stretch'd his hand thy bark to rend.  
But I, because the fact surpass'd belief,  
Urged him, which now I grieve, my doubts to end.  
But tell him who thou wast, that so thy grief,

When he, returning, sounds thy fame among  
The sons of earth, may find some small relief.”  
Then thus the trunk; “So winning is thy tongue,  
It courts reply; nor let it thee displease  
If I should haply my discourse prolong.  
Know, I am he who held the double keys  
Of Frederick’s heart, and turn’d them round and  
round,  
Locking, and then unlocking, with such ease,  
Scarce any but myself admittance found  
Into his breast; and with such truth I served  
My sacred charge, as did my life confound.  
The harlot—she whose gloating eyes ne’er swerved  
From Cæsar’s house—that all-corrupting pest—  
That vice, the special bane for courts reserved—  
Too soon inflamed against me every breast.  
They, fired, Augustus fired. To bitterest pain  
My joys thus changed, my honours dispossess’d,  
My soul o’erwhelm’d with rage of fierce disdain,  
In thought, by death to find escape from scorn,  
I wrong’d myself, while seeking others’ gain.  
But, by this tender sapling’s roots new-born  
I swear, I never broke my loyal plight  
To him whose soul those regal gifts adorn;  
And, if again thou see the cheerful light,  
The honours of my memory, O restore,  
Yet prostrate laid from envy’s cruel blight!”  
The poet waited till his speech was o’er,  
Then thus address’d me—“Let not time be lost;  
But speak, and ask him, if thou seek’st for more.”

And I—"Whate'er thou think'st will boot me most  
To know, thou rather bid him to reveal.

I cannot—so my heart by grief is cross'd."

Then he—"Imprison'd spirit! wouldst thou feel  
Assured, he freely will perform thy prayer,  
Do thou with his desire as freely deal.

How in these knotted trunks the vital air  
Is chain'd and pent—and if from limbs like those  
Escapes it ever—all thou canst, declare."

Then from the labouring trunk deep groans arose,  
Follow'd by human speech; and this the sound.

"The things ye seek I will in brief disclose.

When the ferocious spirit away doth bound  
From fleshly bonds which its own hands unloose,  
Minos condemns it to the seventh dark round.

In the wood it falls; nor there its place may choose;  
But, wheresoever chance its lot may throw,

There like some buried grain, new life endues;

Thence to a shrub; then, forest tree doth grow;

Then loathsome harpies on its verdure feed,

And make a vent for pangs themselves bestow.

We, like the rest, may seek our cast-off weed,

But ne'er, like others, re-invest the spoil.

Who spends, must lose; for so hath heaven decreed.

Here shall we drag our bodies on with toil,  
And on the thorn that holds his spirit confined,  
Each one suspended keep his mortal coil."

## LANO AND SANT' ANDREA.

INFERNO, C. XIII. VER. 109 TO THE END.

STILL did the trunk our mute attention bind,  
 As thinking it had other things to tell;  
 When sounds, as of a rushing mighty wind,  
 Assail'd our ears; as if, with thundering swell  
 Burst the wild cry of boar and dogs in suit,  
 'Mid crash of forest boughs, with roar and yell.  
 And lo! two from the left hand seem'd to shoot,  
 Naked, and torn with briars, and scant of breath,  
 Down-bearing every fence that barr'd their route.  
 The fore-most cried, "O help! O help me, Death!"  
 His follower, all impatient of delay,  
 Shouted, "Not so thy running spared thy breath,  
 Lano! at those jousts were held on Toppo's day."  
 Then fail'd his strength; and in a bush he fell,  
 That form'd one substance with him where he lay.  
 Behind them, every glade and bosky dell  
 Teem'd with black mastiff bitches, gaunt and fleet  
 As greyhounds, just set loose from keeper's spell.  
 Soon on the wretch who there had fix'd his seat  
 They stuck their fangs, and piece-meal bore away  
 His writhing limbs; whereon my guide discreet  
 Soft took me by the hand, and led the way  
 Into that mangled thicket; which in vain  
 Moan'd thro' its gaping rents, and thus 'gan say—

“ O Sant’ Andrèa ! wherefore art thou fain  
 To make my innocent head thy leafy screen ?  
 Why am I sadden’d with thy guilt’s dark stain ?”  
 When as the master’s eye somehow had been  
 Upon him fix’d, he said, “ And who art thou  
 Who sigh’st forth words those streaming wounds  
 between ?”

And he to us—“ Ye living souls, who now  
 Come here to witness the foul havoc made  
 Upon their branching arms and leafy brow,  
 O lay my gather’d spoils beneath the shade !  
 I from that city sprang, which whilom changed  
 Its patron for the Baptist’s powerful aid.  
 Sithence, to deadly foe the god, estranged,  
 Was turn’d ; and, but that Arno still doth keep  
 His poor remains with reverend fear arranged,  
 Those citizens who her foundations deep  
 Anew from Attila’s smouldering ashes laid,  
 Had raised, with all their toil, a worthless heap.  
 —I of my father’s house my gibbet made.”

### DANTE AND CASELLA.

PURGATORIO, C. II. VER. 67 TO THE END

THE souls, of late so bent the ascent to scale,  
 Knew by my breathing I was still alive,  
 Whereat they turn’d with wonder ashy pale ;



And as the populace, when it sees arrive  
An olive-bearing herald, throngs to hear  
The news, all heedless whom they goad and drive,  
So did that troop of blessed spirits appear  
Forgetful quite, while gazing on my face,  
Of those bright robes they were about to wear.  
Then saw I one, who rush'd to my embrace  
Before the others, with such ardent glow  
Of love as old affection joys to trace.  
O shadows, vain unless in outward show !—  
Thrice round that empty form mine arms I threw,  
Which empty thrice return'd, confounding so  
My senses all, that in mine alter'd hue  
The shades observing, smiled—then pass'd away.  
I following still advanced as he withdrew ;  
Whereat he with sweet accent bade me stay.  
Then knew I who he was, and to abide,  
And grant a moment's converse, did him pray.  
“ As I did love thee living,” he replied,  
“ I love thee now, from mortal coil set free,  
So rest : but thou ? what leads thee to my side ? ”  
“ The upper world in hope again to see,  
I, my Casella, have this journey ta'en ;  
But why was all this earth withdrawn from thee ? ”  
He answer'd—“ Of no wrong I dare complain,  
If he who, when and whom he chooses, takes,  
Hath doom'd I oft should passage seek in vain ;  
Since of just will his own free will he makes.  
But now, these three months past, he ushers o'er,  
With special grace, whoe'er his aid bespeaks ;

Whence I, who then had turn'd me to the shore  
Where Tyber's waters mingle with the brine,  
Benign reception from his mercy bore,  
Who thither spreads his sail, where all combine,  
E'en at that river's mouth, that are not bound  
To that sad coast which Acheron's waves confine."

Then I—" Unless new customs quite confound  
Use or remembrance of that amorous strain  
Which, erst, desire in soft enjoyment drown'd,  
So may it please thee charm my spirit again  
Some little space, o'erwearied and distress'd  
By toilsome travel to this distant plain."

*Love, that doth hold communion with my breast—*  
(He thus began, with notes so heavenly sweet,  
Their cadence still is on my soul imprest).

Therewith, those strains contentment so complete  
Diffused o'er all who there admiring stood,  
They seem'd alone to chain the reason's seat.  
Enrapt in mute attention, we pursued  
The enchanting maze, until that consul old  
At length exclaim'd, "O tardy, thoughtless brood,  
Why stand ye loitering here, in act so cold?  
Go!—to the mountain haste!—then purge away  
The film that will not let you God behold!"

Then, as a flock of pigeons, in array  
Collected, at their meal of grain or tare,  
Without their wonted pride of vain display—  
If aught arouse their terrors unaware,  
Sudden they quit their yet unfinish'd food,  
Because awaken'd to more instant care;

E'en so, that late assembled band I view'd,  
The song deserting, for the hill-side start,  
Like one who journeys in incertitude—  
Nor with less hurried step did we depart.

## MANFRED.

PURGATORIO, C. III. VER. 103 TO THE END.

THEN one of them began—" Whoe'er thou be,  
Thus moving onward, this way bend thine eye,  
And tell if e'er on earth thou didst me see."  
Tow'rds him I turn'd, and view'd him steadfastly.  
Light skinn'd, well favour'd, and of noble air—  
But a deep gash had scarr'd his forehead high.  
Him humbly I disclaim'd, as one I ne'er  
Before had seen; whereat he said, " Behold!"  
And show'd a wound that on his breast he bare.  
Then, smiling, thus his name and lineage told.  
" Manfredam I—of the Empress Constance heir;  
And therefore pray thee, when thou tread'st on  
mould,  
Thou to my royal daughter do repair,  
(Whom Spain and Sicily hold in reverence due,)  
And give her of my fate the truth to hear—  
That when two mortal strokes had traversed thro'  
My earthly frame, I render'd up my sprite,  
In tears, to Him who pardons them that sue.  
Huge were my sins; but goodness infinite

Hath arms so wide, that in their vast embrace  
All things that seek its sheltering shade unite.  
And, if Cosenza's shepherd, whom in chase  
Of me that unrelenting pontiff sent,  
Had in God's holy word survey'd his face,  
My bones had still, in hallow'd burial pent,  
At the bridge head, by Benevento, lain  
Safe guarded by their rude-piled monument.  
Now are they stirr'd with wind, and drench'd with  
rain,  
Where, driven by him beyond the kingdom's  
bound,  
On Verdè's brink they unanneal'd remain.  
Yet not this interdict hath power to bound  
Eternal love, or its return deny,  
While hope is still with verdant freshness crown'd.  
'Tis true, who'er in contumacy die  
'Gainst holy church, though they at last repent,  
Must on this outer shore forbidden lie  
Full thrice ten-fold the period they have spent  
In course presumptuous, if the stern decree  
Be not by virtuous prayers to mercy bent;  
And hence how vast the service, mayst thou see,  
If to my dear Costanza thou make plain  
Our converse, and the sentence pass'd on me,  
And what remission prayer may still obtain."

## SORDELLO.

PURGATORIO, C. VI. VER. 59 TO THE END.

THEN I—"My good conductor, let us haste—  
 For strength no longer fails me, as before—  
 And see the hill a lengthening shadow cast!"  
 "So long as day-light serves to guide us o'er  
 The toilsome road, we will not pause," he said;  
 And yet thy words some shape of error bore:  
 For still, or e'er thou reach the mountain's head,  
 Thou'lt see Him back return, whose hidden ray  
 Is now unbroken by thine upward tread.  
 But lo! some spirit there appears to stay  
 All lonely, and on us directs its sight:  
 'Twill teach us to our point the speediest way."  
 Then tow'rd's it we drew nigh.—O Lombard sprite!  
 How haughty and disdainful was thine air!  
 How roll'd thine eyes, majestically bright!  
 No words the shadow spake, and let us fare  
 Strait onward, whilst it view'd us, passing by,  
 Like to a lion, couching in his lair.  
 But Virgil pray'd him, as we drew more nigh,  
 That he would show us where we best might climb  
 The ascent—whereto he deign'd not aught reply;  
 But ask'd our country, and our life's pass'd time.  
 "Mantua"—my guide began—but had not traced  
 Another word, when, from the trance sublime  
 That held him rapt, the spirit sprang forth in haste,

And "Mantua!" cried—"Thy countryman am I,  
Sordello." Each the other then embraced.  
Ah, woe's dark hostel! Bond-slave Italy!  
Ship without pilot, on tempestuous main!  
Not queen of states, but sink of harlotry!  
That high heroic spirit was full fain,  
Even at the sweet voice of his native air,  
To greet a townsman with fraternal strain;  
And now thy living sons each other tear  
With mutual rage; aye, those who circled round  
By the same moat and the same rampart are.  
Seek, wretched one! from this to the other bound,  
Thy sea-coasts through, then look into thy breast!  
See if in any nook sweet peace be found!  
What boots it, so the saddle be not press'd,  
Justinian's hand the bridle erst restored?  
So much the more thy vileness stands confest.  
Ah tribe, that shouldst submit thee to thy lord,  
And let great Cæsar his just seat obtain,  
If thou hadst read aright God's holy word!  
Who now that furious beast can hope restrain,  
That never felt the rider's sovereignty,  
Since thou hast taken in thine hands the rein?  
O German Albert! who hast let go free  
Her, so untameable and savage grown,  
And shouldst have fork'd her flanks with grasping  
knee;  
May the just judgment of the stars be shown  
Upon thy blood; and signal be it, so  
As thy successor may with trembling own;

For that ye let the imperial garden grow  
(Thou and thy sire) a wilderness, while ye  
Are hot for conquests o'er some northern foe !  
Come ! hither come ! Verona's nobles see,  
And Orvieto's—men devoid of thought !  
These lost already—those in jeopardy.  
Come, cruel ! come ! behold the oppression wrought  
Upon thine own ; and heal their sufferings ! See,  
What safety may to Santafor' be brought !  
Come, and behold thy Rome ! How mourneth she  
A lonesome widow, crying, night and day,  
“ My Cæsar ! wherefore shun my company ? ”  
Come, see thy people—what the love they pay  
Each other—and, if no compassion move,  
At least let honour in thy bosom sway !  
And, may I dare to ask—O highest Jove,  
Who, for us men, on earth wast crucified !  
Wilt thou not view us from thy seat above ?  
Or is that secret good thou dost provide  
In the deep abyss of wisdom infinite,  
So wholly to our misty sense denied,  
That all Italia's realms are peopled quite  
With tyrants, and each villain partisan  
Is hail'd Marcellus in his country's right ?  
My native Florence !—Thou untouch'd mayst scan  
This free digression—it concerns thee not—  
Thanks to thy people, and their sage divan.  
*Some* justice hold at heart, though fear of blot  
Doth make that they are slow in taking aim ;  
But *thine* are ever ready for the shot.

*Some* shrink from charge of state through modest  
shame ;

But *thine* are eager for the yoke, and cry,  
(Or ere invited,) “ I the burthen claim.”

Now then be glad—as thou hast reason why—

Thou wealthy ! thou at peace ! thou grave and sage !

And, sooth to say, the facts all open lie.

Athens and Sparta, who, in the olden age

Gave laws, and were so skill'd in civil lore,

Threw but a glimmering light on wisdom's page,

Compared with thee, who makest such subtle store

Of laws, the thread that's in October spun

Will scarce hold out the half November o'er.

How oft, within the circuit of the sun,

Laws, coinage, customs, hast thou alter'd quite,

And all thy ranks dismember'd, one by one !

That, if thou wilt but think, and view aright,

Thou'lt see thyself like one who, rack'd with pain,

Tosses on bed of down the live-long night,

And, ever turning, seeks repose in vain.

### CONRAD MALASPINA.

PURGATORIO, C. VIII. 1—18. VER. 109 TO THE END.

'Twas now the hour that wakes desire anew,

Melting the heart, in men at sea, the day

They to sweet friends have bidden long adieu—

That thrills with love the pilgrim on his way,

(Late parted,) if some distant chime he hear



Seeming to mourn the sun's expiring ray ;  
 When I began to close my vacant ear  
   On speech ; and saw a spirit above the rest,  
   As if it audience claim'd, itself uprear.  
 Both palms it join'd, and raised, and tow' rds the east  
   Earnestly gazed, as if to God above,  
   All else despised, that gesture were address'd.  
 " Te lucis ante," with such ardent love,  
   And such sweet cadence, from its lips then fell,  
   That my whole self out of myself it drove.  
 The others after, with like dulcet swell,  
   And eyes still watching the supernal wheels,  
   Pursued to the close that solemn canticle.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The shade, which, beckon'd by Gallura's sign,  
   Obedient came, through that debate stood nigh,  
   Nor turn'd his eyes from gazing full on mine.  
 " So may the lamp that lights thy road on high  
   Find in thy will of oil such ample share  
   As needs to reach the azure-vaulted sky,"  
 (It thus began,) " if thou to me declare  
   What news of Valdimagra thou may'st know,  
   Or bordering lands—to me, once mighty there—  
 Currado Malaspina call'd—who owe  
   My lineage to an elder of that name,  
   Once loved with flames that now more brightly  
   glow."  
 " The land," I said, " which for your own you claim  
   I ne'er beheld ; but where doth he abide,  
   All Europe thro', who hath not heard its fame ?

—Your kindred's fame—for rumour, far and wide,  
 Extols that land—its chiefs and fair estate.  
 To yield them honour due, demands no guide.  
 I swear—so may I reach heaven's distant gate—  
 The praise thy race for liberal hearts hath owed,  
 And valiant hands, doth not one jot abate.  
 But use and nature join'd have grace bestow'd,  
 While baser reptiles trace their crooked line,  
 To walk strait on, and spurn the evil road."  
 Then he—"Now go! the sun may not recline  
 Seven times his head upon the couch where lays  
 Its feet outspread the Ram's celestial sign,  
 Ere that fair judgment which thy tongue conveys  
 Shall in thy brain be driven with stronger nail  
 Than by the force of rumour's distant praise—  
 If so the course of justice do not fail."

#### PROVENZANO SALVANI.

PURGATORIO, C. XI. VER. 90 TO THE END.

"O EMPTY pride of human power and skill!  
 How soon the verdure on thy summit dies  
 If no dark following years sustain it still!  
 Cimabue thought the painter's honour'd prize  
 Alone to bear; yet Giotto's brighter fame  
 Now veils his glory from admiring eyes.  
 In letters thus, a younger Guido's name  
 Out-cries the elder's; and perchance is born  
 One who from both the envied meed shall claim.

The praise of the world is but a vapour, borne  
Now this, now that way, by each wind that blows,  
And changes still its name at every turn.  
Ere thousand years are pass'd—(a space, that shows  
To endless time like twinkling of an eye  
To slowest orbs that heaven's vast circuit knows)  
How will thy fame be more, if, scathed and dry  
With age, thou cast thy slough, than if, before  
Thy childish bawbles are renounced, thou die?  
E'en he—advanced so small a space before  
Thy steps—through all Hetruria erst renown'd—  
Scarce in Sienna now is heard of more;  
Her ruler once, what time she did confound  
The rage of Florence, when her pride was new,  
And lofty, as she now is abject found.  
Your worldly fame is like the grass in hue,  
That comes and goes; by the same power decay'd  
As first from teeming earth its freshness drew."  
Then I—"Thy words of truth have quite allay'd  
The tumours of my breast, and quell'd my pride.  
But who is he of whom thou hast mention made?"  
'Tis Provenzan Salvani," he replied;  
Here placed, because with tyrant sway the state  
Of Sienna he alone presumed to guide.  
Thus hath he gone, and goes, nor e'er can wait,  
Since death; and such the quittance he must pay,  
Who ventured, while alive, too dear a rate."  
Then I again—"Since spirits, that delay  
Repentance until life's extremest hour,  
Linger below, denied to mount this way,

(If prayer assist not with its saving power,)  
As long a term as they on earth did bide—  
How could his soul ascend this mountain tower?"

"When at the height of glory," he replied,  
"In Sienna's market-place he boldly stood,  
Respect of dignity all cast aside;  
And there, to free his friend from servitude  
In dark Sicilian prison forced to endure,  
Held it no shame to assume the suppliant mood.  
No more—I know my words seem now obscure;  
But soon thy neighbours by their arts shall make  
Their meaning plain. This good work wrought  
his cure;  
And from the abyss he is rescued for its sake."

#### THE PRAISES OF ANCIENT FLORENCE.

PARADISO, C. XV. VER. 97 TO THE END.

FLORENCE, inclosed within that ancient round,  
That calls her still to morn and even prayer,  
Sober and chaste, in pristine peace was found.  
Her dames nor carkanet nor crown did wear,  
Nor 'broider'd shoon; nor did the fair one's zone  
Attract the gazer, than herself more fair.  
Not yet a daughter's birth made fathers groan  
With thinking of the marriage and the dower,  
Earlier in years, and more in measure grown.  
No houses then, in faction's vengeful hour,  
Were desert made; no soft Assyrian wight

Yet taught lascivious arts in lady's bower :  
 Not yet the traveller saw a statelier sight  
     In Arno's vale, than Tiber's : soon to be  
     Lower in fall, as loftier in our height.  
 Then might you Bellincione Berti see  
     In bone-clasp'd leathern belt; and, from her glass,  
     His dame, with face unvarnish'd, follow free ;  
 The lords of Nerli and of Vecchio pass  
     In plain buff jerkin for their only wear,  
     And arm'd with distaff every high-born lass.  
 Thrice happy !—sure sepulchral rites to share  
     In native soil, and none yet left to press  
     A lonely couch, exchanged for Gallic air.  
 Her cradled charge with matron watchfulness  
     One lull'd asleep to the selfsame strains that, troll'd  
     From infant lips, are wont the sire to bless—  
 Another at her wheel grave legends told,  
     To entertain her circling family,  
     Of Rome, or Fiesole, or Ilium old.  
 It had been then far greater prodigy  
     A shameless quean, or ermined knave, to meet,  
     Than Cato or Cornelia now to see.  
 In so composed a state, and so complete,  
     Of civil life—by rules so simple sway'd,  
     With mutual faith,—and in a home so sweet,  
 My birth was quicken'd by the virgin's aid.  
     Christian at once, and Cacciaguida, there,  
     In our great baptistery was I made :  
 Moronto and Elisey my brethren were.  
     My wife from Po's wide-water'd valley came,

And gave thee Alighieri's name to bear.  
 Imperial Conrad's soldier I became ;  
 And, at his word, the sword of knighthood drew ;  
 Such meed my valiant acts were thought to claim.  
 I follow'd him against that lawless crew  
 Of impious creed, who now usurp the sway  
 That, by the shepherd's fault, is lost to you.  
 There—by that race detested stripp'd away  
 From my freed spirit the world's deceitful vest,  
 For which so many souls perdition pay,—  
 I reach'd through martyrdom this haven of rest.

#### DANTE AND CACCIAGUIDA.

PARADISO, C. 17, VER. 13 TO THE END.

“ O THOU, my honour'd stem, who soar'st so high,  
 That thou canst view contingent things as clear  
 As to the sight obtuse of mortal eye  
 The plainest geometric truths appear,  
 From ever gazing at that point, whereto  
 Times, past and present, all alike are near ;—  
 Whilst I, with Virgil, did the path pursue  
 Which upward climbs the soul-renewing mount,  
 And death's eternal mansions journey'd through,  
 I heard dark words pronounced, of grave account,  
 Touching my future fate—myself who feel  
 Well squared, the assaults of fortune to surmount ;  
 Wherefore the chances of her varying wheel  
 Full fain I would be taught :—the arrow's flight,

Before-hand track'd, a gentler wound may deal."  
These words I utter'd to that friendly light

Which first address'd me; and, as my gentle guide  
Enjoin'd, my strong desire brought forth to sight.

Nor with response oracular,—such as tried

The nations, lost in ignorance, before

The Lamb of God, that bears our sins, had died,  
But in plain terms of homely Latin lore,

Answer'd that love paternal, which the light

Perpetual of its self-fruition wore.

“Contingency, whose place is out of sight,

Beyond the tablet of your mortal mould,

Is pictured all to vision infinite.

Yet hereunto Necessity doth hold

No more, than to the visual orbs, that see

A vessel downwards by the current roll'd.

Thence, as to the ear celestial harmony

From organ breathes, even so mine eyes embrace

The time, in the womb of fate prepared for thee.

As erst Hippolytus his native place

Thro' cruel step-dame's arts was forced to shun,

So must thou from thy Florence turn thy face.

Such the high will; and such the thread that's spun,

And must ere long entwine thee, where the Lord

Is bought and sold, from morn till set of sun.

Rude clamour, as is wont, will hail the sword

That gives offence; but vengeance, sure tho' slow,

Will witness to dispensing truth afford.

Thou shalt be taught, reluctant, to forego

All dear delights, most fondly cherish'd.

This the first arrow shot from exile's bow.  
How salt the savour of another's bread  
Then shalt thou prove ; how rugged next the road,  
Both up and down, another's stairs to tread.  
And, what shall press thee with a heavier load,  
Will be the vile and worthless company  
Destined with thee to share this dread abode.  
Mad, impious, and ungrateful, thou shalt see  
All leagued against thee ; yet, in little space,  
Not thine, but theirs, the crimson'd front shall be ;  
Since their own course shall to their foul disgrace  
Bear witness, such, that thine shall be the gain  
In having chosen apart thy standing place.  
Thy first retreat—thy respite first from pain—  
Shall by that generous Lombard be assign'd,  
Whose ladder doth the sacred bird sustain.  
He shall behold thee with regard so kind,  
That, of request and grant, you two betwixt,  
That shall precede which, mostly, lags behind—  
And, with him, one, upon whose birth was fix'd  
So deep the impression of this martial star,  
That all his deeds shall with its fame be mix'd.  
Though not, as yet, apprised the nations are  
Of this his future brightness, o'er whose head  
But nine swift rounds hath roll'd the circling car ;  
Yet, ere, by Gascon artifice misled,  
Great Harry rue, his virtue forth shall send  
Bright sparks of largess and stout lustyhed.  
So wide the fame and glory shall extend  
Of his magnific acts, that e'en his foes,



Enforced, shall of his praises find no end.  
On him, and his vast worth, thy fate repose.  
Through him shall many learn their worldly fare,  
Beggars, and men of riches, to transpose :  
And, written in thy mind, thou this shalt bear  
Of him—but tell it not”—then things he said,  
Incredible e'en to those that present were,  
And added, “ thus unravel thou the thread  
Of what was told thee. Lo ! the page obscure  
Which some brief circling years shall open spread !  
Yet would I not thence envy should enure  
Of those thy neighbours ; as thy life's short span  
Beyond their guilt's impunity shall endure.”  
Soon as the spirit of that sainted man  
Had perfected the web which so I laid  
Before him, warp'd for weaving, I began ;  
Like one who, by perplexing doubts assay'd,  
Would fain a trusty friend's experienced rede  
(Wise, learn'd, and right-discerning,) call to aid—  
“ My father ! well I mark how swiftly speed  
The moments when this burthen I must bear,  
That heaviest is to him who takes no heed.  
The arms of fore-thought, then, 'tis meet I wear ;  
Nor, by too-forward zeal, all hope forego  
Of other homes, expell'd from that most dear.  
Down through the world of unremitting wo,  
And thorough the fair mountain, from whose  
height  
My lady's eyes the path to heaven did show,  
Thence thorough heaven itself, from light to light,

I've somewhat learn'd, which, if again 'twere told,  
Would prove to many cause of fell despite :  
And, if my zeal for truth were faint and cold,  
I fear I might with those no living find  
By whom things present will be counted old."  
Therewith the light that held within enshrined  
My new-found treasure, shot a beam that shone  
Like golden mirror, tow'rd the sun inclined ;  
Then answer'd—"Conscience, whether by its own  
Or others' shame, shorn of its native light,  
Will, certès, quail at what thy words make known.  
Nathless, do thou, in glosing falsehood's spite,  
Thy whole amazing vision's truth declare.  
Then, let the gall'd jade wince, thou standest right.  
What tho' thy words, when first received, may bear  
A bitter taste, they vital nutriment  
Will leave, when once they well digested are.  
Thus, as the wind the loftiest battlement  
Most rudely shakes, so thy loud voice shall be ;  
Nor this be of thy praise light argument.  
Therefore the spirits thou wast given to see  
In these blest orbs, that mountain, and yon vale  
Of tears, are those alone of high degree ;  
Seeing the mind of him who hears thy tale  
Will scarcely to example credence yield  
Of lowly root obscure, nor let prevail  
One proof, that is not, clear as day, reveal'd."

## IMITATIONS AND PARODIES.

SONG.—“ COULD A MAN BE SECURE.”

COULD a man be aware  
Of the turmoil and care  
That a life of ambition attend,  
Would he not cast away  
Every thought of to-day,  
And trifle and dream without end?

Would he not honey sip  
From each beautiful lip  
That is willing and ripe to be prest?  
Not embrace all the charms  
That fall into his arms,  
And wisely let pass all the rest?

Were the miser but told,  
Once or ere he grow old,  
“ All the treasure you leave will be lost—  
All the wealth that you’ve stored  
Can no premium afford  
To your ashes, nor profit your ghost”—

Could the soldier’s stern eye  
’Mid the battle descry,  
Thro’ the cannon’s loud thunder and smoke,

What a shade of a shade  
Is the idol he made,  
And the altar he built, what a joke—

Could the sage, nigh his urn,  
His vain learning unlearn,  
But this one piece of knowledge to scan ;  
That, howe'er he may prize  
The keen sight of his eyes,  
Yet the blindest of creatures is man—

Would the miser persist  
Still in closing his fist,  
The soldier his phantom embrace,  
Or again at his book  
The philosopher look,  
And the same endless diagrams trace ?

—And, if *you* had your way,  
Pretty moralist, say,  
Would you make a man's life worth his care ?  
Soon you'd hear him complain,  
“ Oh what trouble and pain  
To sit twisting the curls of her hair !”

Then no longer upbraid  
That boon Nature has made  
Stupid mortals to delve and to spin ;  
Were their labours untried,  
And their books laid aside,  
They'd soon fade and grow rotten within.

SONG.—“ SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.”

O LADY, could I e'er behold  
That face so brightly beaming,  
And not life's sunny hours regret  
When infant Love lay dreaming  
Upon thy breast of driven snow,  
Beneath thine eye's blue languish?—  
But, no! no! no! thy heart was safe;  
It cared not for his anguish.

The slighted boy at last awoke  
From that distracted slumber,  
And since has toy'd in sunny bowers  
'Mongst beauties without number.  
Yet still if by his pathway glides  
That form at evening lonely,  
Love every later dream forgets,  
His first remember'd only.

So wandering spirits, are we told,  
By sin from glory sunder'd,  
If but a gale blow o'er them, fraught  
With sweets from Eden plunder'd,  
The furrow'd lines of guilt and care  
Are at the moment vanish'd,  
And all their native heaven returns,  
As if they'd ne'er been banish'd.

## CHARADE.

A voice of wailing heard and loud lament  
From Sinai's rocks to fruitful Lebanon—  
The awful warning of destruction sent  
To Nineveh the great, and Babylon—  
Ruin, and utter desolation ;  
Thence to all nations, in the dark eclipse  
Floundering and sinking, of religion's sun,  
Denounced tremendous by the hallow'd lips  
Of him, the inspiréd bard that wrote the Apocalypse—

Behold my First. My Second lies conceal'd  
In words impervious to the noon-tide beam  
Where erst the mighty prophet who reveal'd  
The monarch of Assyria's mystic dream,  
And thence, borne onward by the viewless stream  
Of unborn ages, to the searching eye  
Of Faith has given its widest, amplest theme,  
Was doom'd in youth by tyrant power to lie  
A prey to fiercest beasts, who growl'd and pass'd  
him by.

—Both grandly dark—Behold yet darker frown  
Through the thick gloom of ages past away,  
Wearing the semblance of a kingly crown,  
With streaming beard, and locks of iron gray ;

Grim-visaged potentate, whose bloody sway  
Crimsons the eternal snows that gird the pole ;  
Whose name yet lives remember'd in the day  
When low in dust repentant bigots roll—  
Low, and with ashes soil'd—behold ! you have my  
Whole.

### THE ROADMAKERS :

A DOLEFUL BALLAD FOR THE YEAR 1825.

TUNE—"Ye gentlemen of England."

YE road-makers of England,  
Who sit and plan at ease,  
Ah ! little do ye think upon  
Our cherish'd lawns and trees !  
Give ear unto the gentlemen,  
And they will plainly show,  
All their cares and their fears,  
When a-measuring you go !

This goodly land of freedom,  
With all its bowers and halls,  
Is turning fast to turnpike roads,  
And prisons and canals.  
The sylvan elves and fairies  
Have vanish'd long ago ;  
Else what cries would arise  
When a-mapping it you go.

How merrily we jogged it  
O'er breezy hill and down,  
Till grateful rest, at eventide,  
Our daily toil did crown !  
Now, all our roads must level be ;  
Our pleasant hills laid low ;  
Whilst the mail, through each vale,  
Helter-skeltering doth go.

Our music's sole provider  
Must be the twanging horn,  
Now every thrush has left its bush,  
Each nightingale its thorn.  
Then to the sound of coaches,  
Since brooks have ceased to flow,  
Long and deep be your sleep  
Whilst a-rolling it you go.

Here freedom once was cherish'd,  
And Englishmen were bold  
To call their homes their castles, and  
Their lands secure to hold.  
But you despise our liberties,  
And laugh to scorn our wo,  
O'er our land, act in hand,  
Whilst a-parcelling you go.

Our lords and knights of parliament  
May grant what you require,  
While you but press to dispossess  
The humble country squire :



But keep from their park palings, or  
Full soon they'll make you know  
How they'll fight for their right,  
If a-levelling you'd go.

*You* prate of public spirit,  
And private ends pursue :  
*Our* fathers fought at Agincourt,  
Their sons at Waterloo.  
Our woods, our bought inheritance,  
Their blood hath made to grow ;  
And we'll flinch not an inch,  
Though a bullying you go.

If tyranny assails us,  
When England is at war,  
From any vaunting foreigners  
We fear not wound or scar.  
Then for our tyrants of the spade,  
The pickaxe and the hoe,  
All prepared stand on guard,  
Whilst a-rampaging they go.

Now courage, all brave gentlemen,  
Your honours forth advance,  
And yield to ne'er a despot yet,  
From Scotland nor from France.  
M\*\*\*\*\*m would reduce us all  
To break up stones, we know ;  
May our stones break his bones,  
When a-hammering he'll go.

## ADDITIONAL STANZAS FOR 1836.

But now M\*\*\*\*\*m's reign is o'er,  
And railways take his place,  
And fourteen miles an hour, or more,  
Is deem'd a snail's foot-pace.  
"Annihilate both space and time,  
To ease a lover's wo,"  
None need pray, now-a-day,  
While a-steaming it we go.

If so the price of iron  
Is risen cent. per cent.  
(As one from Sheffield, t'other day,  
Announced in parliament,)   
What wonder, then, that foundry-men,  
And lords of mines also,  
O'er the land, hand in hand  
With the levellers do go?

Now town with country lunches,  
And country dines with town,  
And England is the picture of  
The world turn'd upside down.  
Their griding irons pierce our souls,  
Their furnace makes us glow,—  
May B\*\*\*\*\*l broil as well  
If a-tunnelling he'll go!

SONG.—“THERE’S NOUGHT BUT CARE ON EVERY  
HAN’.”—(BURNS.)

THERE’S nought but iron on every han’,  
On every road one passes, O!  
What signifies the life of man,  
That mow’d down like the grass is, O!  
Hark! how it crashes, O!  
Whiz! how it flashes, O!  
Now off we be, and what care we  
For broken bones and gashes O?

The war’ly race may riches chase;  
But should their han’s environ, O,  
Great heaps untold of minted gold,  
’Twere naething to bar-iron, O.  
Hark, &c.

Then gi’e to me on ’change to see  
The shares look brisk and cheerie, O,  
Geese, women, then, and pigs, and men,  
May a’ gae tapsalteerie, O.  
Hark, &c.

A’ ye wha jeer, now haud your sneer;  
Their sense your sense surpasses, O:  
The wisest man the warl’ e’er saw  
Was naething to the asses, O.  
Hark, &c.

Now Exe may change her clouted cream  
 With Bristol for molasses, O.  
 So be our theme, first, iron and steam,  
 And, after, men and asses, O.  
 Hark! how it crashes, O!  
 Whiz! how it flashes, O!  
 Now off we be, and what care we  
 For broken bones and gashes, O?

BALLAD—IN IMITATION OF DR. WATTS.

“ WHY should I deprive my neighbour  
 Of his goods against his will,  
 Though in works of honest labour  
 I would fain be busy still?”

Such the Sunday lesson taught us,  
 Sitting on our nurse's knee,  
 When the good old dame besought us  
 To be like the busy bee.

Now our neighbour's goods and chattels—  
 Nay, his house and land also,  
 Are no more than children's rattles,  
 Weigh'd with “ bono publico.”

Now 'tis all—“ push on, keep moving!”  
 Iron without, and coals within—  
 Levelling is term'd “ improving,”  
 And to covet held no sin.

Sure there's somewhat most bewitching  
Breaking up another's land ;  
Tunneling, embanking, ditching,  
Act of Parliament in hand.

Once the realm was all o'er-ridden  
By a lordly Nimrod crew :  
Now to hunt's a thing forbidden  
By the broker and the Jew.

Aristocracy was once the  
Plague that ravaged our abodes ;  
But our plague is, for the nonce, the  
Joint-stock-ocracy of roads.

#### THE ROAD TO GLORY.

TUNE—"The blue bonnets over the border."

Up, up, sons of Utility !  
Up, and be stirring, boys, all round the borders !  
Down, down, rank and gentility !  
What are ye for, but to execute orders ?  
Yield, aristocracy ! rule joint-stock-ocracy !  
Drive, ye share-holders, your ploughshares be-  
fore ye !  
Mount, and make ready, then, colliers and foundry  
men—  
Rail-roads and waggon trains whisk ye to glory.

Rouse, rouse, Manchester, and Brummagem,  
 Sheffield, Newcastle, Leeds, Durham, and Bristol!  
 Burn lords! ransack and rummage 'em,  
 And at their heads hold your radical pistol!  
 Yield, aristocracy, &c.

March, march, Force and Rapacity!  
 Push on, incessant indefinite movement!  
 Join hands, Fraud and Mendacity!  
 Who'll see your face thro' the mask of improve-  
 ment? Yield, aristocracy, &c.

Speed, speed, lawyers and riflemen!  
 Now is the time for all manner of jobbery.  
 Look to yourselves—never stand on a trifle,  
 men!  
 “Publicum bonum” will sanction the robbery.  
 Yield, aristocracy! rule joint-stock-ocracy!  
 Drive, ye share-holders, your ploughshares be-  
 fore ye!  
 Mount, and make ready, then, colliers and riflemen—  
 Rail-roads and waggon trains whisk ye to glory.

#### A NEW SONG UPON WHIG AND TORY.

TUNE—“A cobbler there was.”

COME listen, my boy, and I'll tell you a story  
 How 't has fared with old England betwixt Whig  
 and Tory.

Whig stands for sour milk, as I've heard 'em declare,  
And Tory's a savage, as rude as a bear,

Derry down, down, down derry down.

The Whigs first were Round-heads—so call'd, 'tis  
averr'd,

From cropping their poll, tho' they scarce trimm'd  
their beard;

While the bold Cavaliers, as they dash'd thro' the  
throng,

Kept their whiskers well shorn, though they wore  
their hair long.

Derry down, &c.

These Round-heads—it happen'd—cut off a king's  
head;

But the Cavaliers brought a new king in his stead:  
When the first look'd so black for the loss of their  
power,

That the others declared they turn'd all the milk sour,

Derry down, &c.

Now the proud Cavaliers, in the midst of their glories,  
Look'd so fierce with their wigs, that the Whigs  
call'd 'em Tories;

And king James having leagued with the Pope, as  
they say,

Whig and Tory united to turn him away.

Derry down, &c.

Then under brave Orange the Whigs ruled the roast,  
And the Tories were voted rank scoundrels at most.  
But—sly fellows—they managed to get good Queen  
Anne over,

And so stuck to their posts, till king George came  
from Hanover.

Derry down, &c.

Now down fell the Tory, and up rose the Whig,  
And they ran the whole nation a deuce of a rig ;  
But poor Whig fell asleep while he guarded the fruit,  
And sly Tory stole back, with the princess and Bute.

Derry down, &c.

Since then—to make short of this Whiggamore  
story—

Down, down, went the Whig, and up, up, went  
the Tory ;

Till the Whigs, to get back, put to sea in a storm,  
And braved Revolution in urging Reform.

Derry down, &c.

Now let Whig and Tory be heard of no more ;  
But true Englishmen join, as they once did before,  
To stick to the ship, having sworn to defend her ;  
So a fig for the devil, the Pope, and Pretender.

Derry down, down, down derry down.



## SACRED AND SCRIPTURAL.

PROVERBS, CHAP. I. v. 20—31.

WISDOM aloud proclaimeth. In the street  
     Her voice is heard aloud—  
 In the chief place, where men assembled meet;  
     And to the listening crowd  
 Thus from betwixt the expanded gates gives warning:  
     “ How long, ye fools, will ye  
     Embrace simplicity?—  
 How long, ye scorers, take delight in scorning?  
     Turn ye at my reproof.  
     Behold ! for your behoof  
 On you my inmost spirit I will outpour,  
     And spread from shore to shore.  
 Because I call'd, and ye refused—because  
 My hand I stretchéd forth, and no man heeded—  
 But ye have set at naught my counsell'd laws,  
 And spurn'd the lore that from my lips proceeded;  
 I too will laugh for that ye inly bleed;  
 I too will mock when fear, as desolation,  
 Cometh upon you, and with whirlwind speed  
     Swift devastation.  
 Then shall they call on me, and I refuse;  
 Shall seek me early, but they shall not find;  
 For that they hated knowledge, nor did choose

The fear of the Lord their God to keep in mind.  
 They would none of my counsel ; they despised  
 All my reproof ; so may they freely reap  
 That they have sown ; and, what they have devised,  
     Be theirs to keep !”

### ECCLESIASTICUS, CHAP. I.

ALL Wisdom is from Thee, O Lord ! with Thee  
     Abideth ever.

The drops of rain that fall—the sand of the sea—  
 The sum of days that makes eternity,

    Who shall endeavour

To number ?—who, to measure Heaven’s height,  
 Earth’s breadth, the depth of ocean infinite,

    The boundless stream

Of Wisdom—first of all created things—

Wisdom, that from the eternal fountain springs

    Of God supreme ?

Her ways are everlasting laws—to whom

Have the recesses of her secret womb

    Been e’er reveal’d ?

Who knows her solemn councils ? who so blest,

To whom she hath herself made manifest,

    And kept conceal’d

From all beside ?—Yet is there One, most wise,

One, greatly to be fear’d, who in the skies

    Hath built his throne ;

Who Wisdom's self did into being call,  
And saw, and number'd, and hath since thro' all  
    His works made known—  
And, most of all, to them that live, and move,  
And their Almighty Father know and love,  
    Hath given her for their own.  
The fear of the Lord is Honour, Glory, Gladness ;  
    A crown of happiness without alloy ;  
The fear of the Lord dispelleth grief and sadness,  
    And giveth length of years, increase of joy.  
Who fears the Lord, with him it shall be well  
E'en to the last, and peace upon his death bed dwell.  
The fear of the Lord is Wisdom's first creation,  
    Found with the faithful yet within the womb,  
    And will continue with them to the tomb,  
And with their seed upon secure foundation.

## WISDOM OF SOLOMON, CHAP. II.

THUS said the heathen, in their reasonings vain ;  
“ Man's life is short, or but prolonged in pain :  
In death no remedy, no comfort, lies,  
And from the grave we may not look to rise.  
Born to all chance, on all adventures driven,  
The sport of fortune or capricious heaven,  
We pass away, and are no longer seen,  
And leave no record that we once have been.  
Our breath is smoke, our heart's warm pulse a spark,

Soon kindled, soon extinct, then all is dark ;  
Consumed to ashes our poor house of clay,  
Our spirit vanish'd like soft air away ;  
Our name erased from Time's unfaithful page ;  
Our works unnoticed by the rising age.  
We die, alas ! and leave no trace behind,  
Like empty vapour driven before the wind,  
Or mists that, gathering thick at close of night,  
Are scatter'd by the day's increasing light.  
And, when this vision is dissolved at last,  
This airy, trifling, fleeting shadow past,  
A seal is put upon the funeral urn,  
And Fate itself prohibits our return.

“ Come, then, enjoy the hours that yet are thine,  
Give thy full soul to perfumes, baths, and wine ;  
Let youth enhance the moments as they fly,  
And let no flower of painted spring go by !  
With early rose-buds let us crown our head,  
Ere yet their full-blown leaves be torn and shed !  
No pleasure pass untried, nor dear delight—  
The festive day, the soft voluptuous night ;  
Leave through the world the tokens of your bliss,  
This is our portion, and our lot is this.

“ Let us the poor and righteous man oppress,  
Nor spare the widow nor the fatherless,  
Nor hold in reverence grey antiquity—  
But let our strength the law of justice be.  
That which is weak is ever worthless found—  
Let then our toils the righteous man surround ;  
For that he thwarts our arts, and doth prevent

By stern reproof our lawless will's intent;  
And boasts himself of knowledge all divine,  
And claims descent from God's peculiar line.  
Nay—e'en his face it irks us to behold;  
For not like other men's his days are told:  
His ways are of a different fashion,—He  
Proclaims the end of the just man bless'd to be.  
But let us see if so his words be sooth:  
For, say the just man be God's child in truth,  
Then surely God will help, and set him free  
From powerless hands of human enemy."

Such thoughts they did conceive, by sin made  
blind.

God's hidden mysteries were not in their mind;  
The meed of goodness 'twas not theirs to earn,  
Nor the reward of blameless souls discern.  
For God made man immortal—form'd to be  
The image of His own Eternity.

---

GREAT Universal Father—Thou  
Whose form no eye hath seen,  
Whose seat we image in the space  
Of the infinite Serene!

Thy name with reverential awe  
Be ever hallow'd here,  
And not a thought profane the place  
Where angels come not near.

In lowliest confidence we wait  
For thine appointed day :  
“ Thy kingdom come ! Thy will be done ! ”  
This only let us pray.

Thy kingdom come ! Thy will be done  
On earth as 'tis in Heaven ;  
And what our feeble nature craves  
Be in like measure given.

Forgive us, Father, O forgive  
Our still increasing debt  
Of sin, as We forgiveness grant  
To those who Us forget.

When stormy passion o'er the brink  
Our tossing souls would urge,  
O lead us not within the gulf,  
Of that o'erwhelming surge !

But from the power of Sin and Death,  
The soul's worst enemy,  
Deliver us—Thou who alone  
Canst set the prisoner free !

For only Thine the kingdom is,  
And Thine the sovereign sway,  
And Thine the glory that abides  
Through everlasting day.

FATHER of mercies, God of might,  
By whom all things were made ;  
We from thy paths of truth and light  
Like wandering sheep have stray'd ;  
Lost, but for Thee, our stedfast hold,  
All-seeing guardian of the fold.

The vain devices and desires  
Of hearts propense to wrong,  
The flickerings of delusive fires,  
We follow'd have too long :  
Against Thy wise and holy laws  
We have rebell'd without a cause.

The good Thou willest us to do,  
That we have left undone ;  
The evil that Thou bidd'st eschew,  
We into it have run ;  
And none amongst us can be found,  
But all is tainted, all unsound.

Yet, Lord, have mercy !—Mercy, Lord,  
On us, thy humbled race !  
To them that own their guilt accord  
The riches of thy grace.  
Spare them that in true lowliness  
Of soul their inmost thoughts confess.

Spare us, good Lord ! save and restore  
According to thy will,  
Declared in promises of yore,  
And sure and constant still,  
By Him—to make the charter good,  
Who seal'd it with his precious blood.

For whose dear sake, O Father ! grant  
Our lives henceforth may prove  
The mercies of thy covenant,  
The wonders of thy love.  
Righteous, and pure from sinful blame,  
In honour of Thy glorious name.

---

ALMIGHTY God ! before 'Thy Throne  
We kneel for grace to cast away  
The robes of darkness, and put on  
The armour of eternal day ;  
Even now, in life's meridian way,  
The spring-tide of our mortal prime,  
Or e'er we sink in swift decay,  
And nature's doom is seal'd by Time.

Even now, to this benighted clime  
When Thine own Son, in humble strain  
Descending, left his seat sublime  
To help us, struggling with our chain :



That, when he shall return again  
The judge of quick and dead to be,  
We may, through His great love, attain  
A glorious immortality.

---

THOU Great First cause of life and light,  
Unsearchable by mortal sight,  
From whose perpetual fountains flow  
All we enjoy, and all we know ;

Who in our days hast deign'd dispense  
A larger view of Providence,  
And on the thirsty nations pour'd  
The boundless riches of Thy word ;

O grant that we may so embrace  
The means allotted by Thy grace,  
So read Thy will, and so improve  
The stores of Thine exhaustless love ;

That, by the help of thoughts resign'd,  
By patient humbleness of mind,  
By daily prayer before Thy throne,  
By pious trust in Thee alone,

We may attain that blissful coast,  
Where hope in certainty is lost,  
And truth reveals, through every line,  
The wonders of Thy vast design.

“EVIL, BE THOU MY GOOD.”—MILTON.

“EVIL, be thou my good”—in rage  
Of disappointed pride,  
And hurling vengeance at his God,  
The apostate angel cried.

“Evil, be thou my good”—repeats,  
But in a different sense,  
The christian, taught by faith to trace  
The scheme of Providence.

So deems the hermit, who abjures  
The world for Jesus’ sake;  
The patriot midst his dungeon bars,  
The martyr at his stake.

For he who happiness ordain’d  
Our being’s only end—  
The God who made us, and who knows  
Whither our wishes tend,

The glorious prize hath station’d high  
On virtue’s hallow’d mound,  
Guarded by toil, beset by care,  
With danger circled round.

Virtue were but a name, if vice  
Had no dominion here,  
And pleasure none could taste, if pain  
And sorrow were not near.

The fatal cup we all must drain  
 Of mingled bliss and woe ;  
 Unmix'd, the cup would tasteless be,  
 Or quite forget to flow.

Then cease to question Heaven's decree,  
 Since Evil, understood,  
 Is but the tribute nature pays  
 For Universal Good.\*

## OCCASIONAL VERSES.

### EPITAPH.

WHEN at the holy altar's foot is given  
 Some blushing maiden to the enamour'd youth,  
 Whose long tried honour, constancy, and truth,  
 Yield the fair promise of an earthly heaven,  
 Though to far distant friends and country led,  
 Fond parents triumph mid the tears they shed.

Shall we then grieve that a celestial spouse  
 Hath borne this virgin treasure from our sight,  
 To share the glories of the eternal light,  
 The end of all our prayers and all our vows ?  
 We should rejoice—but cannot as we ought.  
 Great God ! forgive the involuntary fault.

---

\* If the concluding couplet should assume the air of a paradox, the author has only to plead, that nothing less pointed would express all the meaning he intends to convey.

## ANOTHER EPITAPH.

THOU'RT gone, my Jane—for ever gone—  
And in thy silent urn  
Can holy rapture breathe no more,  
Nor fond affection burn.

Mute are the strains—for ever mute—  
On which we lingering hung,  
While adoration swell'd each heart,  
And fetter'd every tongue.

Yet still on one—one sister breast  
Does the remembrance lie,  
Vivid—as in the deepest lake  
We view the brightest sky;

Thence ne'er to be effaced, till day  
And all its tints expire;  
And then—O God! with her to join  
In Thine immortal choir?

## TO A SON ENTERING COLLEGE.

“ Go forth, my boy! and on the swelling tide  
Of honourable fame securely ride!  
Go forth! and may a father's blessing fill  
Thy prosperous sail, and aid the steersman's skill,

With power to shield from passion's tempest sway,  
From pleasure's hidden shoals avert thy way,  
Break pride's dull waveless calm, and bid retreat  
Each eddying gust of folly and conceit ;  
So on thy brow exulting we may see  
The glorious prize—the wreath of victory !”

Presumptuous wish—in doting fondness bred !  
Unthinking prayer, recall'd as soon as sped !  
Condemn'd by reason's voice, religion's power,  
And proved delusive every passing hour.

In different strains experience bids arise,  
Affection's offer'd incense to the skies.

“ O God ! receive, protect, and bless my son !  
And, whatsoe'er Thy will, that will be done.  
I ask but that Thou teachest all to pray—  
The rest be Thine to give or take away.  
Vouchsafe him health, if such Thy pleasure be ;  
And grant that he may use in honouring Thee !  
If not, in sickness may he still be Thine,  
And through the body's pains the soul refine.

“ If happiness consist with length of days,  
Long life be his, devoted to Thy praise !  
But, whatsoe'er—or long, or short, his doom—  
Should parents' tears bedew his early tomb,  
Or children's children follow to the grave,  
Be present Thou, Omnipotent to save !

“ If thou hast form'd him in thy purpose high,  
A mark conspicuous for the world's broad eye,  
O let him honour'd live, lamented die !  
But, if Thou willest that his heart be tried  
By disappointed hope and wounded pride,  
By cold neglect, or scorn more hard than hate,  
Attendants of a low or fallen estate,  
O make his spirit be resigned, and free  
To hug retreat, and welcome privacy :  
Oblivion's hermit portion bid him share ;  
But plant content and resignation there !

“ Thy grace to aid each generous thought impart,  
Invigorate the mind, keep pure the heart ;  
On Honour's sun-like form to fix his sight,  
Firm as yon eagle's in his mountain flight ;  
Yet rather brave the world's contempt, than be  
By conscience stricken, or disown'd by Thee !

“ Let the bright star of reason's cloudless day  
Beam on his soul with unobstructed ray,  
Expand its powers, exalt its high desires,  
And purge its weakness with ethereal fires :  
Full in his sight set virtue's sacred shrine,  
And make him worthier heaven, as wholly Thine !”

## FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

## ENTITLED "RETROSPECTION."

To-day I enter on my fiftieth year.  
My spring of Life is past—in swift career  
Summer rolls down apace; and winter's blast  
Will soon shake off the few green leaves that last.  
The rapid foot of Time I may not chide;  
Rather myself, who have so vainly tried  
To strip some plumage from his wing, and raise  
A trophied monument of deathless praise.  
Yet this were pride—pride only—in the dress  
That Lucifer best loves, of lowliness.  
Ah no! far wiser were it to survey  
In sober retrospect my travell'd way—  
To note each blessing of my favour'd lot,  
—Too thankless oft received, or heeded not—  
But, chief, that thou, &c.

\* \* \*

“ Praise doth not always to desert belong—  
The race to speed—the battle to the strong.”  
Thus, haply, love too partial might persuade:  
But truth severe, in memory's garb array'd,  
The fond deceit indignantly repels,  
While of false hope and wasted strength she tells,  
Of mis-directed aims, and toil mis-spent,  
Talents for interest given, but kept as lent;

Means unembraced, occasions unemploy'd,  
 Pleasures unwisely used, and half enjoy'd :  
 And when—as faint I climb the rugged road,  
 “ So distant wherefore still from Fame’s abode ?”  
 Stern conscience asks, “ and why so poorly sped ?” —  
 I’ve nought to answer, but must hang my head.  
 Yet do the years seem hours, or scarce so long,  
 Since on this chequer’d scene of right and wrong,  
 Of stern debate, and animated strife,  
 Where passions, good and evil, all are rife,  
 I enter’d first amid the bustling throng ;  
 Nor heeded then my own prophetic song  
 That pointed to some lone sequester’d bower,  
 Where I might linger out life’s evening hour.

\* \* \*

Ambition ! honour ! are ye empty breath ?  
 Is there no refuge from life’s ills but death ?  
 Not so I thought while following year by year,  
 The airy phantoms your enchantments rear :  
 These busy peopling the unreal void  
 With hopes illusive, ne’er to be enjoy’d ;  
 Those shedding noxious dews o’er every sense,  
 And steeping thought in mental indolence.  
 And yet, e’en then, in youth’s ecstatic hour,  
 While Fancy held with undiminish’d power  
 Her empire o’er my breast, full well she knew  
 To shade the brightest forms her pencil drew  
 With sombre tinctures of funereal hue.  
 But, haply, still amid that waste of thought,  
 Some wiser lessons, by reflection taught,



Sprang timely forth—I learn'd that man is born  
 For nobler ends than but to joy or mourn;  
 That life is given, not just to feel and taste,  
 Then lose in slumber, or in idlesse waste;  
 A little folding of the arms to sleep—  
 A little space o'er imaged woes to weep.

\* \* \*

Words are the wheels of thought, by Heaven impell'd;  
 Such as of old the sacred bard beheld,  
 What time he sat by Chebar's silent strand,  
 Amongst the captives in Chaldæan land;  
 Whither the Spirit directs still made to go,  
 With Him to soar above, or sink below.  
 Yet better far to want the gift of speech—  
 All godlike though it be when used to preach  
 The words of wisdom, virtue, knowledge, sense,  
 To move by pathos, fire by eloquence,  
 By sweet persuasion to constrain, or roll  
 The tide of just invective o'er the soul,  
 Command the right, or reprobate the wrong,  
 Give courage to the weak, and judgment to the  
 strong—

Aye—better far to want it, than employ  
 In falsehood's cause—to flatter and destroy,  
 Pervert the law, confound the fact, or raise  
 Dishonouring trophies of ill-measured praise—  
 Nay, better than to spend in idle flow  
 Of fond unmeaning phrases, or bestow  
 In waste of words, while pining suitors shame  
 The court's delay, and justice bears the blame;

To whine in maudlin cant, or loosely prate  
Of all things save the subject of debate ;  
Regardless of each sign of just rebuke—  
The hapless adversary's hopeless look ;  
The yawn that justice vainly strives to hide ;  
The long long list of causes still untried ;  
Rapt in one sole perfection—deaf and blind  
To all without, around, before, behind.

Nor this alone, of all the gifts that start  
For wealth and power, did nature fail to impart :  
When in half angry, half indulgent mood,  
The cup of Fancy's mingled ill and good  
She had me freely drink, the sorceress knew  
That draught of bliss was dash'd with poison too ;  
That, never wholly blest, whose favour'd lips  
The nectar touch, the wormwood also sips.  
Imagination's willing slave, he flies  
Too oft from stagnant life's realities,  
To the bright regions of the upper air,  
Content to starve, so he inhabit there.  
But e'en this glorious error was not mine—

\* \* \*

O think not heaven e'er meant the immortal mind  
A mere machine, in ceaseless round to grind  
Food for the loud-tongued wranglers of the bar,  
Or forge the weapons of forensic war.  
Dare rather trust that man was made to use  
The talents it hath lent for nobler views  
Than such as these—commission'd high to soar  
Beyond the fane where Mammon's sons adore—

Superior to the grovelling herd obscene,  
 Born but to serve where Avarice sits as queen,  
 And, glorying in their crime, who loud declare  
 Their base indifference whose the badge they wear—  
 Alike to them, whom Slavery stamps her own,  
 Whether they bow at Truth's or Falsehood's throne;  
 Just or unjust—who serve with equal zest  
 (If equal pay) the oppressor, and the opprest.

\* \* \*

Patriots there are—e'en now—but few or none  
 Who take their stand at duty's post alone;  
 Who dare appeal to men as men—the good  
 And true—for all existing—understood  
 By all. Their foes are better taught than they—  
 E'en Satan's self has learn'd that wiser way,  
 By system'd force the human will to bend.  
 Virtue and truth, firm fix'd, will, in the end  
 (Doubtless,) prevail; but wavering good is still  
 No match for resolute, consistent ill.  
 O for some wise, some potent voice, to make  
 The startled soul at duty's call awake!

There are, who, hearing what these notes pro-  
 claim,  
 May brand the preacher with the zealot's name;  
 May term him Superstition's slave and tool,  
 Or, bred themselves in rancour's narrow school,  
 Write him down hypocrite. Rash men, forbear—  
 Remembering what he is, and what ye are—  
 God's children all—the secret mind unknown  
 To all, but him who form'd it—God alone.

The mind!—mysterious essence—subtlest spark—  
 Of power to pierce the chambers, vast and dark,  
 Of death's profoundest cave—yet oftener doom'd  
 Amongst the living to remain entomb'd,  
 As in a sepulchre of breathing clay;  
 Instinct the body's mandates to obey,  
 But aimless as the dead, and uninform'd as they.  
 Wo to the man in whose distrustful mind  
 Power, virtue, freedom, no admittance find,  
 Because unmix'd they never yet were view'd  
 With sin, with weakness, and with servitude!  
 In the wide fields of science soon we learn  
 The things by nature separate to discern:  
 So, by like reason, in the moral state,  
 We must discern, that we may separate;  
 And in the right discerning good from ill  
 Begins the task of separation still.

\* \* \*

What in all ages, everywhere, hath been  
 By all believed, although unfelt, unseen  
 By outward sense, accept; nor ask for more  
 Than patriarch, saint, or prophet held of yore.  
 Not on cold logic rests the christian plan—  
 It is engrafted in the heart of man;  
 Fix'd in his memory; and rooted there  
 With the dear image of his mother's chair,  
 Her first remember'd accents—'tis self-proved—  
 Witness the power by which ourselves are moved;  
 Or as the sun by his own light is seen.  
 Thus sense suggests; and reason steps between

To separate what we feel from what we know.  
*That* says it is—but *this*, it must be so.  
The reasoning faculty, and that we name  
The understanding, are no more the same,  
Than are a maxim and a principle—  
A truth eternal, indestructible,  
And a bare inference from facts, how great  
Soe'er their number, magnitude, and weight.  
—At best, how fallible!—who sees a rose,  
Sees that 'tis red; and what he sees he knows.  
Day after day, at each successive hour,  
Where'er he treads, the same love-vermeil'd flower  
Blooms in his path. What wonder if he draw,  
From facts so proved, a universal law,  
And deem all roses of the self-same hue?  
And this is knowledge; yet 'tis only true  
Until a white rose gleams upon his view.  
Where is his reason then?—his science, bought  
With long experience? All must come to nought.  
So, when creation's earliest day had run,  
And Adam first beheld the new-born sun  
Sink in the shrouded west, the deepening gloom  
He watch'd, all hopeless of a morn to come.  
Another evening's shades advancing near  
He mark'd with livelier hopes, yet dash'd by fear.  
Another—and another—hopes prevail;  
Thousands of years repeat the wondrous tale:  
Yet where is man's assurance, that the light  
Of day will break upon the coming night?

\* \* \*

Without all sense of God, eternity,  
Absolute truth, volition, liberty,  
Good, fair, just, infinite—think, if you can,  
Of such a being in the form of man ;  
What but the animal remains ?—endow'd  
(May be) with memory's instinctive crowd  
Of images—but man is wanting there,  
His very essence, unimpressive air ;  
And, in his stead, a creature subtler far  
Than all the beasts that in the forest are,  
Or the green field, but also cursed above  
Them all—condemn'd that bitterest curse to prove—  
“ Upon thy belly creep, and, for thy fee,  
Eat dust, so long as thou hast leave to be.”

There needs no hell of flames—for, if the will,  
(Law of our nature,) be not with us still—  
If from our reason that dis sever'd be,  
From fancy, understanding, memory—  
No hell conceived by ignorance or zeal  
Can equal that unbodied spirits must feel  
From mental anarchy—from senses wrought  
To conscious madness. Who can bear the thought ?  
And yet, how doubt it, grant there be a state—  
Nor life, nor death, but intermediate—  
Where souls, discharged their prison-house of clay,  
And clothed in robes impervious to decay,  
Await their final doom ?—If this be plain  
From holy writ, to seek elsewhere were vain.  
If human virtue—(how imperfect found  
E'en in the best who walk this earthly round !)

Shall in those unknown realms be further tried,  
 Enlarged, refined, exalted, purified ;  
 If human wisdom—(e'en in man most wise,  
 How ill prepared for commune with the skies !)  
 Shall there be given with stronger wing to steer  
 Its venturous flight to an immortal sphere ;  
 Or if, our earthly pilgrimage complete,  
 And place appointed nigh the mercy seat  
 By purchase made secure, we there shall rest,  
 Of future joy by present faith possess,  
 Not blest, but only waiting to be blest—  
 (Passive fruition !) none can ever know  
 Whose feet yet lingering press this sod below ;  
 Unless—(as hath been told, and as I fain  
 Would think) in blissful intervals from pain,  
 Are sometimes sent, to spirits half set free,  
 Bright, transient glimpses of eternity,  
 Withheld from all beside, of power to shed  
 Serenest raptures o'er the dying head.

\* \* \*

What most affects us—what we most desire,  
 Yet dread, to learn, and tremblingly inquire,  
 Of this uncertain state, this dreamy sea,  
 Is, if the soul, from mortal bonds set free,  
 Still lingers round the spot it once held dear,  
 Partakes the joy, arrests the falling tear,  
 Exalts the rapture, mitigates the pain,  
 Of those it loved, and hopes to meet again.  
 —Deep mysteries all, and far beyond the sense  
 Of man, or grasp of human evidence.

Yet these are reason—throned, in nature's spite,  
By truth, self-poised, on revelation's height.

To such, in solemn reverence, I submit,  
Unmoved by ridicule, my humble wit ;  
Nor count the seed ill sown ; tho' doom'd to see  
From the bare soil spring forth no goodly tree—  
Sure that at heaven's appointed day 'twill rise  
In full-grown strength, and spread into the skies.

\* \* \*

All lesser natures find their chiefest good  
In straining after better, worthier food :  
All strive to ascend, and all ascend in striving—  
Each, each subduing, and itself surviving.  
And shall man's strivings only—the reflection  
Of his most inward self—his soul's election,  
Be like an image in the glassy tide  
Of some fair tree, that, bending o'er the side,  
Deep and more deep, still downward seems to grow,  
And in the unstable element below  
Finds a mock heaven amid dull weeds, that spread  
Their living wreaths around its pictured head—  
Substance and shade—the real and the dream :  
Yet better these that are than those that seem.

\* \* \*

Is it a crime in days like these to plead  
The mind's exemption from all party creed ?  
Or is it timid, wavering, insincere,  
By reason's glimmering lamp our course to steer—  
Tho' clouds of doubt by fits our path may hide,  
And intercept the soul's unerring guide—



Strait for the haven of eternal truth ;  
E'en though some loved companion of our youth  
Fall from our side, as earth-born vapours chill,  
And faction's withering genius warps the will ?  
Is this a spirit of change ?—or, if it be,  
Say, has the changeful mood pass'd over me  
Alone ?—is it not common as the sea,  
And boundless ?—Nay, breathes there one constant  
friend

To freedom's cause, from Europe's furthest end,  
Across the wild Atlantic to the shore  
Where erst her brightest smiles the goddess wore,  
Whose ardour has no faint misgivings proved,  
Whose faith in man's high destinies has moved  
Alike progressive, since the hour when fell  
Gaul's proud bastille, and wild destruction's yell  
Was scarcely heard amid the general cry  
Of honest joy for rescued liberty ?  
Or since that dawning of a brighter day,  
While wrapt in shade the giant future lay,  
That fairest hour that e'er had beam'd on earth,  
Resplendent light ! creation's second birth !  
Yet then—ay, then—when France assembled sate,  
Prince, nobles, people, in that hall of state,  
When all she held, of brave, and fair, and free,  
Expectant hail'd the world's great jubilee,—  
There wanted not the seer's prophetic glance,  
Nor sad Cassandra's doom-denouncing trance,  
To dash the rapturous joy that proudly smiled  
Through the bright eyes of Neckar's gifted child :

The wife, the matron, claim that boding tear,  
 That stifled groan, which none beside might hear.  
 Ill-fated Montmorin!—the tear, the groan,  
 That mark thy country's doom, forecast thine own :  
 Nor sex, nor age, the thirsty scaffold spares,  
 Nor infant innocence, nor reverend hairs.  
 Breathes there one constant friend—I ask again,  
 Nor care who scoffs the thrice repeated strain,—  
 One constant friend, to freedom's holy cause,  
 To equal rights, and all-protecting laws,  
 Who dared all conscious doubt and fear disown,  
 When terror's form usurp'd the Bourbon throne,  
 When nations heard the solemn dirge—" Arise,  
 Son of Saint Louis, to thy native skies ?"  
 Or now, when Britain's alter'd land repeats  
 Each rank delusion of Parisian cheats,  
 In wisdom's vain pretence, religion spurns,  
 And mocks the altar and the throne by turns ?

\* \* \*

Say, is it then this Faith in things unseen,  
 In better still to come than what has been,  
 This loathing for the sordid and the base,  
 For petty lucre's mean and stealthy pace,  
 For fulsome pedantry, contention vain,  
 And low ambition's mercenary train—  
 Is this the cause that I so long have stood,  
 Scorn'd and rejected, baffled, press'd, subdued ?  
 Ah no ! a different page I've learn'd to read,  
 And reason bids me own an humbler creed ;  
 Only, which way heaven points, resolved I'd go,

Brave every chance, encounter every foe,  
Still toward perfection strain, however blind  
And frail mortality may lag behind;  
No more, in wavering balance held, from fear  
Of caution's censure, or derision's sneer,  
Stand shivering on the margin of the flood,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would;"  
But boldly plunge, and though the tempests roar,  
Bear on undoubting to the further shore.

## ODE ON THE DELIVERANCE OF EUROPE. 1814.

THE hour of blood is past;  
Blown the last trumpet's blast;  
Peal'd the last thunders of the embattled line:  
From hostile shore to shore  
The bale-fires blaze no more;  
But friendly beacons o'er the billows shine,  
To light, as to their common home,  
The barks of every port that cut the salt sea foam.

"Peace to the nations!"—Peace!  
O sound of glad release  
To millions in forgotten bondage lying;  
In joyless exile thrown  
On shores remote, unknown,  
Where hope herself, if just sustain'd from dying,  
Yet sheds so dim and pale a light,  
As makes creation pall upon the sickening sight.

“ Peace ! Peace the world around ! ”  
O strange, yet welcome sound  
To myriads more that ne’er beheld her face ;  
And, if a doubtful fame  
Yet handed down her name  
In faded memory of an elder race,  
It seem’d some visionary form,  
Some Ariel, fancy-bred, to soothe the mimic storm.

Now the time-honour’d few,  
Her earlier reign that knew,  
May turn their eyes back o’er that dreamy flood,  
And think again they stand  
On the remember’d land,  
Ere yet the sun had risen in clouds of blood,  
Ere launch’d the chance-directed bark  
On that vast world of ocean, measureless and dark.

And is it all a dream ?  
And did these things but seem—  
The vain delusions of a troubled sight ?  
Or, if indeed they were,  
For what did nature bear  
The long dark horrors of that fearful night ?  
Only to breathe and be once more  
Even as she was and breathed upon that former shore ?

O’er this wild waste of time,  
This sea of blood and crime,  
Doth godlike virtue rear her awful form,

Only to cheat the sight  
With wandering barren light—  
The meteor, not the watch-fire, of the storm ?  
The warrior's deed, the poet's strain,  
The statesman's anxious toil, the patriot's sufferings,  
vain ?

For this did Louis lay,  
In Gallia's sinful day,  
On the red altar his anointed head ?  
For this did Nelson pour,  
In Britain's glorious hour,  
More precious blood than Britain e'er had shed ?  
And did their wingéd thoughts aspire,  
Even in the parting soul's prophetic trance, no  
higher ?

Ye tenants of the grave,  
Whom unseen wisdom gave  
To watch the shapeless mist o'er earth extending,  
Yet will'd to snatch away  
Before the appointed day  
Of light renew'd, and clouds and darkness ending,  
Oh might ye now permitted rise,  
Casto'er this wondrous scene your unobstructed eyes ;

And say, O thou, whose might,  
Bulwark of England's right,  
Stood forth, the might of Chatham's lordly son ;  
Thou " on whose burning tongue  
Truth, peace, and freedom hung,"

When freedom's ebbing sand almost had run ;  
To the deliver'd world declare,  
That each hath seen fulfill'd his latest, earliest prayer.

Rejoice, kings of the earth !  
But with a temperate mirth ;  
The trophies ye have won, the wreaths ye wear—  
Power with his red right hand,  
And empire's despot brand,  
Had ne'er achieved these proud rewards ye bear ;  
But, in one general cause combined,  
The people's vigorous arm, the monarch's constant  
mind.

Yet that untired by toil,  
Unsway'd by lust of spoil,  
Unmoved by fear, or soft desire of rest,  
Ye kept your onward course  
With unremitted force,  
And to the distant goal united press'd ;  
The soldier's bed, the soldier's fare,  
His dangers, wants, and toils, alike resolved to share.

And more—that when, at length,  
Exulting in your strength,  
In tyranny o'erthrown, and victory won,  
Before you lowly laid,  
Your dancing eyes survey'd  
The prostrate form of humbled Babylon,  
Ye cried, “ Enough ! ”—and at the word  
Vengeance put out her torch, and slaughter sheathed  
his sword—

Princes, be this your praise !  
And ne'er in after days  
Let faction rude that spotless praise profane,  
Or dare with license bold  
The impious falsehood hold,  
That Europe's genuine kings have ceased to reign,  
And that a weak adulterate race,  
Degenerate from their sires, pollutes high honour's  
place.

Breathe, breathe again, ye free,  
The air of liberty,  
The native air of wisdom, virtue, joy !  
And, might ye know to keep  
The golden wealth ye reap,  
Not thrice ten years of terror and annoy,  
Of mad destructive anarchy,  
And pitiless oppression, were a price too high.

Vaulting ambition ! mourn  
Thy bloody laurels torn,  
And ravish'd from thy grasp the sin-bought prize;  
Or, if thy meteor fame  
Still win the world's acclaim,  
Let it behold thee now with alter'd eyes,  
And pass, but with a pitying smile,  
The hope-abandon'd chief of Elba's lonely isle.

## FOR THE GENERAL FAST. 1832.

THE wrath of God—the wrath of God—  
Is pour'd upon a guilty land :  
Who can resist His awful rod ?  
His gather'd vengeance who withstand ?

What may this vast corruption be,  
That makes our God His face to hide—  
That flows as hugely as the sea,  
And swallows all it reaches ?—Pride.

The pride of reason and of power,  
The pride of knowledge and of skill,  
The pride of fashion's painted flower,  
And of ungovernable will.

Pride—that deforms our beauteous vales  
With riot fierce and gloomy rage—  
That makes o'erflow our groaning gaols  
With desperate youth and harden'd age.

Pride—that the towering statesman steels  
To point the unhesitating wound,  
And reckless what his victim feels,  
To dart sarcastic lightnings round.

Pride—that perverts the sacred theme  
By glosses drawn from man's decrees—  
That makes an atom judge supreme  
Of heaven's unfathom'd mysteries ;



That bids the pamper'd heir of wealth  
From misery's plaint regardless turn ;  
The confident in youth and health  
Grey hairs and pale diseases spurn ;

Self-honour'd virtue shut the door  
On penitence for errors past ;  
Self-worshipp'd wit disdain the lore  
That sage antiquity held fast ;

Half-letter'd pedantry assume  
The lofty magisterial speech ;  
And to its own base level doom  
The heights it ne'er was given to reach ;

All sects, all classes, all degrees  
Of men that move beneath the sun,  
One universal madness seize  
Of struggling not to be out-done.

Hence mutual jealousies and fears ;  
Deadly revenges ; devilish hates ;  
And hours perform the work of years  
In urging on the fall of states.

—Haste, Britain, to the mercy-seat,  
And gird thy robe of sackcloth on ;  
And thus in solemn strain repeat,  
Devoutly prostrate at the throne—

“ The wrath of God—the wrath of God—  
Is pour'd upon a guilty land :  
None can resist His awful rod ;  
His gather'd vengeance none withstand.

“ Yet, Lord, our humble offering take,  
 And turn no more thy face aside,  
 Whilst at thy altar we forsake  
 Our rebel wit—our idol Pride.

“ The festering plagues that round us wait  
 Are but the type of that within.  
 O God ! of thy great power abate  
 The moral pestilence of sin !

“ So may our land thy holy name  
 Again with hymns of triumph sing ;  
 Again with ceaseless shout proclaim—  
 The Lord of Hosts is Britain's king !”

## SONNETS. 1834-5.

### SONNET I.

Yon party zealot, ignorant as warm,  
 Has taunted me with change—a charge untrue.  
 I ne'er was one with that deceitful crew,  
 Who mean Destruction when they roar “ Reform ;”  
 My purpose ever to prevent the storm  
 'Tis theirs to excite. The wholesome air I drew  
 With my first breath was Loyalty. I grew  
 In childhood reverence of her sacred form :  
 And, as she beam'd upon my youthful eye,  
 Link'd with her mountain sister Liberty,

In holiest union, all the more she won  
 My love and worship; and so made me shun  
 The fellowship of those who madly try  
 To rend asunder what heaven join'd in one.

## SONNET II.

“THE king’s name is a tower of strength”—e’en so  
 May it be ever in this favour’d land—  
 Of strength alike for succour and command,  
 Shelter from storms, and safety from the foe;  
 For refuge to the needy and the low,  
 When leagued oppressors their just rights with-  
     stand;  
 The nation’s sure defence, whene’er the hand  
 Of bigot faction seeks its overthrow.  
 Then honour’d be that name by all who share  
 The blessings it protects; nor honour’d less  
 The patriot chieftain’s, who, when dangers press,  
 Alike regardless, or of ambush’d snare,  
 Or fierce assault, with soldier steadfastness  
 Is ever at his post—to do and dare.

## SONNET III.

“Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen.”—MILTON.

\*\*\*\*\* , awake!—or sleep thy long, last sleep—  
 \*\*\*\*\* , arise!—or be for ever lost  
 Among the fallen—What? know’st thou not the  
     cost  
 Of real glory?—canst thou look to reap

The great reward, by following those that creep  
 Along shore, when thy country's hopes are tost  
 On the wide main—by warring tempests crost,  
 And well nigh founder'd in the yawning deep?  
 \*\*\*\*\*, awake! It is thy country's voice  
 That bids thee rouse—that calls thee to her side.  
 Thy name, so oft in glorious conflict tried,  
 When victory hath bid her sons rejoice,  
 We now invoke, to stem destruction's tide.  
 Awake! arise! the patriot hath no choice.

## SONNET IV.

“ Upon the king!”—SHAKSP. HENRY V.

\*\*\*\*\*, awake!—The warning voice again—  
 Again, again it sounds—awake! arise!  
 Purge off the noxious film that clouds thine eyes,  
 Engender'd erst in faction's secret den.  
 There is NO PARTY now for honest men—  
 None but their country's. Here the good and wise  
 Have fix'd the sacred standard, that defies  
 Mere human force, and will be shaken then  
 Only, when God ordains. Upon a rock  
 It stands secure. An oak's wide branches fling  
 Their shadows round its base. About it flock  
 The nations, and there rest the wearied wing,  
 Unscathed by scorching hate, or envy's shock—  
 That rock our country, and that oak our king.

# A CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE INVASION OF JULIUS CÆSAR TO THE  
REVOLUTION OF 1688.

## PROLOGUE.

MY worthy little Joe, come listen to my song !  
I hope you will not think it dull, albeit something  
long.

I began it for your brothers, some twenty years ago,  
And now I'll finish it for you, my worthy little Joe.

This famous land of Britain, 'tis since two thou-  
sand years,

Was parcell'd out to various tribes, as plainly it  
appears

By Cæsar's martial pen ; though, how it so befell,  
Whatever we may guess, is more than you or I can  
tell.

For, since the use of letters was to those tribes un-  
known,

And men ne'er chronicled their acts on parchment  
or on stone,

So all we've since been told of Brute, that Trojan bold,  
Of Gorboduc, or Albanact, or Lud or Bladud old,  
Of good King Coil, or Lear, with his royal daughters  
three,

Are tales invented but to please a nation's vanity.

Yet of their ancient Druids from Rome we something know,  
Of rites perform'd in oaken groves, and the sacred  
mistletoe ;  
And wonderful Stonehenge, on Sarum's lonely  
height,  
Yet stands, to show how well they built, although  
they could not write.

## INVASION OF JULIUS CÆSAR. BEF. CHR. 55.

Ere man's redemption dawn'd, some fifty years or  
more,  
His conquering legions Julius led from Gaul's op-  
posing shore ;  
Twice visited our isle ; the Thames at Coway cross'd,  
Encamp'd in London, and advanced to Verulam his  
host.  
Cassibelan was chief among the Britons then,  
Whose son was Cymbeline, renown'd by Shakspeare's  
famous pen ;  
Him follow'd Caradoc, a name to freedom dear,  
Who with the Roman eagle strove through many  
a tedious year,  
But, led at length in chains, to swell the victor's  
state,  
Display'd the unconquerable will, triumphant over  
fate.  
Nor till a century pass'd since Cæsar had survey'd

Our sea-girt coast, and Rome had yet no lasting  
conquest made,  
Agricola first traversed the land from side to side,  
Beat Galgacus, and built a chain of forts 'twixt  
Forth and Clyde.

## SECOND CENTURY.

Another age glides o'er, unmark'd in history's line,  
Save by the walls which Hadrian raised, and peace-  
ful Antonine,  
To curb the lawless Scots in their ungenial home,  
And guard from painted Highlanders the provinces  
of Rome.  
To humbled Britain then it little difference made  
If rightful loins the purple wore, or usurpation  
sway'd ;  
And profitless the tale how bold Albinus held  
Cæsarean power, to be at length by stern Severus  
quell'd.

## THIRD CENTURY.

Four years in Britain's isle the conqueror remain'd,  
Completed Hadrian's bulwark mound, and many  
victories gain'd ;  
Made famous York his seat ; then closed his aged  
eyes :  
Whose monster son with brother's blood achieved  
the imperial prize.  
Nigh fourscore winters more, with slow and silent  
pace,

Crept on, and of their peaceful lapse scarce left a  
dubious trace ;  
Then Caros, “king of ships,” unfurl’d his “wings  
of pride,”  
And dared with Rome’s acknowledged lords the  
sceptre to divide.  
Seven years the shores of Britain confess’d his sove-  
reign sway ;  
Then, beat at Boulogne, he at York by traitors  
murder’d lay.  
Constantius well avenged his fate, and soon was made  
Joint emperor, and Italy with Gaul and Britain  
sway’d—  
A true and valiant prince, who, summon’d to resign  
By death, his peaceful sceptre left to chosen Con-  
stantine.

#### FOURTH CENTURY.

When Constantine was dead, and Rome had ceased  
to be  
Sole mistress of the subject world, and seat of em-  
pery,  
The lawless Scots and Picts, who long had kept,  
controll’d,  
Within their Caledonian woods, now, rushing from  
their hold,  
Burst thro’ the Roman mounds, and, fiercely rolling  
down,  
Laid waste fair Britain’s peopled fields, and hum-  
bled tower and town.



These Constans first repell'd ; then Theodosius, sent  
By Valentinian, backward drove, and in their fo-  
rests pent ;

Restored Severus' wall, and the towers of Antonine,  
And all the land Valentia named, between the Forth  
and Tyne :

A brief, though generous gleam of Rome's expiring  
power—

For now with silent pace glides on the inevitable  
hour ;

And ere the century's close, from Roman bondage  
free,

Deserted Britain trembling found her long sought  
liberty.

#### FIFTH CENTURY.

That day was all o'erspread with gloom of blackest  
night,

Which saw the Roman eagle stoop, to take his  
parting flight.

No pœans then were heard, nor hymns of liberty,  
But lamentations loud and long, and many a boding  
cry.

Yet freedom, which with force resistless arms the  
brave,

Has power to raise the coward soul, and renovate  
the slave ;

And forty years of doubtful and bloody strife attest  
That servitude has not destroy'd the virtues it re-  
press'd.

At length, in evil hour, the British prince dismay'd,  
To quell his Scottish foes, besought the Saxon pi-  
rates' aid.

Bold Hengist seized the moment, by fate propitious  
lent,

Claim'd for his fee dominion, and became First King  
of Kent.

Him other chieftains follow'd, with like desire pos-  
sess'd,

And Ælla ruled it in the south, and Cerdic in the  
west.

Still, as the danger thicken'd, the more to meet it rose  
The spirit which, in noble minds, with opposition  
grows :

Then lived renown'd Arthur, who, as old stories tell,  
Was begotten of a dragon, with aid of Merlin's spell.  
But of him, or his queen Guiniver, or the " fifty  
good and able

Knights, that resorted unto him, and were of his  
round table,"

I need no more relate, nor of " Lancelot du lake,  
Nor Tristram de Léonnois, who fought for ladies'  
sake,"

Nor of the famous battle o'er traitor Mordred won,  
Nor how the hero sleeping lies in the isle of Avalon;  
Dreams once received as true in lordly hall and bower;  
The solace since of age and youth in many a vacant  
hour ;

But now no longer prized, while all they seem to show  
Is, that there lived in Britain, thirteen hundred  
years ago,

A valiant native prince, who his country's cause  
upheld,  
And Cerdic, with his ravagers, at Badon's mount  
repell'd.

## SIXTH CENTURY.

As wave on wave will wear the hardest rock away,  
Outnumber'd thus by host on host, the British  
powers decay :

Jutes, Angles, Saxons, all the sons of Odin, swarm  
Around the rich unguarded hive, with thirst of plunder warm.

The south already settled, the east they next o'errun,  
And Erkenwin rules Essex ere the century's begun ;  
Then Ida to the north directs his chosen band,  
At Bamborough builds his royal seat, and rules  
Northumberland.

These Saxon both—two more were from the Angles  
named—

The east was Offa's—in the west was Crida king  
proclaim'd :

The boundaries of whose realm, extending more and  
more,

Encircled soon the land from Trent to Severn's  
winding shore,

By the Welsh marches border'd, thence Mercia  
call'd by name :

Thus, ere the century closed, complete the Heptarchy became.

And, since of all the tribes that Odin's standard  
rear'd,  
The Angles first in number, as in warlike strength,  
appear'd,  
The land—as inch by inch, its native tribes gave way,  
Assumed the English name and style, and bears  
them to this day.  
Nor long the conquering hordes their father's creed  
retain'd ;  
Kent first embraced the christian faith, where em-  
pire first they gain'd ;  
To Ethelbert, its king, the convert's praise is due,  
And holy Austin sow'd the seed that soon to fulness  
grew.

#### SEVENTH CENTURY.

Another age succeeds, unmark'd in rolls of fame ;  
But wider yet, and yet more wide, extends the Eng-  
lish name :  
Wales, Cornwall, Cumberland, the Britons still pos-  
sess'd ;  
The monarchs of the Heptarchy divided all the rest.  
At Bampton Cynegils a mighty victory gains,  
And thus confirms his sovereignty o'er beauteous  
Devon's plains ;  
While Ethelfrid, near Chester, the prince of Powis  
quells,  
Tho' Bangor's holy monks assist with candles and  
with bells.

Cadwallon still retains the hope which never fails  
 In noble minds, of better days, and more auspicious  
     gales ;  
 In league with furious Penda, the Mercian king,  
     allied,  
 Invades Northumberland, and thrice with royal blood  
     is dyed ;  
 At length by Oswald slain ; whom Penda shortly  
     paid  
 At Oswestry ; himself to fall by Oswy's vengeful  
     blade.  
 Near Leeds the blow was struck which set the na-  
     tions free  
 From tyrant yoke, and saved our church from hea-  
     then cruelty.

## EIGHTH CENTURY.

By christian light illumined, now brighter days  
     succeed,  
 And learning still adores the name of venerable Bede.  
 The lust of power gives way to mild religion's call,  
 And monarchs for the cowl exchange the sceptre  
     and the ball—  
 Exchange of death for life, short pomp for endless  
     bliss—  
 Which, if we superstition term, we judge our sires  
     amiss.  
 Then were rich abbeys founded, where arts and  
     letters reign'd,

And warriors fierce—their swords laid by—more  
glorious triumphs gain'd.

Then peaceful Ina ruled with wisdom's just applause,  
And to his realm of Wessex gave, the volume of  
her laws ;

Alike on church and state his benefactions pour'd,  
At once as patriot chief beloved, as royal saint adored.  
Offa, for bolder deeds renown'd, maintain'd his sway  
O'er Mercian fields, and made the kings of lesser  
states obey :

By battle some he quell'd, and some to death be-  
tray'd ;

Saint Alban's founded, and a dyke from Dee to  
Severn made :

Then went to Rome, in penance for blood of kin-  
dred spilt,

And sought by tributary pence atonement for his  
guilt.

#### NINTH CENTURY.

With the ninth century's dawn another face is seen  
Of England, parted long so many rival states between:  
Three crowns alone, of all the Heptarchy, remain  
For fierce ambition to dispute, or fortune to attain.  
In two, intestine faction distracts the bleeding land ;  
In Mercia first, since Offa's death—and, next, Nor-  
thumberland.

This Egbert, by descent from Cerdic rightful heir  
Of Wessex, whence he long had learn'd the exile's  
lot to bear,

Now home returning found, and having fix'd secure  
His native throne—through many an age still des-  
tined to endure—

The Mercian first o'erwhelm'd on Wilton's bloody  
day,

Northumbria next in peace received beneath his  
kingly sway.

#### THE HEPTARCHY UNITED.

And now I've brought my tale to royal Egbert down,  
And happy England owns henceforth an undivided  
crown ;

I too will seek to curb the licence of my strain,  
And chronicle in order due the acts of every reign.  
*Egbert*, in Twenty-seven, the Heptarchy unites,  
And Cornishmen with Danes combined defeats on  
Hengsdown heights.

Next, *Ethelwolf*, his son, in Thirty-six succeeds,  
Who with the Danes at Okeley fights, in Surry's  
pleasant meads,

And frees the invaded isle : then superstitious grown,  
Grants of his lands a tenth to Rome, and leaves a  
crippled throne.

In Fifty-seven he yields to *Ethelbald* the west,  
To *Ethelbert* the eastern parts, who soon the whole  
possess'd.

Their brother *Ethelred* in Sixty-six is crown'd,  
Who from the Danes at Basingstoke receives his  
mortal wound,

And leaves the land a prey to pirates fierce, agreed  
With fickle Mercians and the tribes from Humber  
unto Tweed.

*Alfred*—surnamed the Great—the fourth and  
youngest son

Of Ethelwolf—survives the rest, and reigns in  
Seventy-one ;

In many a hard-fought field defeats the bloody Danes,  
Sets free the land, rebuilds its towns, and slighted  
law maintains :

Yet not at once he rose to glory's dizzy height,  
From whence so many soar to fall to lower depths  
of night.

With painful steps ascending,—beset by doubt and  
dread—

Now wandering o'er the pathless down, now housed  
in peasant shed,

A name at length he gains, the Saviour of the land,  
Fairer than conquest e'er bestow'd, or fortune can  
command.

#### TENTH CENTURY.

In valour next his sire—this century begins  
With *Edward*, who from Ethelwald the crown  
contested wins ;

By aid of Ethelflede, his martial sister, shields  
From Britons and Northumbrian Danes fair Mer-  
cia's threaten'd fields,

And dies in Twenty-five. His son, tho' basely born,



Wise *Athelstan*, defends the crown he ought not  
to have worn,

The Britons, Danes, and Scots, at Brunanburgh  
confounds,

And restless Cornishmen confines within the Ta-  
mar's bounds.

*Edmund*, the rightful heir, in Forty-one succeeds,  
Who conquers British Cumberland, and by a rob-  
ber bleeds.

*Edred*, in Forty-six, assumes the vacant helm—  
But bold Saint Dunstan now appears, and rules  
both king and realm ;

From youthful *Edwy* tears his consort and his throne,  
And bids his brother *Edgar* seize the conquest not  
his own.

*Edgar*—the tool of priests—but amorous, brave,  
and free,

First fixes England's empery, majestic on the sea ;  
For justice well maintain'd, and peaceful arts re-  
nown'd,

The court with regal pomp he kept, the land with  
plenty crown'd.

*Edward*. the martyr named, his false step-mother  
kills

In Seventy-nine ; and *Ethelred* the seat of empire  
fills ;

The second *Ethelred*, in whose long, feeble reign,  
The realm is ravaged by the Danes, and yields to  
conquering Sweyn.

## ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The sceptre next descends on *Edmund Ironside* ;  
A valiant prince ; but forced ere long his kingdom  
to divide,

From Severn unto Thames, with Great Canute the  
Dane,

And afterwards at Oxford by the traitor Edricslain.  
*Canute*, at Edmund's death, the sever'd realm unites  
In Seventeen, and rules in peace, and guards the  
nation's rights.

England and Denmark both confess his sovereign  
sway,

And Norway bends beneath his yoke, and Scotia's  
isles obey.

*Harold* in Thirty-six succeeds ; in thirty-nine  
Queen Emma's son, fierce *Hardicnute*, the last  
of Danish line.

*Edward* the Confessor, King Edmund's youngest  
son,

Restores the ancient Saxon race, and reigns in  
Forty-one ;

But, long in foreign lands a wandering exile known,  
Calls in his Norman friends to share the honours  
of his throne.

Earl Godwin and his sons the English rights sup-  
port,

Expel the foreigners, and rule in Edward's feeble  
court.

## THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

*Harold*, Earl Godwin's son, is next acknowledged  
king,

And wears the crown that should have fall'n on  
Edgar Atheling.

In sixty-six he reigns, but, ere a twelvemonth's o'er,  
Yields up his empire and his life on Hastings'  
bloody shore

To Norman *William*, who supports his doubtful  
claim,

Founded on Edward's royal will, by conquest's  
prouder name ;

Then, of the crown possess'd, his subject realm  
maintains

By laws severe, and force of arms, and curbs with  
iron chains.

Parcell'd in Domesday book, the forfeit lands are  
given

Among his Norman followers. He dies in Eighty-  
seven.

Robert, the Conqueror's eldest son, and heir by  
right,

Against his sire in Normandy then waged unnatu-  
ral fight ;

This lost him England's crown, which *Rufus* makes  
his own,

And reigns at Westminster secure upon a wrong-  
ful throne.

But Heaven not long permits his tyrant sway to last;  
In the New Forest hunting slain, ere thirteen years  
are pass'd.

### TWELFTH CENTURY.

Another century dawns, while hapless Robert bore  
The sacred standard of the cross on Judah's hal-  
low'd shore ;

Returning home to claim once more the regal prize,  
Finds *Henry* crown'd—against him strives—and  
in a dungeon dies.

First Henry, Beauclerk named, the Conqueror's  
youngest son—

His usurpation's guilt forgot, deserved the crown  
he won :

Learn'd, fortunate, and wise, he reign'd with just  
applause,

And granted the first charter of our liberties and  
laws ;

Unhappy tow'rd the close, his only son he lost,  
Wreck'd, with his sister and his friends, upon the  
Norman coast.

*Stephen*, in Thirty-five, usurps the English crown,  
But for that wrong and fraudulent act, a prince of  
fair renown ;

With Maud, King Henry's daughter, for eighteen  
years and more,

Maintains a fierce and doubtful fight, and dies in  
Fifty-four.

*Henry*, Fitz-empress styled, the first Plantagenet,  
Assumes as rightful heir the crown his progeny  
holds yet ;

Extends his royal sway o'er Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
And, wedding Eleanor, unites the realm of Aquitaine;  
Ireland and Wales subdues, and humbles Scotia's  
pride,

But quarrels with the Church, and is by his own  
sons defied ;

At Canterbury bows to murder'd Becket's shrine,  
And, broken hearted, yields to fate, and dies in  
Eighty-nine.

*Richard*, the Lion's heart, disdains a peaceful throne ;  
He routs the Saracens before the walls of Ascalon ;  
A barren laurel wreath from Saladin obtains,  
While England, to maintain his pride, her dearest  
life blood drains ;

Then, homeward bound, is captived by an unworthy  
foe,

And afterwards, in war with France, is slain by a  
cross-bow.

### THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

*John* reigns in Ninety-nine, Plantagenet's youngest  
son,

Who kills his nephew Arthur, rightful heir to En-  
gland's throne ;

From Normandy expell'd, and urged by wars at  
home,

Basely surrenders up his lands in vassalage to Rome ;  
Then by his barons humbled, and forced with France  
to fight,

He Magna Charta signs, the lasting bulwark of our  
right.

*Henry the Third* succeeds his father in Sixteen,  
And proves himself in action weak, irresolute, and  
mean.

His sire's extorted charter he threatens to revoke ;  
Then by his barons forced, confirms, and bends him  
to the yoke ;

But soon by broken faith his perjured soul sets free,  
While they, by potent Montfort led, proclaim their  
liberty.

Thence bloody wars ensue. At Lewes prisoner made,  
The vanquish'd king his rescue owes to Edward's  
filial aid :

Montfort at Evesham pays to death the tribute due,  
And Henry his inglorious reign concludes in Se-  
venty-two.

*Edward*—the Fourth since Alfred—First since Wil-  
liam reign'd—

Was stout of stature, and in arms a knightly fame  
obtain'd ;

Against the barons leagued maintain'd his father's  
crown,

And, after, won in Palestine the meed of high re-  
nown :

There mourn'd his father's death, and thence re-  
turning king,

To stern ambition left a name of doubtful blazoning.  
Scotland and Wales attest his perjury and pride ;  
France, Spain, and Germany, his sense, high prized,  
and often tried.

England in him revered her lawgiver and sage,  
Her second Alfred, sent to stamp his impress on the  
age.

#### FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

To *Edward*, his first-born, 'mid scenes of blood and  
tears,

(First prince of conquer'd Wales,) he left, in Thir-  
teen-seven, his cares.

Twice ten unhappy years, he of Caernarvon held  
The sceptre, like a trembling reed, by every gust  
impell'd ;

Enslaved to base delights, by baser minions led,  
Wallowing in glutton's filthy sty, and stew'd in  
sluggard's bed.

'Gainst him his barons bold their blushing banners  
bore,

And with them " the she-wolf of France " her hus-  
band's entrails tore.

As when awhile the sun curtain'd with cloudy red  
Reposes on the orient wave—then, rushing from his  
bed,

Flames forth on all around, the glorious lord of day,  
So *the third Edward*, rising, chased rebellion's  
fumes away ;

His wolf-like mother tamed in penitential bower,

And to a sterner fate consign'd her bloody paramour;  
Then urged his claim, by birth, to Gaul's disputed  
throne,

Repelling Valois' boastful taunts with freedom's  
loftiest tone.

Victor o'er half the world array'd on Cressy's field,  
He made them to his English bow the foremost ho-  
nours yield:

France yet beheld the sire exceeded by the son,  
Who on famed Poictiers' day renew'd the wreath  
at Cressy won.

Then brightest shone the star, we never more shall  
see

Except in memory's faithful glass, of ancient chi-  
valry;

By whose reflected light, whoe'er would justly view  
The deeds of those romantic days must history's line  
pursue—

Not weigh the amount of blood and crime in scales  
precise,

But ask how dear was glory deem'd ere they con-  
demn the price.

Yet soon or late high heaven will vindicate its sway,  
Abase the crest of full-blown pomp, and make the  
proud obey.

Thus England learn'd to mourn her sable warrior  
dead,

While dotage laid her palsied hand on Edward's  
laurell'd head.

The sun in clouds is set; but bright the morning  
smiles



That hails his grandson *Richard* lord of Britain's  
favour'd isles.

“Fair laughs” that rosy morn, and “soft the zephyrs  
play,”

While, gliding o'er the glassy waves, the bark pur-  
sues its way :

The gaily painted bark bounds o'er the liquid realm,  
While fond youth frolics at the prow, and pleasure  
guides the helm ;

Fit emblem, poor Bordeaux, of thine inconstant soul,  
That tempted still the fate it own'd no virtue to  
control.

#### FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Since Bethlehem's star had risen, the Fourteen Hun-  
dredth year

Breaks on the treason-purchased reign of banish'd  
*Lancaster*.

With blind ambition leagued, dark vengeance aim'd  
the stroke,

Which laid the rightful monarch low, and lifted  
Bolingbroke.

Well has the faithful muse that chronicled his guilt,  
And paints him reeking from the blood of foes at  
Shrewsbury spilt,

Display'd how fell remorse, with her relentless tooth,  
More sharp than rebel swords, destroy'd the promise  
of his youth.

His thorn-encircled crown scarce thirteen years he  
wore ;

Yet be that short and feverish space renown'd on  
Albion's shore—

Dawn of a purer faith, by persecution fann'd  
To a bright flame, that silently possess'd the won-  
dering land—

First kindled in the cot; thence spreading, sure of  
proof,

To peopled towns, and castled hall, and proud ca-  
thedral roof.

\*[Harry, of Monmouth named, from lawless youth  
and wild,

Steps forth—in war a chief renown'd, in peace a  
monarch mild;

Asserts o'er Gallia's crown his unforgotten claim,  
And calls his warlike subjects out to battle for the  
same;

With men at arms and archers, a small but gallant  
host,

Lays siege to Harfleur's famous wall, hard by the  
Norman coast;

Thence carving thro' the fields of Picardy his way,  
Confronts the French at Agincourt upon St. Cris-  
pian's day.

'Gainst sixty thousand men with thousands ten he  
fights,

And strews the field with Gallia's best—her nobles  
and her knights;

Received in Paris' gates, by factious traitors' aid,

\* The lines inclosed between brackets are by another  
hand.

By wedding tie confirms anew the conquests he has  
made,

Then hastes to arms afresh, the dauphin to subdue,  
But leaves to fate his half-won realm, and dies in

Twenty-two.]

*Sixth Harry*, by the name of royal Windsor known,  
Plantagenet and Valois mix'd, is cradled on the  
throne ;

His baby brows the badge of double empire wear,  
His childish hands the sceptre grasp they have not  
strength to bear.

By jarring uncles wrong'd, by shaven priesthood led,  
And govern'd in his riper years by her who shared  
his bed.

First, Bedford lost him France, by maiden's arm  
subdued ;

Next, Beaufort's ghostly pride the flames of civil  
broil renew'd ;

By whom, with Suffolk leagued, (Queen Margaret's  
minion slave,)

The good Protector Humphry found in Alban's  
shrine a grave.

Thence bloody times come on ; the din of battle  
bray'd,

To pointed lance was lance opposed, to war-horse  
war-horse neigh'd.

Thro' kindred ranks fell slaughter pursued her hel-  
lish work ;

The red rose bloom'd for Lancaster, its pallid foe for  
York.

[In Fourteen-fifty-five that desperate strife began,  
And thrice five years the afflicted land with blood  
incessant ran.

Then sack'd was many a castle, and rifled many a  
shrine,

And sword and spear and headsman's axe thinn'd  
many an ancient line.]

All England then put on the crimson or the white ;  
The anointed monarch some maintain'd, and some  
the king by right :

At length the right prevail'd ; and Towton's well-  
fought field

Beheld, in Sixty-one, his crown "the meek usurper"  
yield.

By Warwick's power upheld, *Fourth Edward*  
grasps the prize,

Which, when the earl his aid withdraws, he, hunted,  
quits, and flies ;

But when, on Barnet field, by all-subduing death  
The mighty king-maker, compell'd, has paid his  
forfeit breath,

O'er England's war-worn soil he re-assumes his  
sway,

And Lancaster his mortal blow receives on Tewkes-  
bury's day.

There fell, untimely cropt, its young and hopeful  
flower ;

The parent stem to wither left in London's storied  
tower—

This fell'd by brutal rage, and that (if fame speaks  
true,)

Doom'd with his sacred blood the hands of murder  
foul t'embrue.

But sober history doubts the tale of useless guilt ;  
Enough of crime without it wrought, enough of  
life-blood spilt.

England in Henry mourn'd the saint, as king, she  
spurn'd,

While Edward, passion's lawless slave, unwept to  
dust return'd.

He died in Eighty-three ; and, ere a year had flown,  
His brother *Gloster* sate, acknowledged king, on  
Albion's throne—

His nephews first removed, and, as old histories say,  
By bloody ruffians smother'd, while embraced in sleep  
they lay ;

But, true or false the fame by crafty Richmond  
spread,

It gain'd a crown on Bosworth field, and lost a mo-  
narch's head.

*Henry the Seventh*, sole heir of Lancaster confest,  
Now weds with York, and twines each rose on Tu-  
dor's British crest ;

In Eighty-five begins to reign ; and lives to see  
The dawn of Europe's brightest age, the Sixteenth  
century—

Resplendent age, for acts and arms alike renown'd,  
For sacred wisdom's purer light, and learning more  
profound.

His empire he cemented with blood of nobles, spilt  
In thirty years of slaughter wild, by others' woes  
and guilt ;

With prudent laws repress'd the pride of high estate,  
And raised the monarchy above the envy of the great ;  
But own'd a narrow soul, and, dead to future fame,  
With avarice and extortion stain'd the brightness  
of his name.

When Fifteen Hundred years, with three times three,  
had run,

He dying left a quiet throne to his more famous son.

#### SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

High swoln with pride of birth and undisputed sway,  
*Eighth Harry* yet aspired to bear the schoolman's  
palm away ;

Rome's self-elected champion, bold Luther he re-  
viled,

And by her grateful pontiff was "The Faith's De-  
fender" styled ;

But, thwarted in the hope of freedom from his vows  
To Katharine of Aragon, his first and lawful spouse,  
Turn'd rebel to his church, the papal power defied,  
Pull'd Wolsey down, divorced his queen, and  
crown'd his chosen bride.

Yet 'twas no "gospel light that beam'd from Anna's  
eyes,"

Nor blind self-will, nor stubborn pride, e'er made  
a monarch wise,

And England's church, at length from Rome's cor-  
ruptions freed,

Might blush to own so foul a source for her rege-  
nerate creed.

Then ancient abbeys mourn'd their rifled cloisters  
void,

Their lands to new possessors pass'd, and holiest  
shrines destroy'd.

Rapacious courtiers shared whate'er the monarch's  
hand

In mad profusion scatter'd o'er the desecrated land.

Then stream'd the headsman's axe with blood of  
richest dye ;

More, Fisher, Cromwell, fell to glut a jealous ty-  
rant's eye :

Two queens beneath it bled ; by guilt or slander  
stain'd ;

Two queens divorced ; one died ; and one, though  
uoom'd to die, remain'd.

These gallant Surrey follow'd : at last, in Forty-  
seven,

The pamper'd king was call'd to meet the just award  
of heaven.

Jane Seymour's only son—the tyrant's best loved  
queen—

*Edward*, at ten years old, succeeds, and dies ere  
yet sixteen.

Age ripe enough the germ of inward worth to scan,  
And from the promise of the boy, predict the future  
man.

For learning's envied prize was to his youth assign'd,  
And early discipline improved the virtues of his mind.

Then great Protector Somerset, with Cranmer's aid,  
The church new modell'd, and complete the Refor-  
mation made ;

Tho' Gardiner, with savage Bonner link'd, oppose,  
While, for their ancient faith array'd, the murmur-  
ing Commons rose.

Great Somerset pull'd down, and pious Edward dead,  
*Mary*, as Henry's eldest born, was rightful queen  
instead ;

But for her faith profess'd in Romish tenets known,  
Found fierce rebellion arm'd to guard the passage  
to the throne.

With Dudley Grey combined, their sordid end to  
gain,

Set up a claimant to the crown in poor devoted Jane;  
Proclaim'd, abandon'd, left to pay the traitor's due,  
The fairest, gentlest victim stern ambition ever slew.  
Now mass again was said thro' all the darken'd isle;  
The holy rood again was seen in every sainted pile ;  
And sacring bells were rung, and holy water shed,  
And consecrated tapers hung around the dying bed.  
Too blest, had superstition no worse designs em-  
braced,

When Pole for toleration sued, and Heaven his  
pleading graced.

But bigotry prevail'd, and persecution fann'd  
The flames of glorious martyrdom that sanctified  
the land.

Then Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, the compact seal'd,  
And Cranmer burn'd the recreant hand that once  
was known to yield.

In pitiless resolve, the gloomy queen survey'd, .  
With Philip, her yet darker spouse, the waste her  
edicts made ;



Beheld how fruitless all—then, sullenly, to fate  
Resign'd her fond, deluded soul. She died in Fifty-  
eight.

*Elizabeth*—the third, and last surviving flower  
Of Henry's royal stem, now quits, compell'd, her  
maiden bower ;

Fair Boleyn's only child, the new religion's pride,  
Learnéd and wise beyond her years ; by early perils  
tried.

Old superstition shrank confounded from the view  
And Reformation, warier grown, commenced its  
work anew.

Yet joyless is the feast that love has never crown'd,  
And heaven rejects the sacrifice where not the heart  
is found.

Another age, and yet another, must succeed,  
Ere charity be understood, or wiser England freed  
From persecution's stain, which dimm'd her face no  
less

In confiscation's garb, or mere exclusion's milder  
dress,  
Than when her fiery robe in Smithfield she put on,  
And stupid ignorance half excused the deeds in  
darkness done.

The more it was repress'd, the more opinion grew ;  
Geneva sounded through the land, and Knox the  
trumpet blew.

That fierce and stirring blast uprooted Scotland's  
throne ;

The sister queen—the beauty—pleads in misery's  
humbled tone.

O blot of Tudor's line ! O England's lasting shame !  
Again the ruthless steel descends on woman's sacred  
frame—

That frame, an outraged queen's—the third since  
Boleyn bled,

Who on the thirsty block laid down her unresisting  
head.

Yet not for this the mighty debt we owe to thee,  
And thy great name, Elizabeth ! can ever can-  
cell'd be.

No—Britain first may sink beneath her subject main,  
Ere she forget the dauntless arm that quell'd the  
pride of Spain,

O'er native freedom threw a broad protecting shield,  
And England's rising energies to her own sons re-  
veal'd.

Then was her golden age in arts and learned lore,  
When free-born genius burst away, to heights un-  
known before,

And never equall'd since. Then Shakspeare's death-  
less lays

Were heard, and Spenser pour'd the song in Glo-  
riana's praise.

#### SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Another century breaks ; and Tudor's royal line  
Has seen its last and brightest star 'mid vapourish  
mists decline ;

[When *James*, the *Sixth* of Scots, of England's  
crown the *First*,  
In ancient pride and penury bred, in letter'd dulness  
nursed,  
Call'd by the voice of state to seize the vacant helm,  
Full gladly quits for southern fields his black and  
lawless realm.  
Of dubious will, and weak ; no pilot fit to guide  
When winds and furious waves assault the vessel's  
labouring side ;  
Yet kindly and sincere, his soul rejoiced to see  
The rich freight ride in safe repose upon the quiet sea.  
Thus, while he reign'd, the land was blest with last-  
ing peace,  
And heaven gave forth its favouring dews and earth  
her large increase.  
And learning, call'd from cell and college forth to day,  
Blazed round the throne, tho' flattery's mists ob-  
scured the heavenly ray.  
Thrice happy, had he sought thro' her alone to shine,  
Nor fix'd on law his pedant grasp, nor dream'd of  
power divine !  
The young oak tho' ye bind with brazen clasp and  
chain,  
The sap will rise, the bark will swell, and rend the  
links in twain :  
So England, roused at last her lingering strength  
to prove,  
Shall moisten with the son's heart-blood the web  
the father wove.

With many a presage dark of public doubt and fear,  
The Century opes with *Charles's* reign its Six-and-  
twentieth year.

Led by his Gallic spouse, he tries in evil hour  
Ambition's steep and dark ascent to reach forbidden  
power :

He screens from public hate his favourite's threat-  
en'd life,

Who 'scapes vindictive law's pursuit to meet the  
assassin's knife.

He braves the Commons' right, betrays the nation's  
weal,

Sustain'd by Strafford's gloomy pride, and Laud's  
unholy zeal.

In vain would law resume her violated sway,  
While sovereigns scorn to hold their trust, and  
subjects to obey.

The fatal hour of strife has dawn'd upon the earth ;  
New times, new thoughts, and monstrous deeds, are  
struggling into birth ;

The patriot arms for right, the courtier for the crown,  
But sharpest bites the zealot's steel, who deems  
God's cause his own.

Opposed in many a fight, the kindred squadrons  
stood ;

Each mansion was a fortalice, each river ran with  
blood—

That blood which flow'd apace on Keynton's fatal  
down,

At Marston, and on Naseby Heath, and twice by  
Newbury town.

Ill was their glory won, who led each adverse line,  
Stout Fairfax, Waller, and Montrose, and Rupert  
of the Rhine.

Oh ! be each 'scutcheon rased ; forgot each soldier  
name,

Which gains in fields of civil strife a dark unenvied  
fame !

The people's cause prevails ; but, ere the sword they  
sheathe,

The victors join their blood-stain'd hands, and doom  
their king to death.

A dark and desperate deed—a precedent of crime—  
A blot on freedom's blazon'd scroll to all succeeding  
time.]

The Thirtieth January was the recorded day,  
And Sixteen-forty-eight the year, as old-style an-  
nals say—

As time is now computed, Sixteen-hundred-forty-  
nine—

When royal Charles was martyr'd in the cause of  
right divine—

Religion the pretence—in truth, the exploded creed  
Of many made for one, and kings by God from duty  
freed.

Yet not those daring men, who cast so far away  
All reverence, faith, and loyal love that mark'd an  
elder day,

Could well their cause approve, when to their shame  
they saw

The soldier-saint profanely step into the seat of law ;

When by his single stamp their sanhedrim disperst,  
With all its dream'd omnipotence, the empty bubble  
burst.

[A few short months endured the new republic's  
state,

'Mid treason foul, and threatening arms, and im-  
potent debate.

He mounts him to the throne, with recent slaughter  
wet,

And tramples on the pride of Tudor and Plantagenet.  
In Windsor's halls the shades of kings look grimly  
down

On him whose sceptre is his sword, his cap of steel  
the crown.

Avoid that gleaming helm, ye vanquish'd, from afar!  
For on its crest the furies sit of Worcester and  
Dunbar.

Avoid that falchion bathed in Ireland's richest gore,  
Which parcell'd out to stranger bands her wide un-  
peopled shore !

By many a bloody step he won his upward way,  
But held with wisdom and renown his self-supported  
sway ;

Then Holland stoop'd to share the empire of the  
main,

Then quail'd beneath resistless Blake the chivalry  
of Spain ;

And Cromwell's voice proclaim'd his England's fu-  
ture doom

To soar in pride and strength beyond the eagle flight  
of Rome.

Fate gave one transient glance to his prophetic sense,  
Then call'd, in darkness and in storms, the mighty  
spirit hence.

With bonfires and with healths, with joyous peal  
and din,

The *Second Charles*' inglorious reign is fondly  
usher'd in.

Now change we cap and band, and cloak of solemn  
gray,

For lace, and scarf, and flowing locks, and foreign  
pageants gay.

The merry monarch's self leads down the festive  
dance,

With ribald wits, and graceless lords, and pleasant  
dames of France ;

While seers proclaim the signs of judgment on the  
land,

And London weeps, in sackcloth dight, beneath the  
Almighty hand.

She feels, in Sixty-five, fierce plague's commission'd  
ire,

Sees tower and town, in Sixty-six, sink down 'mid  
smouldering fire ;

Within the arms of Thames our fleet the Dutchman  
braves ;

The Bourbon deals his treacherous gold, and rules  
a court of slaves.

The people's wrath aroused, yet reckless of its aim,  
Wreaks fancied crimes on guiltless heads, while  
justice bears the blame.

Again the scaffolds rise, the generous victims bleed,  
And Russell for his country dies, and Stafford for  
his creed :

Foe to his people's cause—apostate from their faith,  
The king expires, despised in age, deserted at his  
death.]

The *Second James* succeeds, as York already known;  
The zealot of a slavish faith, and a despotic throne;  
Not like his age corrupt—perhaps in soul sincere—  
But blind in judgment, stiff in act, and gloomily  
severe.

No Nero—yet could see, with cold and tearless eye,  
A brother's young and cherish'd hope upon the  
scaffold die—

No Valois—yet could goad the servile law's delay,  
And revel in the blood that flow'd beneath her er-  
mined sway.

But not on him be laid, nor on his head, the blame  
Of freedom scourged, and justice spurn'd; let Eng-  
land own her shame.

By her, and by her sons, in ages yet unborn,  
Like amulet of saving power, be this remembrance  
worn.

She forged herself the chain—she drugg'd herself  
the bowl;

Kind Heaven the Great Deliverer sent; and light  
on darkness stole.

[Hail, single hero of a mean corrupted age,  
Illustrious William, dear alike to soldier and to sage!  
What tho', in after times, thy glorious name be lent .



To gild the cause of party strife, and factious discontent ;  
What tho', whilst yet on earth thy star auspicious beam'd,  
Black clouds of envy paled its light, and thwarting meteors gleam'd :  
Tho' all thy steps were dogg'd by traitors doubly sold,  
Tho' titled patriots play'd the game of state with foreign gold,  
Tho' laws were wrench'd to serve oppression's coward aim,  
While sots " the immortal memory" pledge, and slaves insult thy name ;  
Still be that name enshrined in every British breast,  
On ours, and on our fathers' heads the foul dishonour rest !  
Our altars, and our rights, our fame by land and sea,  
Our smiling fields, our pleasant homes, are consecrate to thee !]

## EPILOGUE.

And now my varied song must hasten to its close :  
To tellof Britain's after fates demands severer prose,  
The tribute of the heart, for temper'd freedom due,  
A scheme more wise than ever sage of Rome or Athens drew ;  
Scheme not by man contrived, by no strait fetters tied,  
For what it merits least, alike, most vaunted and decried.

But oh ! be ours the task, with juster sense embued,  
To guard the blessings which it bears with jealous  
gratitude ;

No bigot foes to change, which alter'd times demand,  
Nor hireling slaves to mob applause when faction  
tears the land :

With trust in heaven reposed, that, whensoever fate  
Shall write Victoria's cherish'd name—(far distant  
be the date !—)

Sixth in the monumental roll of Brunswick's line,  
That name amidst the noblest stars of England's  
host may shine ;

Next hers—the virgin queen, “ who quell'd the  
pride of Spain ”—

But purer, milder, and more bright—the bard's true  
GLORIANE.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOL. II.

### “FROM THE MAMBRIANO.” P. 185.

THE stanzas here translated are from the singular poem of Francesco Bello, better known as the “Cieco,” or Blind Man, of Ferrara, of which an account is given by Ginguené, tom. iv. p. 253, &c. The version now presented was prompted by the striking applicability of the circumstances to the fall of Napoleon, and would, perhaps, have been more aptly placed, in this collection, in juxtaposition to the “Ode on the Deliverance of Europe.” And, with reference to the last mentioned production, it having been thus incidentally brought to notice, the author takes the opportunity of remarking, that having, by the course of events and the influence of more mature reflection, been made ashamed of the exaggerated sentiment conveyed in the concluding stanza, as originally printed, he has now retouched the picture, endeavouring to give a somewhat more sober tone to the colouring, though retaining enough of the first impression to show the fallacy of most human judgments when applied to passing events.

### “TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE.” P. 207.

Enough, it is hoped, has been said in the Preface to vindicate the translator of these passages from the charge of presumption, in appearing to place himself in competition with the authors of two excellent versions of the entire poem, already before the public. It was there explained that the design of the present writer was different from that of mere

translation; and the specimens now presented were selected accordingly, among many other portions of the poem, in order, at some future, but alas! undiscoverable period, to be woven into the substance of an historical treatise on the life and times of the poet. He still retains somewhat of a now hopeless affection for this long cherished object; so much that he would gladly have availed himself of the opportunity of the present publication to append to these specimens some illustrations of a nature conformable to his original intentions in producing them; but to do this in a manner at all suitable to his wishes would have involved the necessity of an actual dissertation much too lengthened for the limits of the present collection; while the mere labour of appending a few brief notes of explanation is rendered superfluous by the popular character of the existing versions, either of which may with ease be referred to for the usual purposes of a commentary.

One word only he claims in this place to be permitted with reference to the public and political character of the great Italian poet, as exemplified in his immortal work—a character which has been grievously miscomprehended by those who have ascribed to him the vulgar spirit of partizanship or addiction to the paltry interests of the moment. His true nobility of mind and station was far better understood by the earliest of his biographers, a citizen of the same republic, who lived within a century of the epoch which he had rendered illustrious; who, in reference to his political history, makes use of language and expressions for which no other can be substituted that would not be to the injury and degradation of the subject:

“Era nel tempo del glorioso stato del nostro poeta”—thus writes the eloquent Boccaccio—“la fiorentina cittadinanza in due parti perversissimamente divisa, *le quali parti ridurre ad amità DANTE* in vano s'affaticò molte volte. Di che poi che s'accorse, *prima seco propose*, posto giù ogni pubblico uffizio, *di viver seco privatamente*: ma dalla dolcezza della gloria tirato, e dal favor popolesco, e ancora dalle persuasion de' maggiori, sperando di potere, se tempo gli fosse prestato, molto di bene operare, lasciò la disposizione utile, e perseve-

rando seguitò la dannosa. Et accorgendosi che per se medesimo non poteva una terza parte tenere, la quale giusta, la ingiustizia delle altre abbattesse, con quella si accostò, nella quale, secondo il suo giudizio, era meno di malvagità. Et aumentandosi per varj accidenti continuamente gli odj delle parti, et il tempo vegnendo che gli occulti consigli della minacciante fortuna si dovevano scoprire, nacque una voce per tutta la città, la parte avversa a quella colla quale DANTE teneva, grandissima moltitudine d'armati in disfacimento de' loro avversarj aver nelle case loro. La qual così creduta spaventò sì i collegati di DANTE, che ogni altro consiglio abbandonato, che di fuggire, non cacciati dalla città uscirono, e con loro insieme DANTE. Nè molti di trapassarono, che avendo i lor nemici il reggimento tutto della città, come nemici pubblici, tutti quelli che fuggiti s'erano furono in perpetuo esiglio dannati, et i lor beni ridotti in pubblico, e conceduti a' vincitori. *Questo fine ebbe la gloriosa maggioranza di DANTE e de' suoi cittadini, E LE SUE PIETOSE FATICHE QUESTO MERITO RIPORTARONO.*"

That this account of the expatriation of the *Parte Bianca* is not strictly correct, inasmuch as Dante was absent on an embassy to Rome at the time of the event happening, and therefore not among the number of the panic-stricken *Fuor'usciti*, although he afterwards joined them, having suffered sentence of banishment as one of their principal colleagues, does not detract from the general and affecting fidelity to truth of the character thus exhibited—that of an exalted patriot, maintaining a noble and disinterested struggle against the baneful influence of party dissensions so long as it was possible to maintain it in consistency with public honour and duty; and ultimately abandoning himself to the vortex, and joining the side which was, in his private judgment, the least malignant, then, and then only, when to be neutral was to be inefficient and useless—a crime, in the eyes of this stern moralist, too despicable even for damnation:

“ Ne lo profondo inferno li riceve,  
Che alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli.”

The picture of the poet's mind, as exhibited by himself in this magnificent canto—the third of the *Inferno*—is indeed worthy of the most attentive study, whether in an historical or philosophical view; and it has hitherto been very insufficiently illustrated, especially with reference, among others of the *dramatis personæ*, to the mysterious character designated as

“ Colui

Che fece per viltate 'L GRAN RIFIUTO.”

Pope Celestin V. say the great majority of the commentators—some Esau—some Diocletian. But, while the two last conjectures have been at length universally abandoned as untenable, it has hardly enough been considered that almost all the objections which have been made to them may, with as great, and some even with greater, force, be applied to the feeble old pontiff, who never *refused*, but *resigned*, the Papacy—a sense which the word *rifiuto* will hardly bear. Besides, his abdication was an event which occurred more than six years before the time of the poet's supposed descent into the infernal regions; and this event, however disastrous, in its remote consequences, by having opened the door to the election of Boniface, whose intrigues are supposed to have brought about its accomplishment, was not so immediately connected with any of the great political interests of the day as to justify the singular force of expression with which the advocates of that hypothesis must imagine it to be designated, as IL GRAN RIFIUTO—the great act of renunciation, or apostasy, alone deserving of that never-dying stigma which the poet has here affixed to it.

Struck by the extreme force of the words, and the singularity of the position which they are made to occupy, the present writer had almost brought himself to the persuasion that a far more solemn event than any which has entered into the contemplation of former commentators was here intended to be *adumbrated*—that no particular personage, whether pope or other potentate, is alluded to, but that the *shade* in question is no other than a mere type of THE PAPACY—that hated, invisible power, already familiarly designated

by the writers of the age under the name of the Prince of the Apostles, whose *Denial of his Lord and Master* might most emphatically have been described as *the one great act* here referred to. But the circumstance that no such conjecture has been ventured on, even where it was most likely to have presented itself, by the ingenious author of the "*Spirito Antipapale*," militates strongly, in conjunction with the great and obvious difficulties attending it, against its adoption; and upon the whole, the writer finds himself reduced to the adoption of the only remaining interpretation—that proposed by Lombardi—in referring it to a chief of the family of the Cerchi at Florence, whose refusal of the proffered office of political leader, prompted by selfish timidity, was the immediate cause of the embarrassment which ended in the flight, and consequent irretrievable ruin, of the *Parte Bianca*. It happens, by a certainly striking coincidence, that Dino Compagni (a contemporary chronicler) with reference to this action, twice characterizes it by the term *Viltà*, the same which Dante applies to the object of his bitter indignation; and if it should be said that, considered in the light of an historical event, it is now of so little importance as to have been altogether lost sight of till recovered by the industry of the commentator, this is no sufficient argument against the *magnitude* of the space which it may have occupied in the minds of those whose fortunes were immediately affected by it, although a very strong one against the assumption of the biographical, or even editorial, office, by any one who shrinks from the labour of continual digging in the mines of contemporary tradition.

May the writer be excused for concluding this rambling note in the words of a distinguished living statesman, with whom, however wide may have been his differences in principle, he most cordially concurs in sentiment, when he says, "Party connexion is beneficial as long as it only bands together those who, having formed their opinions for themselves, are desirous of giving them full effect. But so much of abuse has generally attended such leagues, that reflecting men are now induced to reject them altogether.

Their greatest evil certainly is the one most difficult to be shunned—their tendency to deliver over the many to the guidance of the few, in matters where no dominion ever should be exercised—to make the opinions adopted by leading men pass current, without any reflection, among their followers—to enfeeble and corrupt the public mind, by discouraging men from thinking for themselves—and to lead multitudes into courses which they have no kind of interest in pursuing, in order that some designing individuals may gain by their folly or their crimes. As society advances, such delusions will become more and more difficult to practise; and it may safely be affirmed, that hundreds now-a-days discharge the sacred duty to themselves and their country, of forming their own opinions upon reflection, for one that had disenthralled himself thirty years ago.”—Preface to Lord Brougham’s Speeches.

“EVIL, BE THOU MY GOOD.” P. 272.

It was not till after this poem was printed off that the author accidentally discovered an authority for the seeming paradox of the concluding stanza, in the following lines of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, which he quotes accordingly, although serving to convict him of unconscious plagiarism:

“Through nature’s ever varying scene  
By different ways pursued,  
The one eternal end of Heaven  
Is Universal Good.”

ON THE FRAGMENTS OF A POEM ENTITLED  
“RETROSPECTION.” P. 277.

The several unconnected fragments of verse which are here brought together as component parts of a larger poem, were actually written, as may be inferred from what has already been stated in the Preface, without any such design.



Of the original address, suggested by the occasion of the author's entering his fiftieth year, to which he afterwards was led to append them, little, besides a few introductory lines, is preserved, among the verses now printed; the remainder being of too personal a nature, and betraying, perhaps, too much of personal feeling occasioned by occurrences of the moment, with which the world at large can have no sympathy, to be suffered to appear in public. Of those which may be supposed more immediately to reflect the author's own sentiments on some subjects of a political or religious nature, he has only to say that, imperfectly as those sentiments are expressed by them, they are the genuine impression of opinions not hastily taken up, but gradually and deliberately woven into the form which they now occupy in his mind.

On the passage beginning

“ Is it a crime, in days like these,” &c. p. 286.

the following eloquent sentences, in an essay popularly ascribed to the pen of Mr. Macaulay, must in common honesty be cited, as having given occasion to it :

“ We have no difficulty in admitting that, during the ten or twelve years which followed the appearance of the “ *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,” the opinions of Sir James Mackintosh underwent some change. But did this change pass on him alone? Was it not common? Was it not almost universal? Was there one honest friend of liberty in Europe, or in America, whose ardour had not been damped, whose faith in the high destinies of mankind had not been shaken? Was there one observer to whom the French Revolution, or revolutions in general, appeared in exactly the same light on the day when the Bastille fell, and on the day when the Girondists were dragged to the scaffold—the day when the Directory shipped off their principal opponents for Guiana—or the day when the legislative body was driven from its hall at the point of the bayonet?”

“ They alone,” says Mackintosh himself, in a letter written shortly after his arrival in India, “ they alone knew my

feelings, from whom no sentiments of mine could be concealed. The witnesses of my emotion on the murder of General Dillon—on the tenth of August—on the massacre of the prisons—on the death of the king—are now no more. But the memory of, what it is no hyperbole to call my sufferings, is at this instant fresh. As often as I call to mind those proofs of deep and most unaffected interest in the fortunes of mankind, the indignation, the grief, the shame, which were not only on my lips, but at the bottom of my heart, I feel an assured confidence of my own honesty, of which no calumniator shall ever rob me."

The author hopes he may stand excused for the egotism of observing on the close accordance of his own feelings and sentiments with those conveyed by the preceding quotations; and has still to add, with reference to the only historical allusion appearing to require explanation in the verses which gave occasion to them, that the lines beginning,

"Or since that dawning of a brighter day,"

were intended to be illustrative of a very striking anecdote, thus related by Mr. Alison, on the authority of Madame de Staël herself:

"Two ladies of rank from a gallery, with very different feelings, beheld the spectacle of the opening of the States General, on the 5th of May, 1789. The one was Madame de Montmorin, wife of the minister of foreign affairs; the other the illustrious daughter of Neckar, Madame de Staël. The latter exulted in the boundless prospect of national felicity which seemed to be opening under the auspices of her father. 'You are wrong to rejoice,' said Madame de Montmorin; 'this event forebodes much misery to France and ourselves.' Her presentiment turned out too well-founded: she herself perished on the scaffold with one of her sons; another was drowned; her husband was massacred in the prisons on September 2nd; her eldest daughter was cut off in jail; her youngest died of a broken heart, before she had attained the age of thirty years."—Hist. of Europe, vol. i. p. 182.

With reference to another, which he ventures to term the metaphysical, portion of these disjointed sentences, the author feels that he can scarcely shelter himself under the general avowal contained in his preface of disregard for the charge and censure of plagiarism, (even though, as the poet Coleridge himself sings,

“ The eighth commandment was not meant for bards,”)

without more directly pointing to the sources from which most of the sentiments contained in them were taken, and which are to be found in the recently published “ Table-Talk ” of that often sublime and profound, but sometimes also mystical and even incomprehensible writer. To render this avowal more complete, he proceeds to extract the following passages as the principal of those sources :

“ Patriots there are,—even now,” &c. p. 281.

“ There are many able and patriotic men in the House of Commons, but I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom to take their stand upon duty, and to appeal to all men as men—to the Good and the True, which exist for *all*, and of which *all* have an apprehension, whereas their adversaries, the demagogues, always work on the opposite principle,” &c. “ Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly in the end overcome every thing ; but inconsistent good can never be a match for consistent evil. Alas ! I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word DUTY in the ears of this generation.”

“ Not on cold logic rests the Christian plan,” &c. p. 282.

“ Christianity is within a man, even as he is a being gifted with reason ; it is associated with your mother’s chair, and with the first-remembered tones of her voice.”—“ Christianity proves itself, as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence.”—“ The understanding suggests

the materials of reasoning : the reason decides upon them. The first can only say,—This *is*, or *ought* to be so. The last says,—It *must* be so."

"The reasoning faculty, and that we name  
The understanding," &c. p. 283.

"The English public is not yet ripe to comprehend the essential difference between the reason and the understanding—between a principle and a maxim—an eternal truth and a mere conclusion generalised from a great number of facts. A man, having seen a million moss roses all red, concludes from his own experience and that of others, that all moss roses are red. That is a maxim with him—the *greatest* amount of his knowledge upon the subject. But it is only true until some gardener has produced a white moss rose,—after which the maxim is good for nothing. Again, suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the western horizon for the first time ; he is seized with gloom and terror, relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger, but still mixed with fear ; and even at the end of a thousand years, all that a man can feel is, a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety. Now compare this in its highest degree with the assurance which you have that the two sides of any triangle are together greater than the third," &c.

"Without all sense of God, eternity," &c. p. 284.

"Try to conceive a *man* without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth ; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An *animal* endowed with a memory of appearances and facts might remain. But the *man* will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field ; upon the belly must it go, and dust must it eat all the days of its life."—*Church and State*.

“ There needs no hell of flames,” &c. *Ibid.*

“ Why need we talk of a fiery hell ? If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should feel from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought !”

“ All lesser natures find their chiefest good,” &c. p. 386.

“ All lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop ! Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the mutable element beneath it, in neighbourhood with the slime, water-weeds, and oozy bottom-grass that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance ! No ! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for any thing below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the moral poet :—

‘ Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man !”  
*Aids to Reflection.*

FINIS.

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C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

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## CORRECTIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

### VOL. II.

Page 192, line 4, read

“ Hiding for shame the *wish* my mind hath stored.”

P. 192, l. 8,

“ What thoughts intense are in my bosom swelling ;”

P. 192, l. 21,

“ The *hope* he yet may *list*, without disdaining,”

P. 193, l. 4,

“ As to my lord reveal my *mind*’s dear treasure.”

P. 200, l. 13,

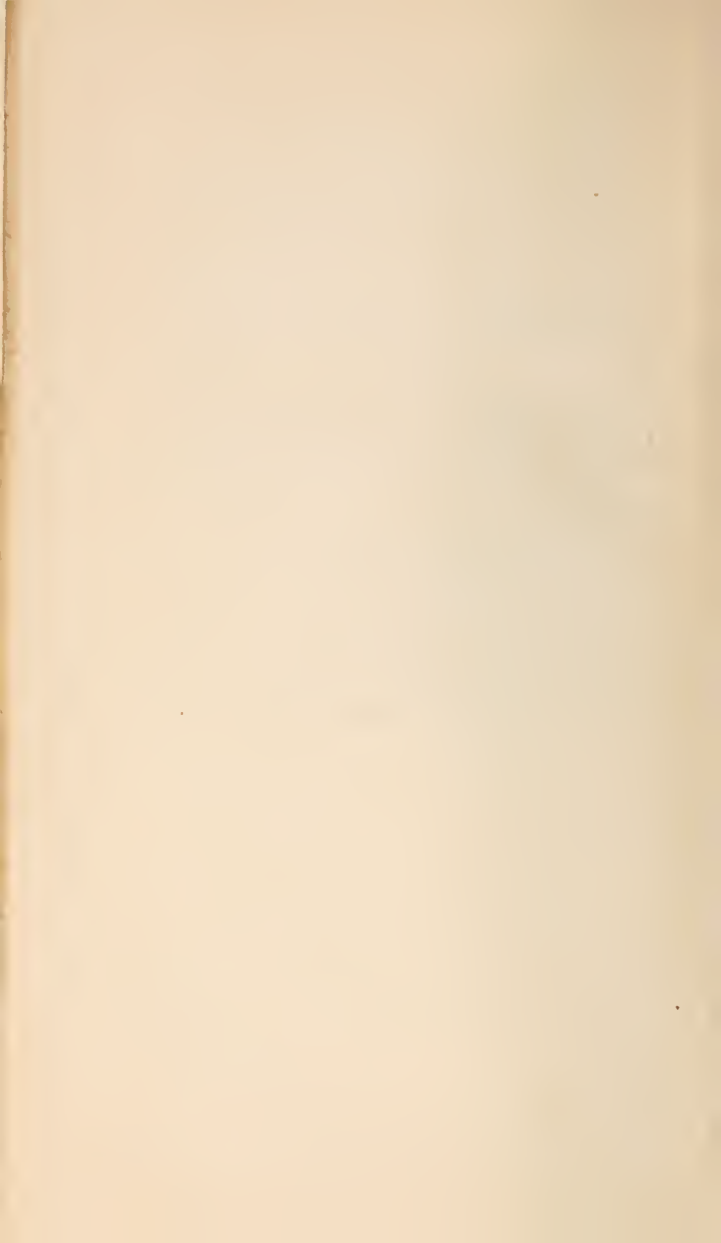
“ But when the ghosts of *Danaüs*’ progeny,”

P. 202, l. 4,

“ Return *such* woes on the base Greeks again.”

P. 202, l. 8,

“ Or by the gods compell’d to *tread* this coast.”









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